★Oct. 29, 1949

Price 20 ce

THE NEW YORKER

TIMOTHY
TUBBS
Born
1735
Died
1791

Your best buy for college!

Bates luxuriously smooth Comb-Percale sheets and pillowcases go into your school trunk now, your hope chest later, because they are *extra* combed for long life even after repeated laundering. Have yours in white or heavenly pastels (or both), *and re-use the clear pliofilm envelopes they come in for storing your sweaters, accessories, etc.!*

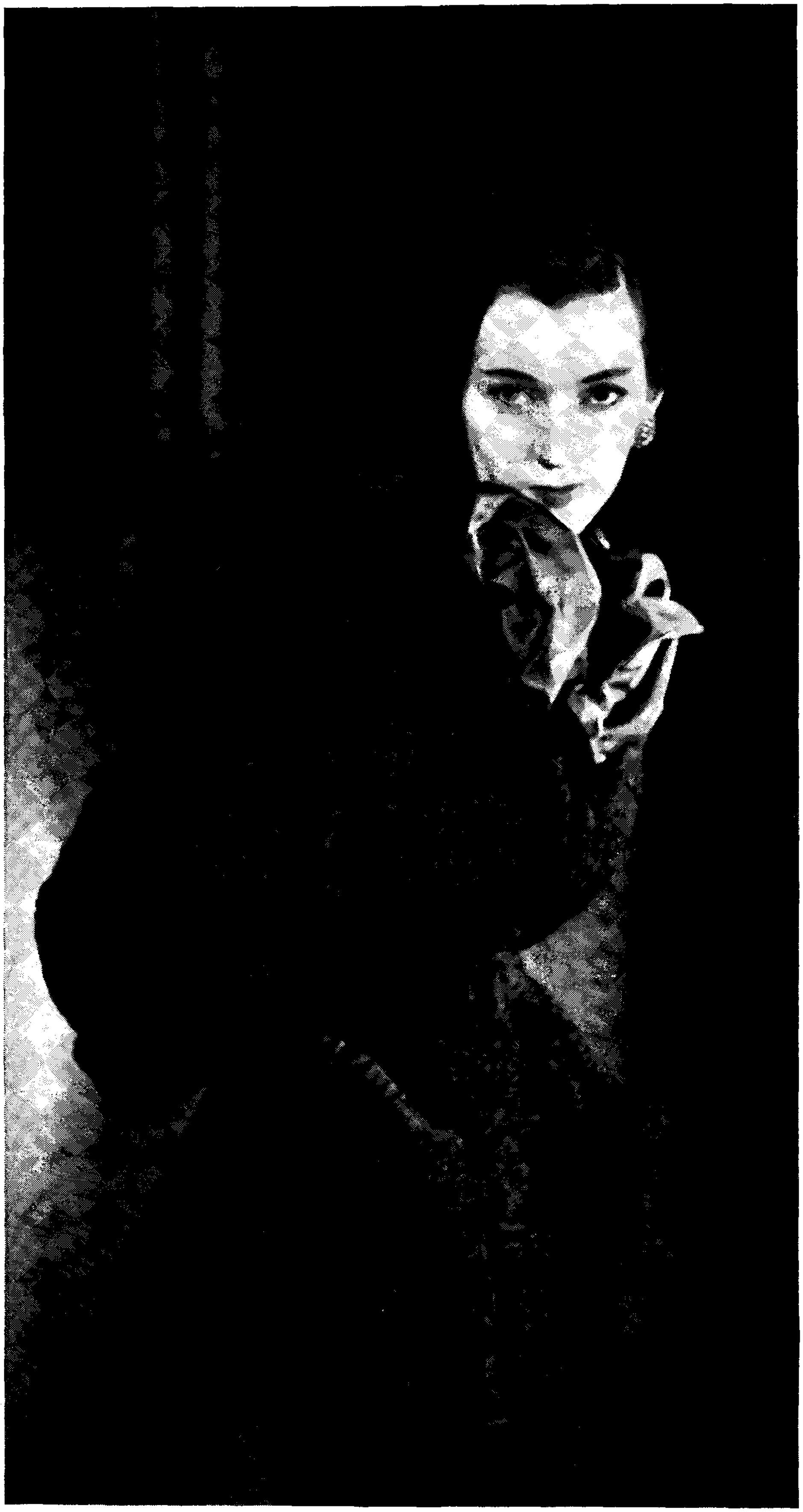
CAMPUS TESTED!

Bates
COMB PERCALE

CAMPUS APPROVED!

Bates College Board member Mary Esther Haskell, *University of Texas, has pastel pillowcases to match other color accents in her room, contrast with Bates new "Clementine" bedspread and draperies. Bates Comb-Percales are available in rose, daffodil, blue hyacinth, peach blossom, green fern, and snowdrop; "Clementine," in blue, rose, green, tan, slate, or dark blue.* *Bates Fabrics, Inc., 80 Worth Street, New York 13.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


OTTO FENN

Midnite
Blue
Persian
Lamb

Newest fashion
miracle in furs—
Hollander Midnite Blue
Persian Lamb, the wonderful
hue that's bluer than black,
blacker than blue and
newer than both—in
our fingertip trotteur,
its fullness belted to
a flare-thee-well.

BERGDORF GOODMAN
5th AVE. at 58th ST. • NEW YORK 19
ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Browning Version and **Harlequinade**—The first of these two one-act plays by Terence Rattigan—the study of a broken-down English schoolmaster—is a bit gloomy and pretentious, but the second—something about an elderly couple rehearsing for "Romeo and Juliet"—is really quite a lot of fun. Maurice Evans and Edna Best star in both. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Death of a Salesman—This fine play about a man who suddenly comes to realize that he can't go on any more is impressively acted and superbly staged. Lee J. Cobb is exemplary in the leading role. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Detective Story—Sidney Kingsley's play, laid in a New York police station, is somewhat complicated by a social message, but it is still spirited and amusing. Ralph Bellamy is convincing as a tough cop. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8:40; Fridays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Diamond Lil—Mae West inviting her friends to come up and see her sometime just as engagingly as she did in 1928. Among the members of the saloon society she dominates are Billy Van, Richard Coogan, and Walter Petrie. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Madwoman of Chaillot—Martita Hunt, Estelle Winwood, John Carradine, and Nydia Westman in Jean Giraudoux's witty play about a loony old Parisian lady and her good works. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Twelfth Night—Arnold Moss, Nina Foch, Carl Benton Reid, and Harry Townes are probably those most successfully employed in this revival. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 29.)

Yes, M'Lord—A. E. Matthews is the principal, if not the only, point of interest in this rather mild and foolish comedy about the social revolution in England. Among the others in the cast are George Curzon, Tom Macaulay, and Mary Hinton. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**born yesterday:** The piece about a conniving junk dealer. Now with Joan Morgan and Jesse White. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursday, Oct. 27, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **goodbye, my fancy:** Concerning a college president, a famous congresswoman, and a *Life* photographer. Now with Ann Harding and Conrad Nagel. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **mister roberts:** Henry Fonda, Henry Hull, and William Harrigan patrolling the deck of a Navy cargo ship. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **a streetcar named desire:** Tennessee Williams' drama about the tragic end of a woman's life. Now with Uta Hagen and Anthony Quinn. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

Miss Liberty—The Berlin-Sherwood-Hart musical concerning a girl who may or may not have posed for that statue in the Harbor. It has a few pretty tunes and some fair dancing, but otherwise it is a distinct disappointment. Eddie Albert, Allyn McLerie, and Mary McCarty head the cast, but Ethel Griffies unquestionably provides most of the fun. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Touch and Go—Jean and Walter Kerr have written some nice, lively sketches for this pleasant revue, and Jay Gorney has provided some cheerful songs. The talented young cast includes Kyle MacDonnell, Pearl Lang, Dick Sykes, Nancy Andrews, and George Hall. George Abbott is the producer. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

South Pacific—Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein II, and Joshua Logan have collaborated triumphantly on this musical about the war in the Pacific. Ezio Pinza contributes a remarkable singing and acting performance, and Mary Martin is delightful in the other leading role. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Long Runs—**as the girls go:** The Bobby Clark commotion about life in a fortunately imaginary White House. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **kiss me, kate:** "The Taming of the Shrew," as souped up by Cole Porter. With Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **lend an ear:** William Eythe and other bright newcomers running through Charles Gaynor's sketches, lyrics, and music. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Moves on Monday, Oct. 31, to the Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **where's charley?:** Ray Bolger's resurrection of "Charley's Aunt." (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Montserrat—Emlyn Williams in Lillian Hellman's adaptation of a French play by Emmanuel Robles. Produced by Kermit Bloomgarden and Gilbert Miller, and directed by Miss Hellman. Opens Saturday, Oct. 29. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Lost in the Stars—A musical play by Maxwell Anderson and Kurt Weill, based on Alan Paton's novel "Cry, the Beloved Country," and produced by the Playwrights' Company. Todd Duncan and Leslie Banks are in the leading roles, and the director is Rouben Mamoulian. Opens Sunday, Oct. 30. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Regina—Jane Pickens in a musical drama adapted by Marc Blitzstein from Lillian Hellman's "The Little Foxes." Directed by Robert Lewis and produced by Cheryl Crawford. Opens Monday, Oct. 31. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Love Me Long—Shirley Booth in a comedy by Doris Frankel. Produced by Brock Pemberton, and directed by Margaret Perry and Mr. Pemberton. Opening tentatively set for Tuesday, Nov. 1. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

I Know My Love—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in a play by S. N. Behrman, taken from Marcel Achard's "Auprès de Ma Blonde." Produced by the Theatre Guild and John C. Wilson, and directed by Mr. Lunt. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 2. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Sadler's Wells Ballet—Thursday evening, Oct. 27: "The Sleeping Beauty." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 28: "Miracle in the Gorbals," "A Wedding Bouquet," and "Apparitions." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 29: "Cinderella." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 29: "Le Lac des Cygnes" and "Hamlet." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 30: "Le Lac des Cygnes" and "Façade." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 30: "Cinderella." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 1: "Le Lac des Cygnes" and "Hamlet." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 2: "Checkmate," "Symphonic Variations," and "Job." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 3: "The Sleeping Beauty." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 4: "Checkmate," "Symphonic Variations," and "Job." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 5: "Checkmate," "A Wedding Bouquet," and "The Rake's Progress." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 5: "Checkmate," "A Wedding Bouquet," and "Job." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Les Ballets de Paris—Roland Petit's French ballet troupe, presenting "Carmen," "Le Ren-

Page
THE ART GALLERIES 71
BOOKS 88
THE CURRENT CINEMA 87
FOOTBALL 81
LETTER FROM PARIS 52
MUSICAL EVENTS 56
OF ALL THINGS 58
ON AND OF THE AVENUE:
FEMININE FASHIONS 73
THE RACE TRACK 47
A REPORTER AT LARGE 61
TELEVISION 79

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXV, No. 36, Oct. 29, 1949. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1949, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America and Spain $7.50; Canada $8.00; Other Foreign $10.00

CARTIER
FRANCE
Cartier
CARTIER
SAT
SWISS

Cartier

Internationally Renowned Jewelers Since 1847

From Cartier's
Unusual Selection of Clocks

Distinguished for fine movements and beautifully designed cases. . . From top, jade encircling coral beads, mother-of-pearl dial, and diamond studded hands, $1250; black onyx with gold and ruby motifs, card symbols in black and red enamel, $1400; the gold calendar clock, closes compactly for travelling, $815 . . . Handsome gifts! Prices include Federal Tax

Large selection of Cartier gifts
Gift Certificates Available . . . Distinctive Christmas Cards

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET
PARIS NEW YORK LONDON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

dez-Vous," "L'Oeuf à la Coque," and "Le Combat." (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Dance Recital—José Limón and his company. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Howdy, Mr. Ice of 1950," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40; Sundays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Trianon Room, Jules Lande's men and Nino de Moraes' rumba band for dancing. No music Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra plays for dinner in the Madison Room, and for cocktails in the Palm Court, except on Sundays. No dancing.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Through Wednesday, Nov. 2, Ann Cornell sings, Harry the Hipster Gibson plays piano, and Moms Mabley, a most peculiar street urchin from Harlem, talks. Next night, Nellie Lutcher returns to her old stamping ground. Billy Taylor's band, which includes John Simmons, Karl Lynch, and Joe Harris, stays on. Cliff Jackson is the interlude pianist. Closed Mondays.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—A large and good-natured, if not especially cerebral, pageant of girls, violin music, flashlight cameras, invisible mending, handball, and ballet, plus a thin edge of comedy. Dance music by Billy Banks' band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The most durable of the local Peacock Alleys. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—A bright new Larue on the ashes of the old, equipped with Larry Siry's and Bernie Dolen's dance orchestras, and other conveniences. Closed Sundays.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—A miniature and sometimes soporific musical comedy that is really a very freehand reprise of the career and music of Cole Porter. James MacColl does a clever impersonation of Yale's gift to Tin Pan Alley, and the Ballet Theatre's John Kriza and Ruth Ann Koesun interpret a couple of his tunes. Dancing to Don McGrane's band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Through Sunday, Oct. 30, in the Cotillion Room, Eddie Garr, cooking up a few laughs. Tuesday, Nov. 1, Myrus, that across-a-crowded-room telepathic operator, takes over. Stanley Melba's orchestra and Ralph Lane's rumba band do the dance music. Square dancing at suppertime Tuesdays, Fridays, and Sundays. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, Stanley Worth's orchestra makes modest noises every afternoon for tea dancing, and later on during dinner and supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, the DeMarcos in full flight. Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's orchestras occupy the bandstand. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, which is open every day but Monday, has the lively dance music of Nicolas Matthey's and Payson Ré's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music at the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—The stately old Oval Room has Emery Deutsch's orchestra at dinnertime, except Sundays, when Harold Sandler fills in. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, Mr. Sandler's orchestra unwinds nice cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing in either room.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette's center of gravity has shifted well west of Fifth Avenue now that Kitty Kallen is singing here at dinner and supper. On Tuesday, Nov. 1, Martha Wright will start doing the honors. Milt Shaw's and Laszlo and Pepito's bands for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—In the Café Lounge, Irving Conn's orchestra plays dance music every afternoon and evening.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2800)—The new Carnaval Room has Lester Lanin's coming-out-party band and Jan Brunesco's gypsy music for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Ed Johnson's piano in the café bar, except Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—This elaborate playroom now has an upstairs annex open Fridays and Saturdays. Downstairs, Paul Rickenbacker's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing; upstairs, Ernie Warren's band. Cathy Farrington (down) and Suzy Mulligan (up) sing in the I-don't-have-to-do-this-for-a-living manner.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, France's major postwar export, airing some new Parisian songs and some new American words in her celebrated fashion. Emil Petti's orchestra and a galaxy of French choristers and musicians help out. Panchito's rumba band is also on deck.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Through Thursday, Oct. 27, in the Wedgwood Room, songs by Janet Blair and prancing by the Blackburn Twins. Eddy Duchin's dance music is spelled by Mischa Borr's band at supper. On Sundays, no show, and the Borr band plays until ten only. On Friday, Oct. 28, Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy will arrive. Supper shows only. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra plays dinner and supper dance music in the Flamingo Room, and Dr. Sydney Ross performs his parlor magic. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Les Crosley's bland and witty cocktail and dinner piano sets a brisk pace for his eminent co-worker, Cy Walter, who takes over later in the evening. John Kelley, Jr., is man of all work on Sundays. . . . **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, one of the founding fathers of night life, is now operating his ageless grin and dance band in here, from eight-thirty on. The Phil D'Arcy Trio plays, too. On Monday, Oct. 31, Fritzi Scheff will again retire from retirement, to do a tour of duty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Out in the bar, Mary McNally's piano at cocktail time, and Harry Taylor's during dinner. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano and violin music, after nine-thirty, for a clientele as glittery as the striped upholstery. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHATHAM LOUNGE,** Vanderbilt Ave. at 49th St. (VO 5-5400): From five until after midnight, Roger Stearns, a walking encyclopedia of anecdotes and old tunes, is on tap, as the busiest host in town and one of the busiest pianists. Closed. Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A reminder of the Terrific Twenties, with Rudy Barron's violin from dinnertime on, every evening but Monday, and Marshall Grant's trio after ten, every night but Sunday. . . . **MONTE CARLO,** 125 E. 54th St. (PL 9-2728): A handsome piece of artwork, wherein Dick Gasparre turns out his neat but not gaudy dance music, the Playa Sextet makes Latin-American sounds, and (at dinner and supper) Federico Rey and Pilar Gomez dance. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, along with dancing to match by both cast and customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Simone Dolphen, a French thrush who sings while chinning herself on a piano top, and some lusty baritone work by Wilton Clary, an "Oklahoma!" alumnus. Harold Fonville and Bob Downey dish out tandem piano music. There are Rudolph Valentino movies on Sunday nights. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): At suppertime, William Tabbert's pleasant voice deals with songs from his own "South Pacific" and elsewhere. Kurt Maier at the piano. All quiet Sundays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this example of Christmas-package décor, except Tuesdays, Rudy Timfield plays dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Piano Mondays through Fridays at cocktail time, and Bernie Dolen's dance band Saturdays and Sundays until nine. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): This *boîte*, upstairs over the Show Spot bar, is not the place for Grandma's nightcap, but it can be entertaining when Laurie Brewis is skylarking at the piano, or a small blond bomb named Nancy Steele is carolling. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

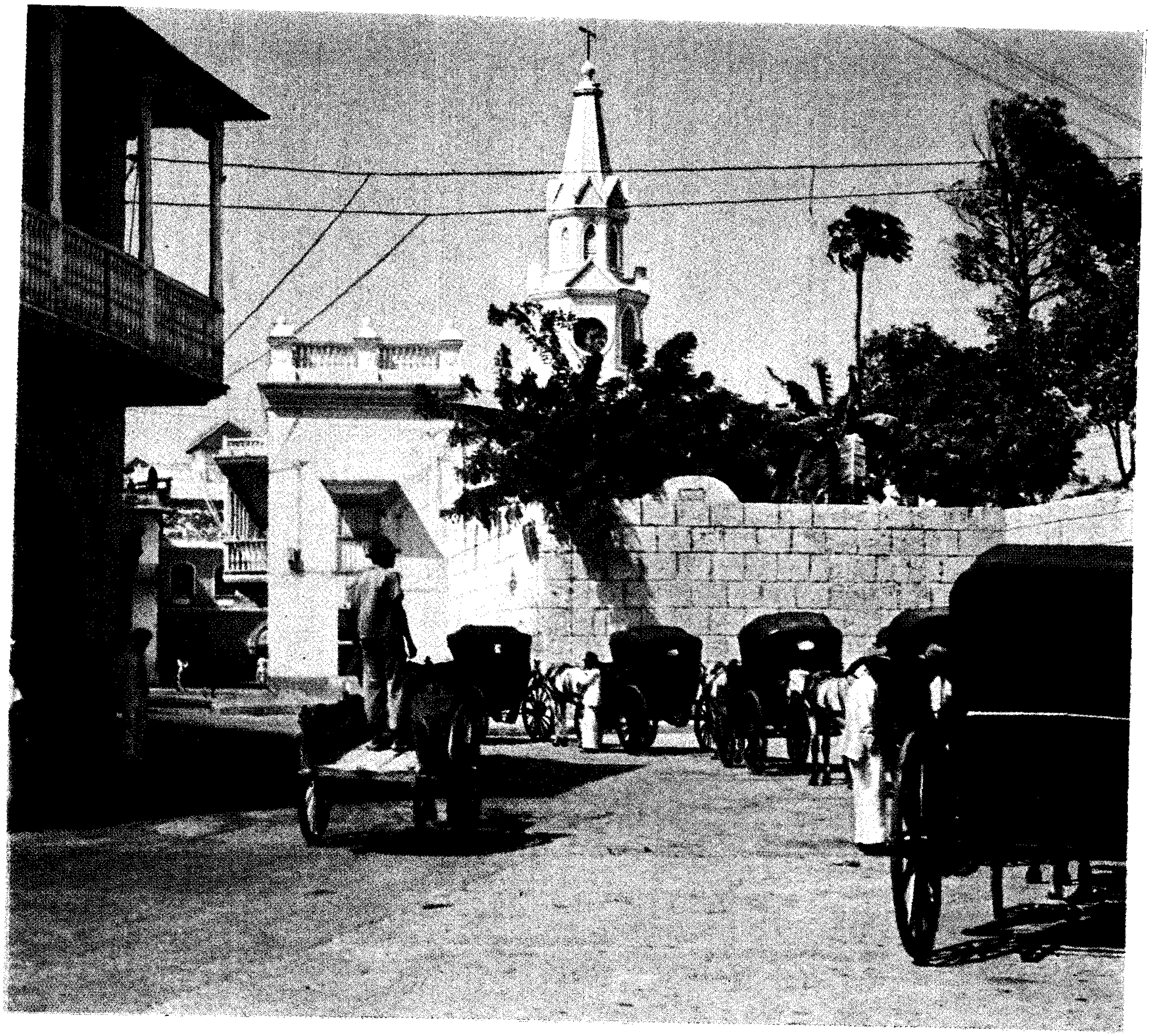
COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis, telling his very broad-gauge Times Square fables. There's also a new set of those large pink Copa dolls. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the back room, Wally Cox's fascinating folk studies, as well as Eddie and Tony, two merry young wolves in sheep's clothing, and the stirring songs of Irene Williams and Mme. Claude Alphand. Plush background music by Stuart Ross and the Herman Chittison Trio. Sunday nights, several guests are added to the show. Harold Cooke is master of ceremonies. . . . ¶ In the lounge, weekdays at dinnertime, John Kelley, Jr., at the keyboard, and from suppertime on, except Saturdays, Eadie and Rack's subtle piano nocturnes. . . . **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Paula Drake's bittersweet recitation of the troubles she's seen (an all-male cast), as well as the barrelhouse songs of Bibi Osterwald and the escapist songs of Michael Brown. The King Odom Quartet sings, and the Norman Paris Trio plays some remarkable music of its own devising. Julius Monk is master of revels. Wednesday, Nov. 2, Kirkwood and Goodman will replace Miss Drake, and the Three Riffs will replace the Odom crew. A new torch-bearer, Jo Hurt, will at the same time make her début. Closed Sundays. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): In this quiet and relaxed mountain fastness. Mme. Spivy

Cachet
from France
Lucien Lelong sends
you his newest
most brilliant
perfume . . .
Cachet
PARFUM
LUCIEN LELONG
PARIS
PARFUM
Cachet
PARIS
LUCIEN LELONG



ROBERT BAGBY

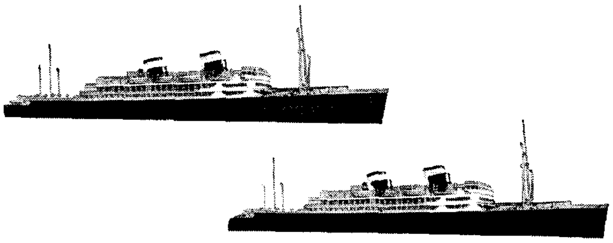
Cartagena, Colombia

Cruise TO THE CARIBBEAN AND SOUTH AMERICA

Especially designed for tropical cruising
Grace "Santas" provide all rooms outside
each with private bath
light airy dining rooms on promenade decks
outdoor tiled swimming pools
See your travel agent or

GRACE LINE

10 Hanover Square, New York
Agents and offices in all principal cities



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

unleashes her well-known bedtime ditties. Sam Hamilton at the piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Oran Page, a great man the moment he puts a trumpet to his lips, operating his new band; Erma Ethridge, a new singer of sob ballads. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, knocking down the walls of Jericho with his little trumpet every hour on the half-hour. Also on deck are Peanuts Hucko, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, and other hotheads. Ralph Sutton invents splendid piano in between. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by eager-beaver visitors. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Bobby Hackett is the headman of the new six-man internal-combustion installation here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Stalwart exponents of the old school, such as Art Hodes, Tony Parenti, Art Trappier, and Dick Carey, lining out their blissful music. Don Frye plays piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights. Dancing. . . . **RIVIERA LOUNGE**, Seventh Ave. at 4th St. (WA 9-9663): After ten every evening but Monday, Willie the Lion Smith gets his cigar and his Steinway smoking like chimneys, and Chippie Hill booms out her Chicago chanteys. Frank Orchard and Herb Ward assist them from time to time. Guest night is Thursday. . . . **BOP CITY**, 1610 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Louis Prima's big band and the Slim Gaillard Quartet. Closed Mondays. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Slam Stewart, that vibrant bassist, and Charlie Parker, sometimes known simply as Yardbird, leading their respective firing squads. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Those now traditional Friday-night shivarees, probably involving, this week (Oct. 28), Sidney and Wilbur de Paris, James P. Johnson, Baby Dodds, and Cecil Scott. Dancing. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 142 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): Another famous Friday-night stand, this week offering Teddy Lang's Alabama Five. Dancing.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): In the Café Rouge, through Tuesday, Nov. 1, Claude Thornhill's orchestra. The next night Vaughn Monroe brings that basso profundo and his band back to town. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): In the Grill, Guy Lombardo's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6 Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

Will Barnet—Studies of children, done with a generally engaging mixture of abstract stylization and brilliant color. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 5.)

Clay Bartlett—Oils and water colors, most arresting when depicting South American scenes. (Macbeth, 11 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 29.)

Max Beckmann—Heavy-handed and occasionally confused, but powerful. Paintings, drawings, and other works, mostly recent. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 5.)

Lamar Dodd—Water colors, drawings, and a few recent oils, somewhat Cézanne in character, by the prominent Georgia painter. (Luyber, 112 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 29.)

Ernest Fiene—Paintings, tending more toward the abstract than formerly, in his first exhibition in five years. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 3.)

Seymour Fogel—New abstract oils, in this artist's first New York show in three years. (Levitt, 16 W. 57th St.; through Nov. 12.)

French and American—Younger artists, chiefly, among them several Europeans hitherto unknown here. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 29.)

Albert Gleizes—A retrospective, 1910 to of a very influential, and still interesting, early Cubist painter. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 5.)

Group Shows—At the **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: Paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans; through Oct. 29. . . . **SALPETER**, 36 W. 56th St.: Water colors by Maurice Sievan, Alex Redein, and others of this gallery's group. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Nov. 12. . . . **MAYNARD WALKER**, 117 E. 57th St.: Various pieces, including several lithographs by Toulouse-Lautrec, an oil by John Kane, and a water color by George Grosz; through Nov. 5.

Barbara Hepworth—The sculptress wife of the English artist Ben Nicholson shows some vividly perceptive drawings and oils. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 29.)

Loren MacIver—New paintings, demonstrating some fresh and in most cases strikingly successful tendencies in her work. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 29.)

Piet Mondrian—An unusually carefully selected exhibition of paintings, most of them early examples and many of them never shown in this country before. (Sidney Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 12.)

Karl Priebe—Pleasant, if a bit deliberately elfin, paintings of Midwestern birds. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Oct. 29.)

Anton Refregier—Impressions of San Francisco, executed with great freshness and authority. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 6.)

William T. Snaith—Semi-abstract paintings, done with a rough, pebbly-looking surface that sometimes interferes with the sharpness of the design. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; and Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; through Nov. 4.)

Jack Tworkov—Abstract-Expressionist oils, loosely held together by occasional reference to Cézanne. (Egan, 63 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 5.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Georges Schreiber; through Nov. 12. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Ben Shahn; through Nov. 12. . . . **FEIGL**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Vaclav Vytlacil; through Nov. 12. . . . **KOOTZ**, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Group show; through Nov. 12. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Gladys Rockmore Davis; through Nov. 19. . . . **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: Henry Edmiston; through Nov. 12. . . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12th St.: Miguel Sopo; through Nov. 4. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: Braque, Matisse, and Picasso; through Nov. 12. . . . **JACQUES SELIGMANN**, 5 E. 57th St.: Cleve Gray; through Nov. 26.

MUSEUMS

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Seventy paintings and drawings by Abraham Walkowitz. (Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; through Nov. 14.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A comprehensive and revealing exhibition of Vincent van Gogh's drawings, paintings, and water colors, ranging from his early studies, which show the influence of Millet, to the swirling landscapes of his last, irrational years. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Wednesday and Saturday evenings until 9; and Sundays, 1 to 5; through Jan. 15.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Modern Art in Your Life," a slightly helter-skelter but very lively juxtaposition of examples of the fine arts and samples of industrial design, indicating how deeply "modernism" has penetrated into daily living. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; through Dec. 4.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A group show with paintings by, among others, Josef Albers, Jordan Belson, and Hilla Rebay. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; and Sundays, noon to 6; through Nov. 30.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—A big memorial exhibition in honor of Juliana Force, former directress of the Museum. Made up solely of paintings, sculptures, and other works that were shown at one time or another during

You can take it with you!
LANVIN

. . . in a purse-size golden flacon

ARPEGE $3.

RUMEUR $3.

PRETEXTE $2.50

MY SIN $2.25

SCANDAL $2.25

plus fed. tax

LANVIN

Lanvin Parfums Inc., 767 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 22

SCOTCH MIST* OVERCOATS SELF-LINED WITH AUTHENTIC CLAN TARTANS

One of the world's truly great Cold-Weather Coats!

Cut and tailored in Scotch Mist Tartan Back Cheviots:

The famous all-wool snow-sleet-rain-or-shine cloth woven exclusively for Rogers Peet by the fine old mill in Scotland with whom we shared our rainproof secret years ago.

Self-lined with colorful Tartans of the Scottish Clans in Winter-warmth wool.

Hand-tailored—like all Rogers Peet Clothes—in our own workrooms. $115.

Rogers Peet Company
Makers of fine clothes

In New York:
Fifth Avenue
at 41st Street

Thirteenth St.
at Broadway

Warren Street
at Broadway

And in Boston:
Tremont St.
at Bromfield St.

**Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

survey of the past forty years of American art. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through Oct. 30.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall it's LU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera Company—Thursday, Oct. 27: No performance. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 28: "Tosca." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 29: "Don Giovanni." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 30: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 30: "Der Rosenkavalier." . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Nov. 1-2: Prokofiev's "The Love for Three Oranges" (first performances in this country since 1922), in English. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 3: "Der Rosenkavalier." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 4: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 5: "The Old Maid and the Thief" and "The Medium." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Leopold Stokowski conducting: Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8:45, and Friday, Oct. 28, at 2:30 (both with Martha Lipton, mezzo-soprano); Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8:45 (with Eugene Istomin, piano); Sunday, Oct. 30, at 2:45 (with Martha Lipton, mezzo-soprano); Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 4, at 2:30 (both with Pierre Fournier, cello); and Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8:30 (with William Lincer, viola).

Raphael Bronstein Symphonietta—Raphael Bronstein conducting the first in a series of three programs. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 3.)

New Friends of Music—Opening performance of the season—The Saidenberg Little Symphony, with Hortense Monath, piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 5:30.)

RECITALS

Society for Forgotten Music—Joseph Bell, baritone, and Vladimir Dukelsky (Vernon Duke), piano. (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. PL 7-2027. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

Anatole Kitain—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 2:45.)

Maggie Teyte—Soprano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

Szymon Goldberg—Violin. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8:40.)

Leonid Hambro—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 5:30.)

Pierre Fournier—Cello. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Gladys Swarthout—Mezzo-soprano. (City College Great Hall, Convent Ave. at 139th St. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 8:40. For tickets, call PL 7-2963.)

Miklos Gafni—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

Richard Tucker—Tenor. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—Opening performance in a series of chamber-music programs with Milton Katims, viola. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 8:40.)

Appleton and Field—Duo piano, in the last of three recitals. With Alfred Howard, timpani, and Abe Marcus, percussion. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

Sari Biro—Piano, in the second of three piano-concerto programs, with a symphony orchestra conducted by Emanuel Vardi. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Woody Herman's orchestra,

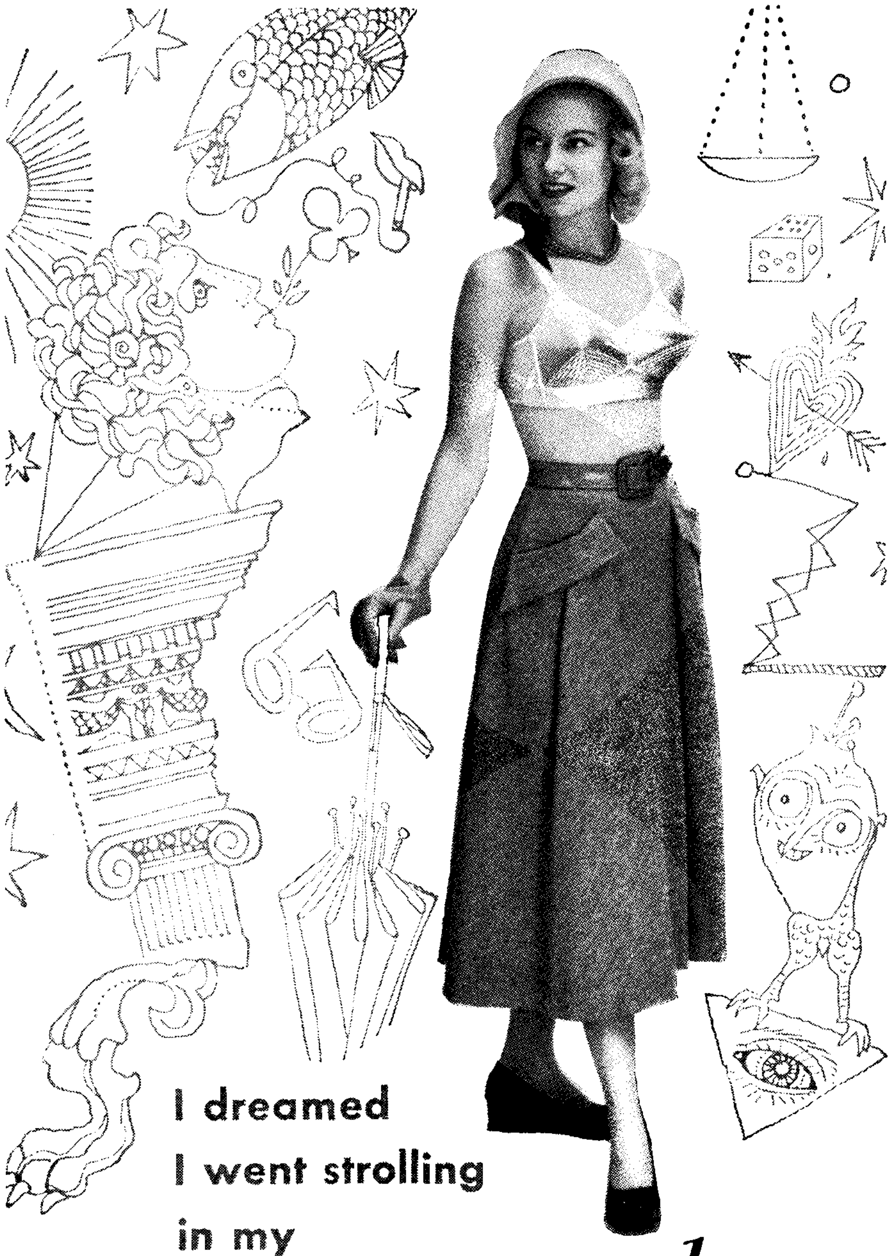
Peck *and* Peck

Our very own corduroy suit flavored with Paris ingenuity

We found our inspiration in a coat we brought back from Dior's fabulous new collection. We copied exactly its low-dropped shoulder . . . its flying-flap pockets . . . hugged blouse waistline . . . the exciting back-fullness of the skirt . . . then translated it into an elegantly casual suit. In under-fur and resort shades of palomino, yearling tan, seafoam, ivory, platinum or jade, sizes 8 to 16, 49.95

Palumbo

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS • MINNEAPOLIS • ST. PAUL
INDIANAPOLIS • WASHINGTON, D. C. • CINCINNATI • KANSAS CITY • MILWAUKEE • HARTFORD • BUFFALO • PROVIDENCE



I dreamed I went strolling in my

maidenform bra*

Loafing along and loving it! Why, I never dreamed before I could look so lovely! And all because of my Maidenform bra. No wonder people stare. There never was a bra that fitted quite like this . . . so comfortable, so sure, so completely secure. I'd never be without a Maidenform bra, not even in my wildest dreams.

Shown: Maidenform's new Over-ture* . . . a dream of a bra with the lift, the look young figures love. A, B, C cup . . . and only $1.50!

And for pretty figure variation: Maidenform's Allegro* that rounds you beautifully . . . Allo-ette* that separates, accentuates . . . and Maidenform's Allo-ette Longline to keep you sleek and smooth.

Send for free style folder—Maiden Form Brassiere Co., New York 16

There is a *Maiden Form* for Every Type of Figure

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

er. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Sandy Saddler vs. Paddy DeMarco, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 28. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—**saturday, oct. 29, at 2:** Army vs. V.M.I., at West Point. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Columbia, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Georgetown, at the Polo Grounds. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Baltimore. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Pittsburgh, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven. . . . **saturday, nov. 5:** Army vs. Fordham, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brooklyn vs. C.C.N.Y., at Ebbets Field, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Dartmouth, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Syracuse, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Colgate, at Worcester, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Virginia, at Philadelphia, at 2. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Williams, at Middletown, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven, at 2.

Hockey—Saturday, Oct. 29: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 30: Rangers vs. Toronto. (Madison Square Garden. Games begin at 8:30.)

Horse Show—The National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Starting Tuesday, Nov. 1. Daily at 2 and 7:45.)

Hunt Racing—Essex Fox Hounds. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 29.)

Professional Football—Bulldogs vs. Washington Redskins. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 2:05.) . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore Colts. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 2:15.)

Racing—**empire city at jamaica:** Weekdays at 1:15. The East View Stakes, Saturday, Oct. 29; the Gold Cup, Saturday, Nov. 5. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:10 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:47 and 1:25.) . . . **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Tuesday, Nov. 1. The Trenton Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 29. (A train leaves Penn Station for the track weekdays at 10.) . . . **pimlico:** Weekdays at 1:15. The Pimlico Special, Friday, Oct. 28; the Pimlico Futurity, Saturday, Nov. 5.

Six-Day Bicycle Race—Thirteen teams, grunting and pushing along a road to nowhere. (22nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 9 P.M., through Saturday, Nov. 5, at 11 P.M. For tickets, call JU 6-3882.)

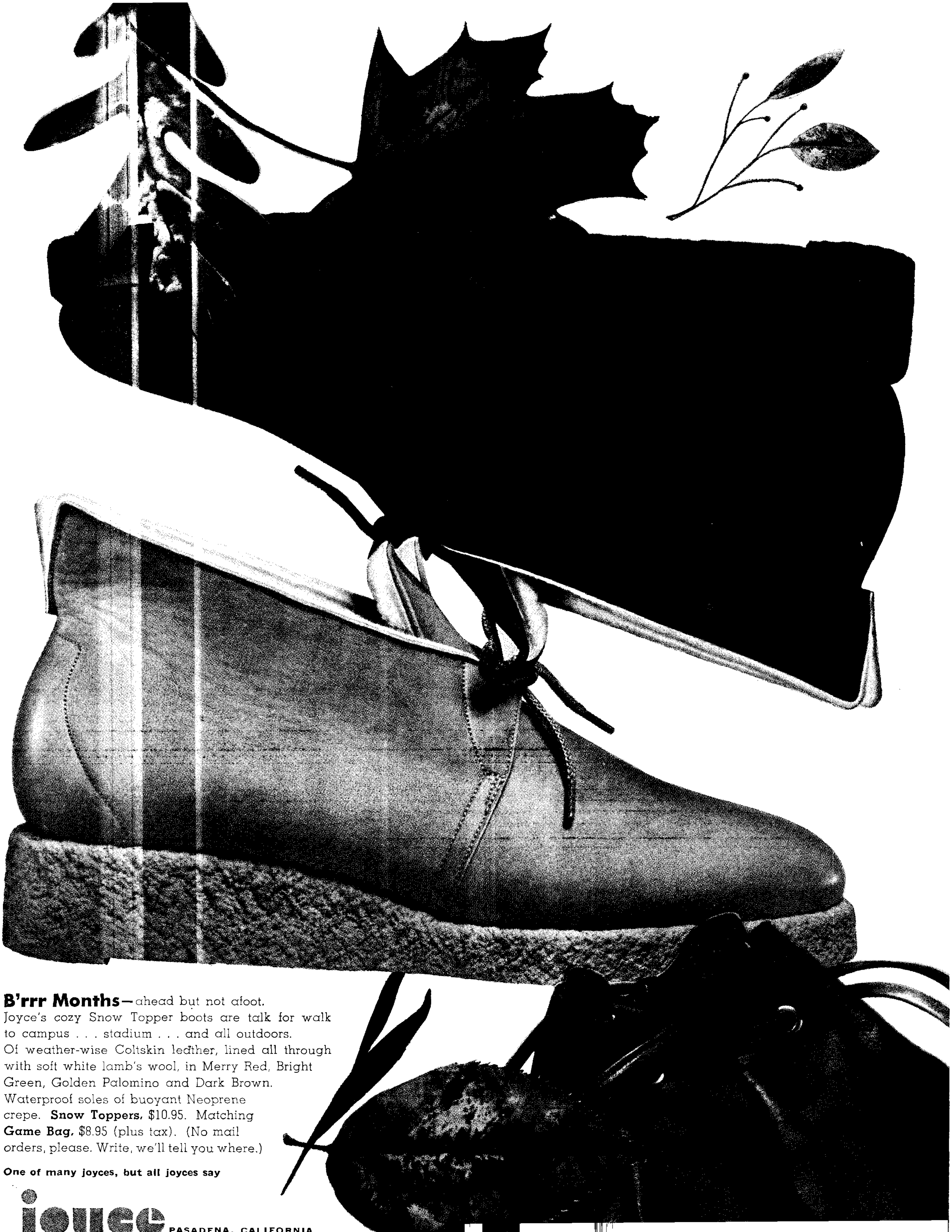
FOR CHILDREN

Sue Hastings Marionettes—"Hänsel and Gretel." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 11 and 3.)

Salome Gaynor Theatre—"The Sleeping Beauty." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 3.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The General Assembly often holds plenary sessions at Flushing Meadow during the week, and about nine hundred visitors are admitted to each meeting. Whenever plenary sessions are not going on, committees of the General Assembly confer at Lake Success, in rooms accommodating from fifty to a hundred onlookers apiece. About five hundred visitors continue to be admitted, Mondays through Fridays, to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments, also at Lake Success. For tickets to any of these events, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the



B'rrr Months—ahead but not afoot. Joyce's cozy Snow Topper boots are talk for walk to campus . . . stadium . . . and all outdoors. Of weather-wise Coltskin leather, lined all through with soft white lamb's wool, in Merry Red, Bright Green, Golden Palomino and Dark Brown. Waterproof soles of buoyant Neoprene crepe. **Snow Toppers,** $10.95. Matching **Game Bag,** $8.95 (plus tax). (No mail orders, please. Write, we'll tell you where.)

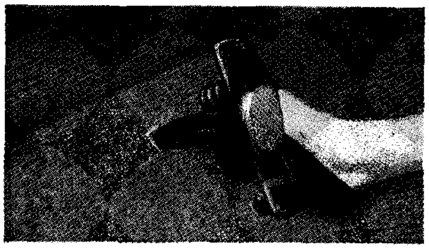
One of many joyces, but all joyces say

joyce PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

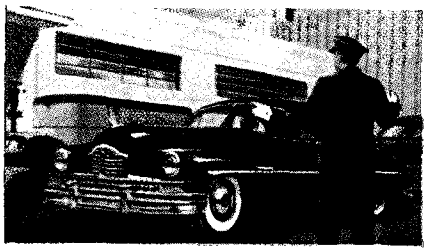
The last word in automatic, no-shift control!

PACKARD *Ultramatic Drive*

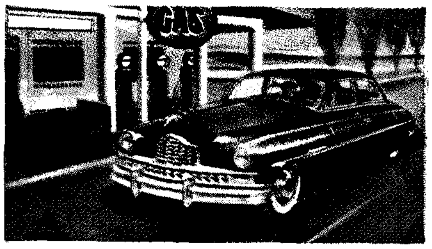
See why it's superior to all other automatic drives:



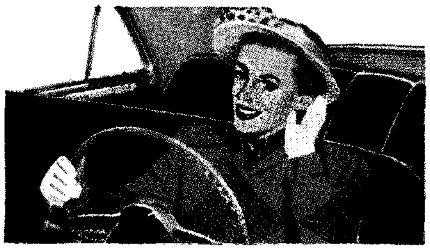
New simplicity: No clutch pedal. Nothing new to learn. Just set the lever at "H," step on the gas, and steer!



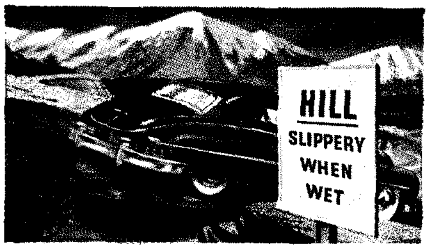
New smoothness: No jerking—because there's no gear-shifting, either by the *driver* or by the *transmission.*



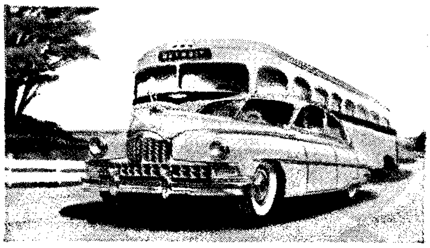
New economy: No gas-wasting slippage at cruising speeds. No complicated maintenance problems.



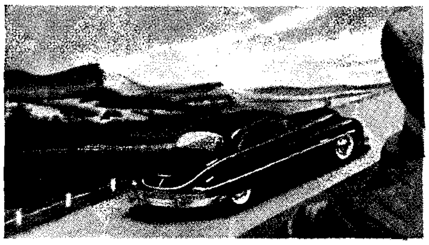
New quietness: No "clunking"—because there's no gear-shifting. No annoying "racing engine" sensation.



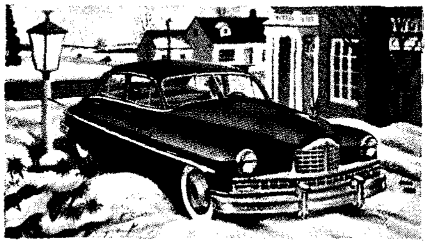
New safety: No chance of involuntary, unpleasant "down-shifts" on slippery pavement.



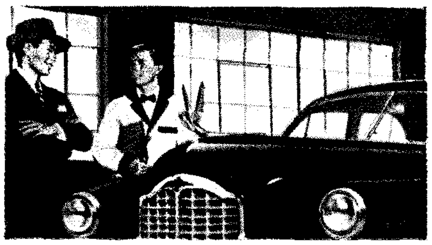
More responsive: No lag, no waiting for gears to shift. For instant acceleration—just *"tramp down!"*



More positive: No sluggishness on steep grades. No over-heating of the drive mechanism during long climbs.



More flexible: Easy change from Forward to Reverse—instantly. Yes, you can rock the car in snow!



More durable: New simplicity of design and construction means lastingly trouble-free operation.

Don't miss a demonstration of Packard's amazing *Ultramatic Drive*
... offered now, at extra cost, on certain models. See your nearby Packard dealer!

For free descriptive booklet, see your dealer—
or write direct to Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit 32, Michigan.

Golden Anniversary PACKARD

Ask the man who owns one

135-HP EIGHT 150-HP SUPER 160-HP CUSTOM

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success.

AUCTIONS—Early English silver and Continental porcelains, owned by Mrs. H. A. Fortington and others. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 110 E. 58th St. Thursday, Oct. 27, at 3.) . . . ¶ French furniture, paintings, and tapestries, owned by Patrice Hennessy and others. (Parke-Bernet Galleries. Exhibition, Thursday, Oct. 27, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 28-29, at 2.) . . . ¶ Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French furniture, silver, porcelain, and other objects of art, from the collections of Comte Boni de Castellane, Lady Mendl, Mrs. Benjamin Rogers, and others. (Kende Galleries, 119 W. 57th St. Exhibition, Thursday, Oct. 27, from 10 to 5:30; auction, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 28-29, at 2.) . . . ¶ First editions of English and American authors, French illustrated books, and other publications, from the libraries of Patrice Hennessy, the late Frederick M. Hopkins, and others. (Parke-Bernet Galleries. Exhibition, Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 27-29, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, at 2.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show is called "Antarctic Skies." Starting on Tuesday, Nov. 1, there will be a new show, "Probing the Universe." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

ON THE AIR

(Since programs are often changed at the last minute, the newspapers should be consulted as final authority.)

RADIO

MUSIC—N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Saturday, Oct. 29, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Sunday, Oct. 30, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Leonid Hambro, piano, Sunday, Oct. 30, at 5:30 P.M., WQXR. . . . ¶ Bidu Sayão, soprano, Monday, Oct. 31, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

DRAMA—Jane Wyman and David Niven in "A Kiss in the Dark," Thursday, Oct. 27, at 9 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Robert Donat, Jessica Tandy, and Hume Cronyn in "Justice," presented by the Theatre Guild, Sunday, Oct. 30, at 8:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Anne Baxter and Joseph Cotten in "Portrait of Jennie," Monday, Oct. 31, at 9 P.M., WCBS.

SPORTS—BOXING: Sandy Saddler vs. Paddy DeMarco, Friday, Oct. 28, at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . **COLLEGE FOOTBALL, SATURDAY, OCT. 29:** Yale vs. Dartmouth, at 1:45 P.M., WOR. . . . ¶ Army vs. V.M.I., at 1:55 P.M., WMGM. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Columbia, at 1:50 P.M., WINS. . . . ¶ Michigan vs. Illinois, at 2:15 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Southern Methodist vs. University of Texas, at 2:45 P.M., WJZ.

TELEVISION

DRAMA—Sidney Blackmer in "Damion's Daughter," Sunday, Oct. 30, at 9 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Myron McCormick in "The Farewell Supper," Monday, Oct. 31, at 8 P.M., WCBS-TV. . . . ¶ Ben Hecht's "Concerning a Woman of Sin," Monday, Oct. 31, at 10 P.M., WCBS-TV. . . . ¶ Kim Hunter in "Return to Kansas City," based on Irwin Shaw's short story, Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 8 P.M., WJZ-TV.

SPORTS—BOXING: Sandy Saddler vs. Paddy DeMarco, Friday, Oct. 28, at 10 P.M., WNBT. . . . **COLLEGE FOOTBALL, SATURDAY, OCT. 29:** Army vs. V.M.I., at 1:30 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at 1:45 P.M., WPIX. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Notre Dame, at 1:15 P.M., WCBS-TV.

MISCELLANY—The final installment of the film of General Eisenhower's book "Crusade in Europe," Thursday, Oct. 27, at 9 P.M., WJZ-TV. . . . ¶ Filmed highlights of the past week's important football games, Friday, Oct. 28, at 7:30 P.M., WJZ-TV. . . . ¶ "Meet the Press," with Senator James P. Kem, of Missouri, Saturday, Oct. 29, at 10 P.M., WNBT.

A BROOKS BROTHERS' TOPCOAT FOR FALL WEAR

The cut, materials and workmanship in our Topcoats all measure up to the uncompromising standards of Brooks Brothers. They're made in our own workrooms in the distinctive styles made famous by Brooks Brothers.

Brooks Brothers' Topcoats, $100 *to* $175

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.
BOSTON · LOS ANGELES · SAN FRANCISCO

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

The Affair Blum—A solid German film that grimly describes the effect of Hitler's racial nonsense on several susceptible judges in Munich in 1926. The approach is never pedantic, and the piece is entertaining as well as enlightening. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Devil in the Flesh—A sensitive and tolerant treatment of an adolescent boy's affair with an older woman. In French, with Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Germany Year Zero—Hitler's realm after the Führer's collapse, as seen by Rossellini. The Italian director isn't quite as deft in Berlin as he was in the cities of Italy where he made "Open City" and "Paisan." In German. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th, CI 7-0760.)

Hamlet—Sir Laurence Olivier and William Shakespeare in fruitful collaboration. An English picture. Winner of the 1949 Oscar Award. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Pinky—A glance, not too penetrating, at the race problem in a Deep Southern town. As a girl who has recrossed the Mason and Dixon Line after passing as a white in Boston for several years, Jeanne Crain is first-rate. Ethel Barrymore and Ethel Waters, who are also on hand, are their usual competent selves. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

Quartet—A translation to the screen of a group of Somerset Maugham's slickly confected short stories, two of which make pleasant entertainment. A British film. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

The Red Shoes—A lengthy British item having to do with dancers. Its chief distinction is a striking ballet, based on the Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale. With Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine, and Ludmilla Tcherina. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Saints and Sinners—An English film about a village in Eire that teems with daft characters, whose dilemmas are consistently captivating. The picture evolved from a script by Paul Vincent Carroll, and the bulk of its cast is made up of Abbey Theatre Players. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

Task Force—Some superb authentic U.S. Navy pictorial shots mixed up with a good deal of tedious romantic foolishness. Gary Cooper and Walter Brennan head the cast. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Colonial, B'way at 62nd, CO 5-0484; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting Nov. 2.)

The Window—An often stimulating melodrama about the dilemma of a small boy who has witnessed a very real murder and can't get anybody to believe him because of his record of prevarication. With Bobby Driscoll, Arthur Kennedy, and Ruth Roman. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Oct. 29. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Oct. 30-31. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Oct. 31-Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting Nov. 1.)

REVIVALS

All That Money Can Buy (1941)—About the Devil and Daniel Webster, according to Benét. Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Nov. 1.)

A Foreign Affair (1948)—A congresswoman, a Nazi siren, and an Army captain in occupied Berlin. Marlene Dietrich, Jean Arthur, and John Lund. (Normandie, 51 E. 53rd, PL 8-0040; starting Nov. 2.)

The Invaders (1942)—The troubles of a Nazi submarine crew in Canada. Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, and Raymond Massey. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; Oct. 30-Nov. 1.)

Man Hunt (1941)—Spies and sportsmen in Germany and England. Joan Bennett and Walter Pidgeon. (Normandie, 51 E. 53rd, PL 8-0040; Oct. 28-30.)

Million Dollar Legs (1932)—A satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, Ben Turpin, and Lyda Roberti. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295; through Nov. 1.)

Monsieur Vincent (1948)—Pierre Fresnay in a French picture that tells of the struggles of Saint Vincent de Paul. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 28. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Nov. 2.)

Mourning Becomes Electra (1947)—Rosalind Russell and Katina Paxinou in the O'Neill melodrama. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Nov. 1.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields doing his best as a kindly uncle. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Nov. 1.)

Odd Man Out (1947)—James Mason as a fugitive hunted by all the cops in Belfast. An English film. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Nov. 2.)

The Pearl (1948)—An adaptation of the Steinbeck story about a fisherman who discovers the biggest pearl in the world. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Oct. 30-Nov. 1.)

The Philadelphia Story (1940)—Philip Barry's story, with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, and Cary Grant. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; Oct. 30-Nov. 1.)

Poppy (1936)—W. C. Fields again, this time as Professor Eustace McGargle. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295; through Nov. 1.)

Pygmalion (1938)—The G.B.S. business. A British film, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Normandie, 51 E. 53rd, PL 8-0040; Oct. 27.)

The Search (1948)—An account of the effects of war on the lives of some children in Europe. With Montgomery Clift. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Oct. 30-Nov. 1.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar in an adaptation of the André Gide story. A French picture. (Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; through Oct. 28.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—Circus life, with W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, and Charlie McCarthy. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Nov. 1.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Oct. 30: "Grandma's Boy" (1922), with Harold Lloyd; and "Sherlock, Jr." (1924), with Buster Keaton. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 31: "Two Tars" (1928), with Laurel and Hardy; and "The Navigator" (1924), with Buster Keaton. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only if applied for in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Lost Boundaries," Beatrice Pearson, Mel Ferrer.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Tokyo Joe," Humphrey Bogart.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Abandoned Woman," Dennis O'Keefe, Gale Storm.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Oct. 28: "The Black Book," Robert Cummings, Arlene Dahl.
From Oct. 29: "Johnny Eager," revival, Lana Turner, Robert Taylor.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through Oct. 28: "The Adventures of Ichabod and Mr. Toad," a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.
From Oct. 29: "The Doctor and the Girl," Glenn Ford, Gloria De Haven.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Heiress," Olivia de Havilland, Montgomery Clift, Ralph Richardson.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Nov. 2: "Barbary Pirate," Donald Wood, Lenore Aubert.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
Through Nov. 1: "Red, Hot and Blue," Betty

From Nov. 2: "Chicago Deadline," Alan Ladd, Donna Reed, June Havoc.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
PINKY.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Everybody Does It," Paul Douglas, Linda Darnell.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Jolson Sings Again," Larry Parks, Barbara Hale.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Beyond the Forest," Bette Davis, Joseph Cotten.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Christopher Columbus," Fredric March, Florence Eldridge.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
GERMANY YEAR ZERO.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
Through Nov. 1: **POPPY**, revival; and **MILLION DOLLAR LEGS**, revival.
From Nov. 2: To be announced.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd. (MU 7-8723)
Through Oct. 28: **SYMPHONIE PASTORALE**, revival

From Oct. 29: "The Facts of Love," Gordon Harker, Betty Balfour.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
Through Nov. 1: **NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK**, revival; and **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN**, revival.
From Nov. 2: To be announced.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
Through Nov. 1: "Strangers in the House" (in French), Raimu.
From Nov. 2: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
SAINTS AND SINNERS.

Little Cinémet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"Lost Youth" (in Italian); and "Merchant of Slaves" (in Italian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DEVIL IN THE FLESH; and "A Visit with Maillol," short documentary film.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
HAMLET.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
QUARTET.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
"Passport to Pimlico," Stanley Holloway, Margaret Rutherford.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
THE AFFAIR BLUM

Looks like a Million

Yet this brilliant new valve-in-head straight-eight actually costs less than many sixes

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR, ABC Network, every Monday evening.

NATURALLY you like to make the smartest picture when you travel.

Like, too, the life and zip of a big and brilliant power plant—size that's handy in traffic—riding room that's plenty for the family or friends. They're all here in this Buick SPECIAL, and then some—even to the silky luxury of Dynaflow Drive* at your option.

But add it all up—and you've only half its story.

For this far-ranging beauty costs less than any other valve-in-head eight—actually costs less than many sixes!

*Optional equipment at extra cost.

It sells at price-levels that give every buyer a whopping big dollar's worth for each dollar invested—probably the biggest dollar's worth anywhere along automobile row.

So it's really not enough to admire this SPECIAL's million-dollar look from the sidewalk.

Go also to your Buick dealer's. *Sit* in this one. Size up its roominess and finish. Ask for a sample ride. Get the delivered prices—and the good news on delivery.

When you see how much you get here for so little, you'll sign up fast for a firm order—and then will you feel like a million!

SEE YOUR NEAREST BUICK DEALER

TEN-STRIKE! Only Buick SPECIAL has *all* these Features!

Traffic-Handy Size • More Room for the Money • Dynaflow Drive optional at extra cost • Jet-Line Styling • Non-Locking Bumper-Guard Grilles • High-Pressure Fireball Straight-Eight Engine • Coil Springing all around • Low-Pressure Tires on Safety-Ride Rims • Greater Visibility fore and aft • Self-Locking Luggage Lids • Steady-Riding Torque-Tube Drive • Three Smart Models with Body by Fisher

SPECIALLY NOW "Buick's the Buy"

Your Key To Greater Value

GM

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

Only one gets THIS invitation!

PLENTY of magazines go into homes. Many can talk big circulations. Most have bar charts on reader incomes and habits.

But of all magazines in the three-million-up class, only one is invited into homes *as a buying aid.*

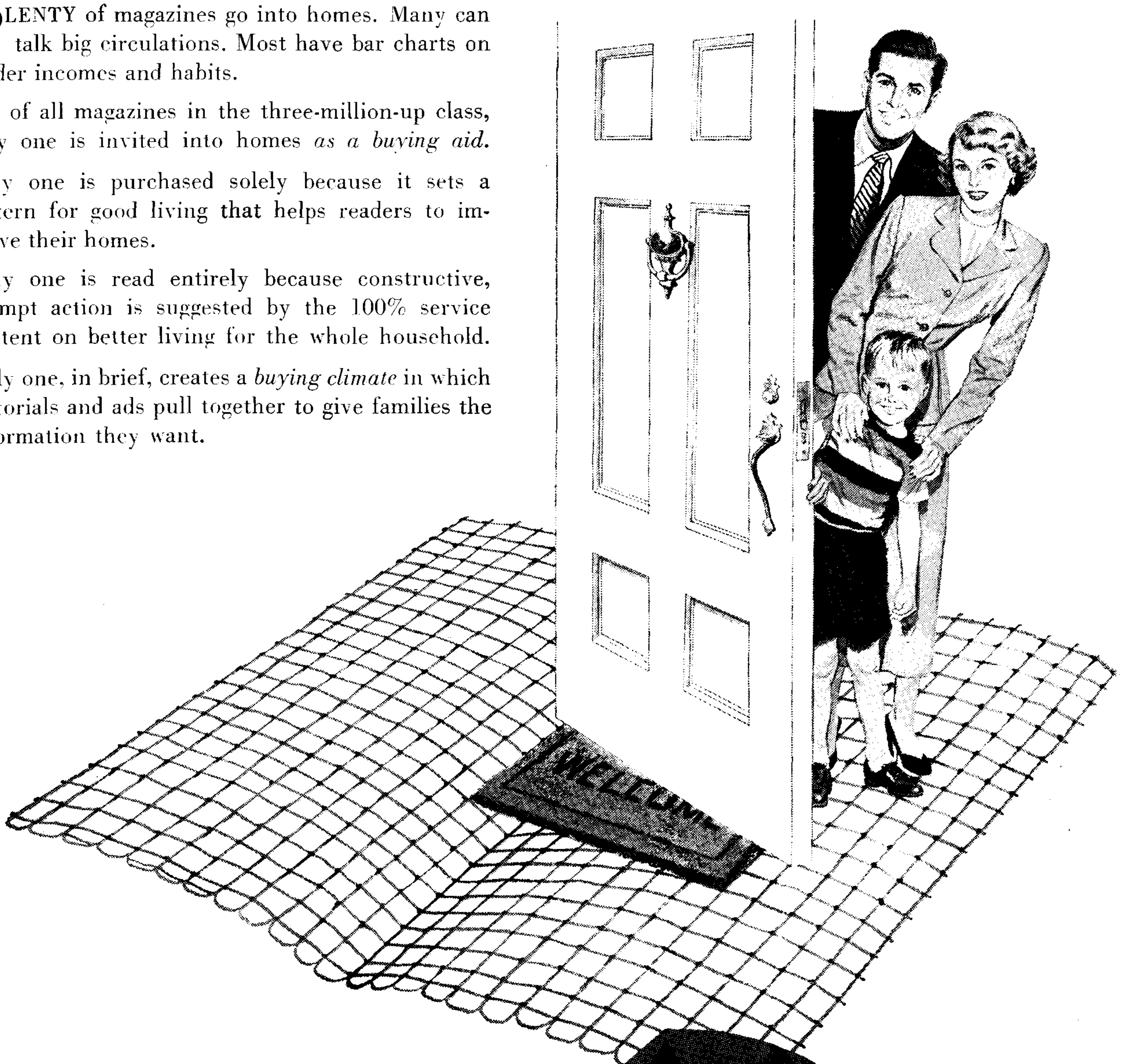
Only one is purchased solely because it sets a pattern for good living that helps readers to improve their homes.

Only one is read entirely because constructive, prompt action is suggested by the 100% service content on better living for the whole household.

Only one, in brief, creates a *buying climate* in which editorials and ads pull together to give families the information they want.

That's why this one magazine, Better Homes & Gardens, is today "America's 1st Point of Sale." Why it gets a big hand every month from husbands and wives in more than 3,000,000 above-average homes. Why it sells everything from tooth paste to television sets, from refrigerators to rugs.

If you'd like to find out what this buying aid could do for your product, make a date to see a Better Homes & Gardens representative.



America's 1st Point of Sale

A SCREENED MARKET OF MORE THAN **3,000,000** BETTER HOMES

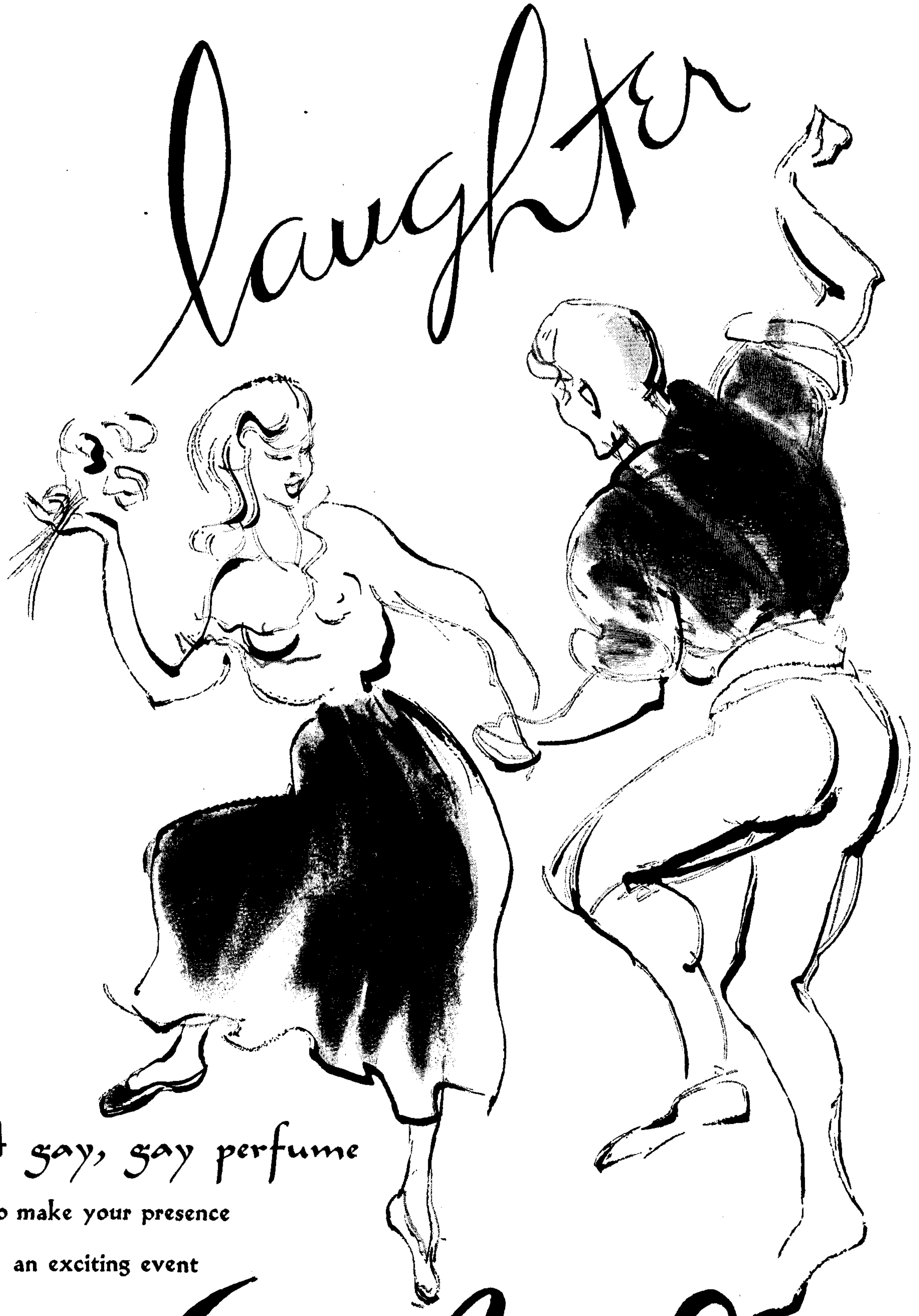
Better Homes and Gardens
America's 1st Service Magazine

What is the secret of 'Viyella'® ?

You are going to hear a lot about Viyella from now on, because this wonderful fabric, after an interval of ten years, is again arriving from Britain—in ever-increasing quantities. Here's the story:

1. **SUPER-BRITISH:** Viyella (rhymes with hi-fella) belongs in the top rank of super-British products. Actually, Viyella is an incredibly soft and light *flannel.* Englishmen have worn it since the turn of the century.
2. **WON'T SHRINK:** You can send Viyella to your laundry. If it shrinks or fades, we replace—and no argument. And here is the secret: Viyella is made from a mixture yarn of *lamb's wool* (for warmth) and *Egyptian cotton* (for washing).
3. **LONG WEARING:** Our venerable Treasurer says Viyella wears much *too* long. The other day a customer showed us some shirts which his papa had worn at the siege of Mafeking in 1899. The son (no chicken himself) is still wearing them.
4. **HANDLE & BLOOM:** Viyella 'handles' like nothing on earth, and keeps its luxurious 'bloom.'
5. **WELL BRED:** Viyella won't fade. It comes in authentic Scottish tartans, dressy stripes, well-bred checks and a large variety of plain shades. From $2.00 a yard.
6. **MAN & BOY:** Viyella is made by an English firm called William Hollins, who have been in business, man and boy, since 1784. Their mills are on the edge of Sherwood Forest, the home of Robin Hood.

At James McCutcheon & Co., New York; B. Altman & Co., New York; R. H. Stearns & Company, Boston; Chas. A. Stevens & Co., Chicago; Bullock's, Los Angeles; The White House, San Francisco, and other leading stores. For the name of your nearest retailer write: William Hollins & Co. Inc., 347 Madison Avenue, New York City.



A gay, gay perfume

to make your presence

an exciting event

Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

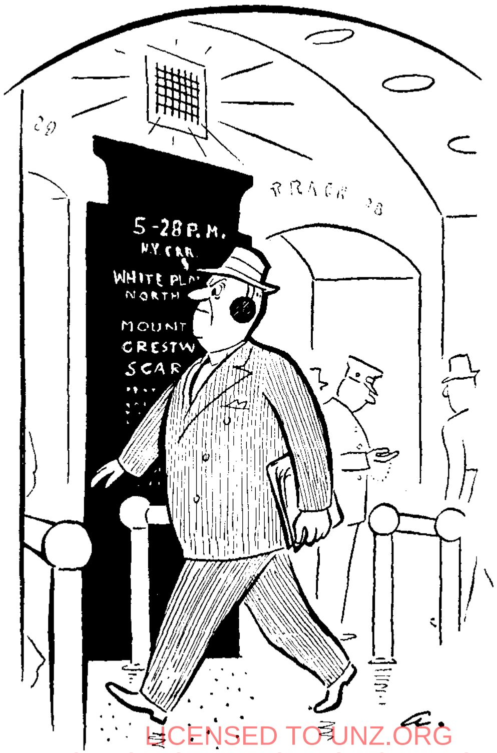
THERE is still, in the educational world, a grave uncertainty about aims and goals. How far can the life of the mind be safely associated with practical affairs? A queer thing happened recently at Fairleigh Dickinson College to disturb the academic calm. Students in Business Administration, fulfilling a class project, had bought a few shares of stock. Specifically, the class owned one share of each of fourteen stocks. The idea was to demonstrate the anatomy of security and, in particular, the relationship between business conditions and stock quotations. The only joker in the experiment was that business conditions, at that moment, happened to be pretty good. Things, in fact, went beautifully until Professor Feldman, in charge of the class, accidentally discovered that some of his students, their healthy young appetites unsatisfied by so meagre a holding, had gone ahead on their own and bought some more shares. The market was trending upward, the students came to class elated each morning, and some of them were looking ahead to making a first payment on a 1950 Ford. Here at last was a college education that seemed to be making real sense. Fortunes were being rolled up in miniature and the American dream was coming true—higher education and financial success joined hand in hand. Feldman never hesitated. He ordered all official classroom securities sold (the net profit for the fourteen shares was seventy-three dollars) and advised that all extracurricular visions of easy money be broken up and distributed.

WE'VE just been examining the results of a survey made for some worried silversmiths. The silversmiths were afraid that not enough jewelry was being sold in America, so they hired a firm to make a study and find out what's wrong. This firm, which we shall call Horton & Eavesdrop, set to work and sneaked microphones and wire recorders into retail stores to check up on salespeople, unbeknownst. The recordings revealed what we have sometimes suspected: that a good many salespeople are rather decent and accommodating and that they respect a customer's desires and are sympathetic toward his indecision. Horton & Eavesdrop presented their findings the other day at an advertising jamboree in the Waldorf, and we shall reproduce two of them.

1. In about half the sales the salesperson made no effort whatever to close the sale but simply waited patiently for the customer to make up her mind.

2. In about ten per cent of the sales the salesperson used a negative close—that is, he tried not to make the sale, by suggesting that the customer think it over or come back later.

The conclusion arrived at by Horton & Eavesdrop was that something would have to be done about salespeople. We agree. They should be given a dinner at the Waldorf in appreciation of their tolerance, patience, and faith in the principle that a mind made up under pressure is not a mind made up at all.



A DANE told us the other day (and he seemed neither melancholy nor wholly cheerful) that Denmark has two moose. Denmark used to have only one moose (a bull), but a second arrived—swam over from Sweden, or took the ferry. The Danes were worried lest the new arrival prove to be a female. "Denmark is such a small country; we cannot have it too full of mooses." The second moose, however, was another bull. People felt relieved, but they know that it is only a question of time before some Swedish cow moose learns that there are extra men south of the border.

From Scratch

RAND McNALLY have just published their first completely new atlas in fifty years—the Cosmopolitan World Atlas, a handsome work, with plates in five colors, that required eight years of research and preparation and an expenditure of four hundred and fifty thousand dollars, not counting the cost of printing. Duncan M. Fitchet, the learned young man who served as editor of the new volume, came East from the Rand McNally home offices, in Chicago, on a business trip, and we called on him last week at the Shelton. He told us that the response of booksellers throughout the country can be described only as tremendous. "Three printings before publication!" he said. "Forty thousand copies! The company put a lot of money into this one book and it will be glad to see some of it coming back so promptly. We've always been careful to keep our old atlases up to date, of course, but the Cosmopolitan was started right from scratch. Every map in it was newly drafted and the references were checked with original sources. We've had fifteen researchers collecting data since 1941, and the changes we've made didn't result simply from the war."

Fitchet told us that the original maps of the Western states of this country, for example, were primarily railroad maps and that later mapmakers kept copying whistle stops onto their new maps. Rand McNally have eliminated most of these, as well as places that have dwindled, such as ghost mining towns. They've done considerable eliminating from their foreign maps, too. The last Rand McNally map of Ecuador showed fourteen towns in the Napo-Pastaza region; the Cosmopolitan map of Ecuador shows one. Another significant change made in United States maps is the deëmphasizing of county borders. "In the old days," Fitchet said, "the county was the basic unit of all maps. Now it has lost its importance. The city is practically everything."

Access to Army Map Service Aeronautical Charts of the entire world and countless other government maps proved of great assistance to Rand McNally, as did maps and special reports issued by the United Nations. The recent war had, however, far less effect on the map of Europe than its predecessor. After the First World War, Europe was conspicuously altered by the disappearance of Austria-Hungary, Serbia, and Montenegro, and the creation of Czechoslovakia, Poland, Finland, Yugoslavia, Albania, and the three Baltic states of Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, and of Austria and Hungary as separate nations. At the end of the Second World War, the Soviet borders had been expanded here and there to include all the Baltic states and parts of Finland, Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Rumania, for a total Soviet gain of around 187,000 square miles. Germany lost 44,000 square miles to Poland and the Soviets, Italy lost 3,170 square miles, mostly to Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria picked up 3,000 square miles that had belonged to Rumania.

Outside Europe, there have been bigger changes. The Cosmopolitan Atlas shows the two new Dominions of the British Commonwealth, India and Pakistan; the new republics of Burma, the Philippines, Iceland, Lebanon, Syria, and Mongolia; and the kingdoms of Trans-Jordan and Yemen. The United States recognizes the Republic of South Korea, but Rand McNally weren't able to draw its borders, or Israel's. They printed "Israel" in the type face reserved for bona-fide countries, and noted Tel Aviv as its capital, but didn't attempt to draw the line setting Israel off from the rest of the Palestine area. The situation in China was changing too rapidly for Rand McNally to try to define the Nationalist and Communist areas. Indonesia and Indo-China are what Rand McNally term Unstable Dependent Areas. The biggest loser in the last war was the Japanese Empire; it dropped a cool 115,468 square miles, counting the Marianas, the Carolines, and the Marshalls, all of which had been mandated to it but were trusteed to the United States by the United Nations. All former German-mandated colonies are now being held under United Nations trusteeships. The war brought Rand McNally recognition to places that few people had ever heard of ten years ago and that few will ever forget—El Alamein, Tarawa, Saipan, Kwajalein, Bikini, and so on.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Rudy's Rail, a Second Avenue refreshment parlor, is displaying a placard advising passersby:

WE HAVE THE
LARGEST
LIFE-SIZE TELEVISION SCREEN
IN THE WORLD

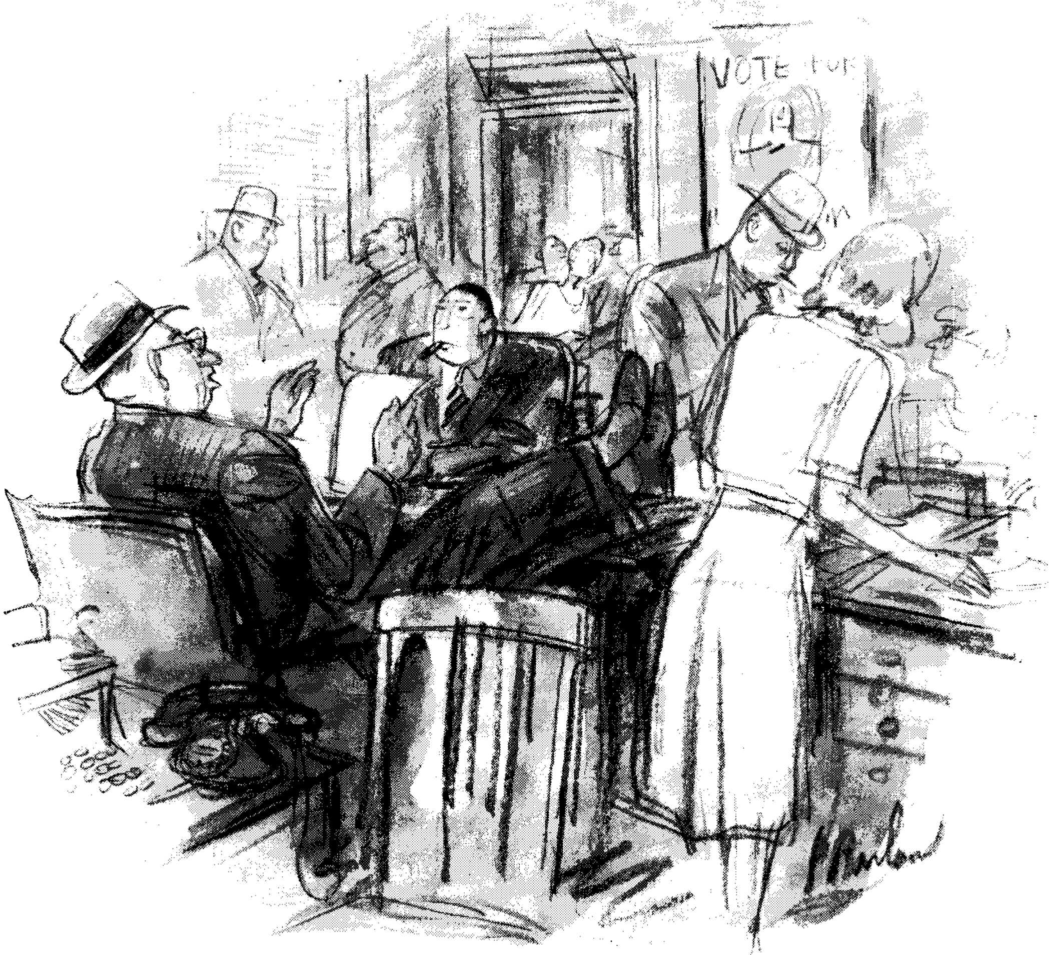
Ideal

WE'VE been up to Columbia and had a talk with Lou Little about the baby-sitting service he has opened on behalf of the members of his football squad. It's thriving, we are pleased to report. We found Little in his office, in John Jay Hall, during a period of comparative quiet between a coaches' meeting and the afternoon practice session. To judge by the number of telephone calls he received during our visit (seventeen, which we will ignore in the quotes of his remarks that follow), he is one of the busiest men in town. He is certainly one of the most genial, and he seemed to welcome an opportunity to discuss his baby-sitting project. In a hoarse, unhurried voice, he told us that running an informal employment agency is nothing new to him. "I've been hunting around for odd jobs for the boys of my squads ever since I started coaching at Georgetown, back in 1924," he said. "When I was a student at Penn, the coach did the same thing for me. Not baby-sitting, though—baby-sitting seems to be a bigger industry now than it was in my day. Matter of fewer servants, maybe, or fewer in-laws living with families. Anyhow, you can count on most boys on a football squad needing a little extra money, and when you stop to think of it, what could be more appropriate for an athlete than baby-sitting—easy, relaxing, not much chance of breaking bones?"

During the war, Little told us, the student-employment agency at Columbia had more part-time jobs to offer than there were takers; now the situation is reversed. Last spring, the Columbia *Alumni News* ran an article about Little's baby-sitting service. Local alumni were interested immediately, and the fame of the service has since spread extensively by word of mouth. People call up the athletic office and tell the secretaries on duty there the hours they require sitters for; the secretaries then get in touch with available players. "During the playing season, there isn't too much baby-sitting done, because of our training rules," Little said. "We can't have players missing afternoon practice, or staying up till twelve or one on weekdays. It's all right for them to stay up on Saturday nights, though, and that's usually a big baby-sitting night. We've had men play in a game on Saturday afternoon, sit with a baby that night, and do a bang-up job both times."

Little told us that his personal guarantee is behind any baby-sitter sent out by his office and that he has had nothing but favorable reports to date. He is grateful that Columbia is located in a large city, with inexhaustible supplies of small children. "Look at the advantages baby-sitting has for my boys," he said. "The academic standards here are high, and they're no lower for football players than for anyone else. If a fellow has a part-time clerical or dining-hall job, he has to work hard and doesn't get much studying done. If he goes out on a baby-sitting assignment, he picks up a few dollars, gets as much studying done as he would have back in the dormitory, and probably sits in a much more comfortable chair while he's doing it. There's also the possibility of a raid on the icebox. I remember when I was a boy, up in Massachusetts, and was baby-sitting for one of our neighbors, along about eleven o'clock I'd mosey out into the kitchen. Of course, my boys don't raid any iceboxes unless they've been invited to."

As to whether backs or linemen make the best baby-sitters, Little withheld comment. "I'll just say that the best baby-sitters are the men who need a few dollars," he said. "That includes about ninety per cent of the squad. I'm a man who likes a lean and hungry athlete, not a rich, well-fed one. The spirit that makes a good football player makes a good baby-sitter, or a good anything else. Looked at from the clients' point of view, the members of our squad are mature, intelligent young men, conscientious in everything they do, capable of dealing with emergencies." (UNiversity 4-3200, Extension 2268. Reliable service at reasonable rates.)



"I'd tone it down a little—maybe say 'brazen deception' instead of 'barefaced lie,' and where you've got 'red-handed thief,' I'd say something along the line of 'utter financial irresponsibility,' and . . ."

* *

House Rule

A CONNECTICUT lady who was planning a visit to New York and wrote the Gramercy Park Hotel regarding accommodations for herself and Pomeranian has forwarded us a copy of the reply she received:

> In response to your letter . . . we regret to advise you that no gods are allowed in the Gramercy Park Hotel.

Van Gogh's Nephew

THE impressive van Gogh exhibition that opened at the Metropolitan Museum last week—ninety-five paintings and sixty-seven drawings—was in large measure made possible by Vincent W. van Gogh, a nephew of the artist, who lent forty-six of the paintings and fifty drawings. The other major lender—twenty paintings, seventeen drawings—was the Kröller-Müller State Museum, of Otterlo, Holland. These two collections were brought here by Mr. A. M. W. J. Hammacher, the director of the K.-M. Museum, and Mr. van Gogh, a tall, smiling, blue-eyed man of fifty-nine, whom, with his wife, we met the other day in the office of Theodore Rousseau, Jr., the Metropolitan's curator of paintings. Van Gogh the painter was the eldest of six children. His favorite brother was the present Vincent's father, Theo, a Paris art dealer, to whom he sent nearly all his work. Theo supported his brother Vincent most of his life. Vincent died when his nephew was six months old, and Theo died less than a year later. "My mother moved to Bussum, in Holland, and took me and the many paintings and drawings she had inherited with her," the nephew told us. "They were all over our house. I saw them as soon as I opened my eyes and all day long. 'The Potato-Eaters' was over our dining-room mantelpiece. Three paintings of flowering orchards and the 'Pietà,' after Delacroix, hung in my mother's bedroom. The attic was full of my uncle's paintings." Mr. van Gogh's mother, who was in straitened circumstances and took in boarders, sold a few of the paintings from time to time. She died in 1925, leaving her son, an only child, in possession of several hundred van Goghs. Meanwhile, her son had graduated from the University of Delft as a mechanical engineer and had spent five years in America. He came here in 1915 and got a job as a junior draftsman with the Public Service Electric Company, in Newark. Later, he worked for a Dutch purchasing agent in downtown New York. "I lived in Westfield, New Jersey; in Jamaica, Long Island; and at Seventh Avenue and a Hundred and Eleventh Street," Mr. van Gogh told us. "I had a few van Goghs with me, but they meant nothing. At that time, it was only Gauguin, Gauguin, and again Gauguin."

Van Gogh returned to Holland in 1920 and set up as a consulting engineer in Amsterdam. After his mother's death, he placed many of his uncle's paintings with the Amsterdam Municipal Museum, on permanent loan. He has sold some of them in the past but doesn't intend to sell any more. The ones he has are now worth well over a million dollars. He keeps a few score in his house in a village near Amsterdam called Laren, where he is sometimes confused with his uncle. "A prospective maid came to see me one day," Mrs. van Gogh told us, "and from the second-floor landing I saw her making up her face in the looking glass downstairs. She asked me whether Mr. van Gogh still painted portraits. I set her straight, and she refused the job."

On his way home from a trip to Curaçao last winter, Mr. van Gogh stopped off in New York and proposed a van Gogh show to Francis Henry Taylor, the Metropolitan's director, offering his coöperation. The present exhibit, which will go to the Art Institute of Chicago in February for ten weeks, is the result. "The New York and Chicago museums are paying for our trip," he said. "Or our *trips*. We'll go back to Holland next week and return for the Chicago opening. It's my holiday. I'm not rich, but now I take the leisure to do something for the paintings. In Curaçao, I saw the brightest landscape color scheme I've ever known—yellow houses, red roofs, blue sky, the three primary colors. You find that combination in Vincent's paintings, in the fourteenth-century Italian primitives, in the fifteenth-century Flemish paintings, and in Picasso. When I first saw it in reality, it struck me forcibly." Mr. van Gogh, naturally, doesn't remember his uncle, but the painter inspected him as an infant, in Paris. Mr. Rousseau opened a copy of "The Letters of Vincent van Gogh to His Brother," compiled and edited by Mrs. Theo van Gogh, and pointed out the following passage to us:

> Then Theo drew him to the room where was the cradle of our little boy, that had been named after Vincent; silently the two brothers looked at the quietly sleeping baby—both had tears in their eyes. Then Vincent turned smilingly to me and said, pointing to the simple crocheted cover on the cradle: "Do not cover him with too much lace, little sister."

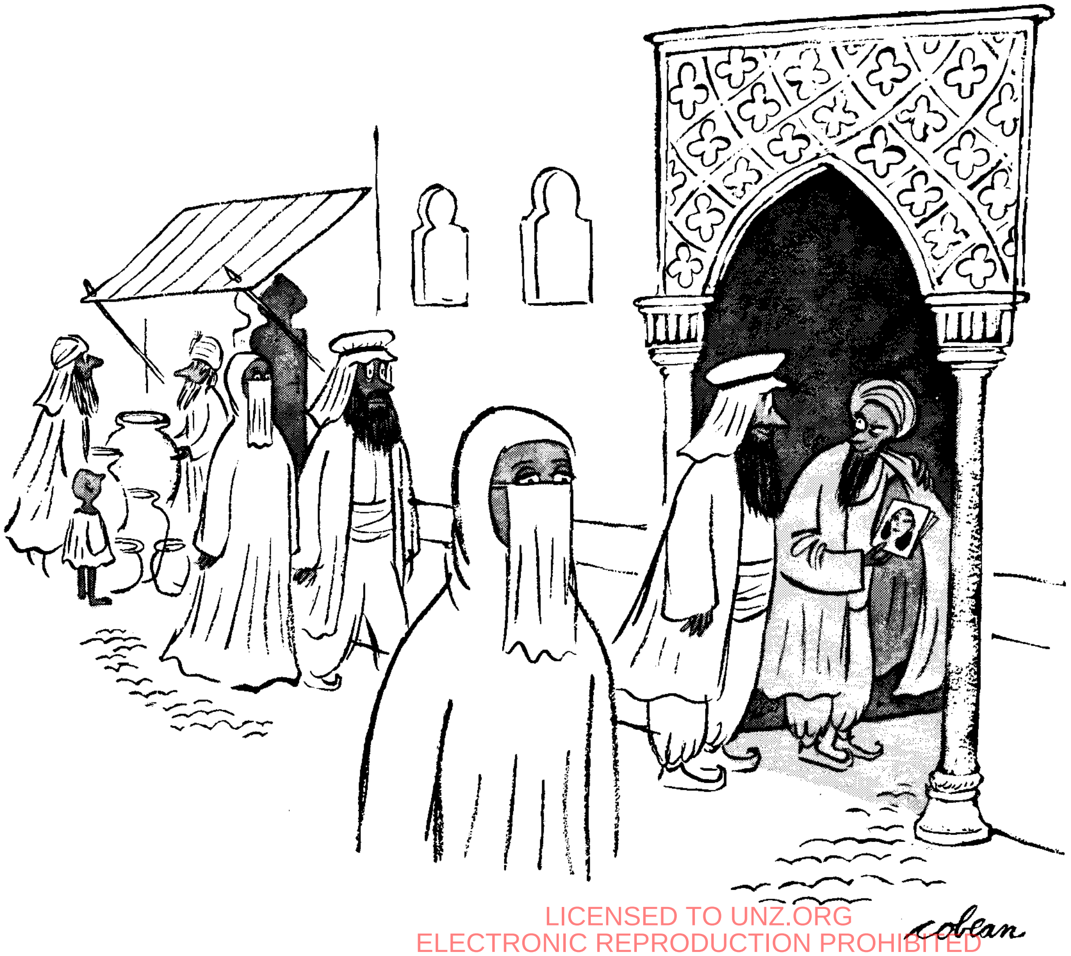
The van Goghs left to take a walk in the Park, and Mr. Rousseau told us that their eldest son had been shot by the Germans for participating in the Resistance, that their two other sons had worked in the underground but had survived, and that Mr. van Gogh had permitted his Amsterdam office to be used by a Resistance newspaper. "Mr. van Gogh is a very unselfish man," Mr. Rousseau said. "He's asked for passage money and modest living expenses, and that's all. I visited his home last summer to help make the selection—the paintings there just knock your eye out—and he let us have everything we wanted, except one painting. That was blossoms against a blue sky, which van Gogh painted for Theo when his son was born."

Democratic

A FATHER who this fall delivered his oldest boy by motor to one of the flossier New England church schools got to brooding, on his way back, about the possible narrowing effects of the rarefied atmosphere of the place on the lad. He decided to detour to Boston, where he knew the mother of a boy who had already spent a couple of years at the school. He expressed his misgivings to her, and she told him not to worry. "Why," she said, "it's as democratic a school as you could find in the country. Last Easter, Peter had one of his classmates over for a visit, and he was as nice and simple a boy as you could ask to meet—wore a ragged sweater and old clothes and tennis shoes around the house." She paused for a moment, and then added thoughtfully, "I must say, though, that his parents *did* give him a race horse for a confirmation present."

Demonstration

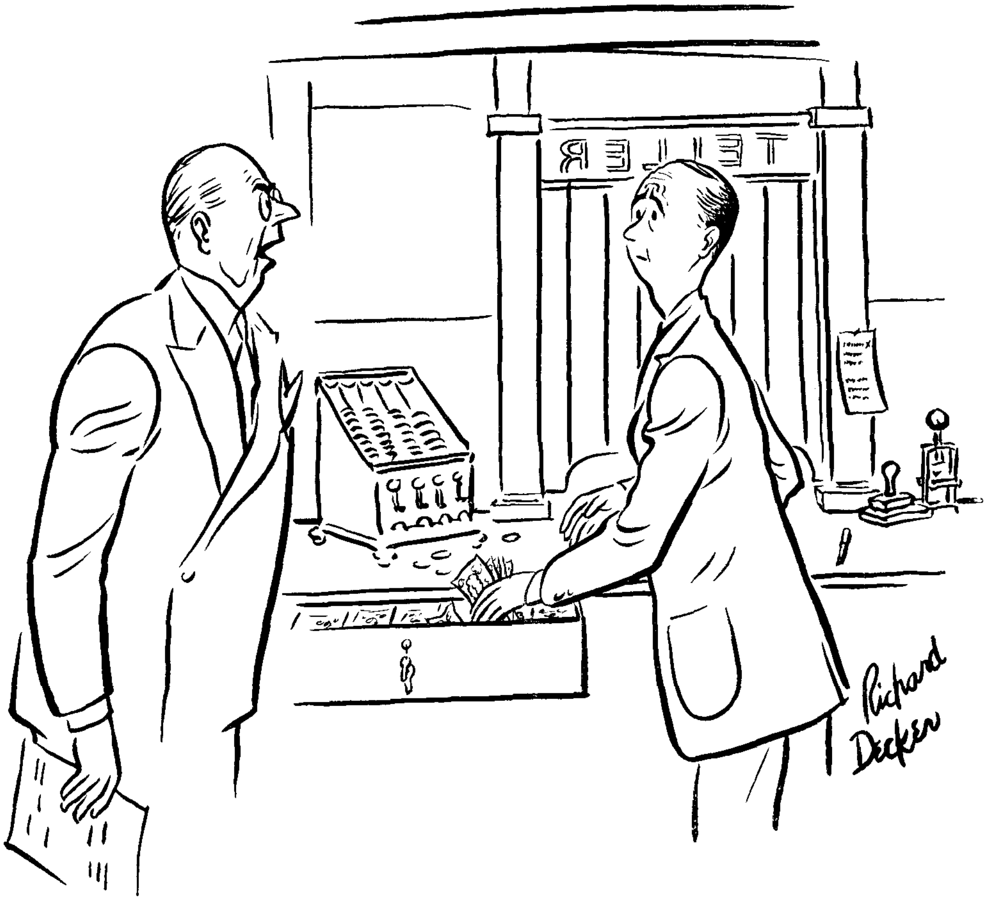
HAVING been invited to a joint demonstration of Candelite, a new fluorescent lamp intended to do better by ladies' complexions, and some "galvanic skin tests, to determine the reaction of women to color and lighting," by the joint demonstrators, the Duro Test Corporation, of North Bergen, New Jersey, and Helena Rubinstein, of New York, Paris, and London, we turned up expectantly at the Astor Gallery of the Waldorf, the scene of activity. Scarcely had we seated ourself in one of a hundred or so green armchairs facing a platform when Mr. W. Moscrip Miller, Duro Test's public-relations director, speaking from the platform, introduced Mr. Walter Simpson, president of Duro Test, which originated Candelite. "Color is rapidly becoming the most important factor in artificial illu-



mination," Mr. Simpson said. "Fluorescent lamps needn't be cold. There are three important factors in lighting: its effect on merchandise, its effect on the human complexion, and its psychological effect—whether it arouses a negative or a positive human response. A noted psychologist connected with an Eastern university has made many tests in color selection for us, placing subjects under different lights and conducting galvanic skin tests. Unfortunately, he's sick and can't be here today." Mr. Simpson observed that warm red lights produce a favorable human response, whereas cold blue ones engender a negative reaction. He then introduced Mr. Carl Swanson, Duro Test's color engineer. "For five thousand years or more, man was subjected to light by fire," Mr. Swanson said. "This made him safe from wild animals in his home, or cave, and presently he realized it also afforded warmth and comfort. Finally, he realized it helped him to see. As civilization grew, along came the candle, the incandescent light, and, only ten years ago, the fluorescent lamp, whose first color was blue. But blue wasn't what we really wanted; we wanted a color that was warm, comfortable, and pleasant."

Mr. Swanson then proceeded to the rear of the stage and lighted up simultaneously a shadow box, containing a wax model of a female head, and a booth in which a living model was sitting. "Daylight," he announced. "Daylight has a depressing effect on the emotions." The girl blinked and registered depression. He next turned a blue light on in a second shadow box and in the booth, where a second girl had replaced the first. "Disastrous effect on complexions and fabrics alike," he said. The model held up some swatches of fabrics in several colors, gazing at them with disgust. Next came a Warm Tone shadow box and a Warm Tone girl. "Slight tanning effect on the complexion and a graying effect on the fabrics," said Mr. Swanson. "And here's a Safreen light. Pretty ghastly, isn't it?" The Safreen girl, who, the truth is, looked rather interesting to us, grimaced. "Good for florists' shops and vegetable counters," said Mr. S. "Now comes Candelite." He switched all the shadow boxes and the booth to this tone, and the Safreen model, no longer Safreen, smiled beatifically. The effect was something like the glow of firelight. All present applauded. "A lamp that builds up morale and efficiency," said Mr. Swanson. Mr. Simpson, supplanting him on the platform, introduced Miss Mala Rubinstein, a niece of Helena's and director of the New York salon. "We all realize a beautiful light is no good without a beautiful woman, and a beautiful woman is no good without a beautiful light," she said. "Just with a switch of a button, you can actually lift or lower the spirits of a human being. Red lights raise the spirits, white lights calm them. Madame Rubinstein has received thousands of letters from girls working in offices and banks, saying, 'Madame Rubinstein, please change the light in our offices and banks, so that we will look our best.' "

Well, at this point Mr. Ladislas Medgyes, the Rubinstein art director, joined Miss R., and as the four models reappeared, one after the other, he shot four kinds of light on them: natural outdoors, natural indoors, incandescent, and Candelite. These, he said, were the four kinds of lighting women would henceforth live with. "We've developed the proper makeup for each," he continued, "and for various hair colors. For example, a woman with pearl-gray hair shouldn't wear *too* orange a lipstick if she plans to go indoors." "She'd better carry an extra lipstick, with a deeper tone, with her," said Miss Rubinstein. On our way out, a Rubinstein young lady handed us a sheaf of scientific documents and, after inquiring as to our weekend plans, presented us with a box of foundation creams and face powder suitable for a redhead attending a *fête champêtre* on a cloudy day. "I used to be with Simon & Schuster," she said. "This is much more glamorous. It's a glimpse into the future."



"I do wish you'd get rid of that worried look, Webster. Twice in the present quarter we've had to go to the expense of having the auditors in."

• •

Simple Request

NOW that the devaluation of the pound is accelerating the purchase of small British automobiles in this country, the resourceful procedure of one of the owners of such may be of interest. After his car had been socked several times, while parked, by large American models whose drivers unwittingly backed into it, he had some cards printed, appropriately in lower case, reading, "in backing your vehicle, please watch for the small car parked at your rear." Whenever he parks behind another car now, he sticks one of these cards under its windshield wiper. Not a scratch since so doing

THE BEGINNING OF A STORY

THEY could hear the breathing through the wall. Ronny sat watching Marian, who had her fingers in her ears as she read. Sometimes he leaned forward and reached for a log and put it on the fire, and for a second her eyes would dwell on his movements, on his young, bony wrist shot out of his sleeve, and then, like a lighthouse swinging its beam away, she would withdraw her attention and go back to her book.

A long pause in the breathing would make them glance at one another questioningly, and then, as it was hoarsely resumed, they would fall away from one another again, he to his silent building of the fire and she to her solemn reading of "Lady Audley's Secret."

He thought of his mother, Enid, in the next room, sitting at her own mother's deathbed, and he tried to imagine her feelings, but her behavior had been so calm all through his grandmother's illness that he could not. It is different for the older ones, he thought, for they are used to people dying. More readily, he could picture his father at the pub, accepting drinks and easy sympathy. "Nothing I can do," he would be saying. "You only feel in the way." Tomorrow night, perhaps, "a happy release" would be his comfortable refrain, and solemnly, over their beer, they would all agree.

Once, Marian said to Ronny, "Why don't you get something to do?"

"Such as what?"

"Oh, don't ask me. It's not my affair." These last few days, Marian liked, as often as she could, to disassociate herself from the family. As soon as the grandmother became ill, the other lodger, a girl from the same factory as Marian, had left. Marian had stayed on, but with her fingers stuck in her ears, or going about with a blank immunity, polite and distant to Enid. They were landlady and lodger to one another, no more, Marian constantly implied.

"Well, you could make some tea," she said at last to Ronny, feeling exasperation at his silent contemplation of her. He moved obediently and began to unhook cups from the dresser without a sound, setting them carefully in their saucers on a tray—the pink-and-gilt one with the moss rose for Marian, a large white one with a gold clover leaf for his mother.

"You take it in to her," he said when the tea was ready. He had a reason for asking her, wishing to test his belief that Marian was afraid to go into that other room. She guessed this, and snapped her book shut.

"Lazy little swine," she said, and took up his mother's cup.

ENID rose as Marian opened the door. The room was bright and warm. It was the front room, and the Sunday furniture had been moved to make space for the bed. The old woman was half sitting up, but her head was thrown back upon a heap of pillows. Her arms were stretched out over the counterpane, just as her daughter had arranged them. Her mouth, without teeth, was a gray cavern. Except for the breathing, she might have been dead.

Enid had been sitting up with her for nights, and she stood stiffly now, holding the cup of tea, her eyes dark with fatigue. I ought to offer, thought Marian, but I'd be terrified to be left alone in here.

She went back to Ronny, who looked at her now with respect added to all the other expressions on his face. His father had come back from the pub and was spreading his hairy hands over the fire to get warm. He was beery and lugubrious. They were all afraid of Enid. At any sound from the other room, they flicked glances at one another.

"Poor old gel," said Ronny's father over and over again. "Might as well get to bed, Marian. No need for you to make yourself ill."

Ronny found his father's way of speaking and his look at the girl intolerable.

Marian had been waiting for someone to make the suggestion. "Well . . ." She hesitated. "No sense, I suppose . . ."

"That's right," said the older man.

She went out to the sink in the scullery and slipped her shoulders out of her blouse. She soaped a flannel under the icy water and passed it quickly over her throat, gathering up her hair at the back to wash her neck, curving one arm, then the other, over her head as she soaped her armpits.

Ronny and his father sat beside the fire, listening to the water splashing into the bowl. When they heard the wooden sound as Marian pulled at the roller towel, the older man glanced at the door and moved, stirred by the thought of the young girl.

It was one of the moments of hatred that the son often felt for him, but it seemed to make no impression on his father.

Marian came in, fresh, her face shiny, her blouse carelessly buttoned. "Well, good night," she said, and opened the door behind which stairs led up to the little bedrooms. "If you want me, you know where I am."

There was no sophistication in either man to see the ambiguity of her words; they simply took them to mean what she intended.

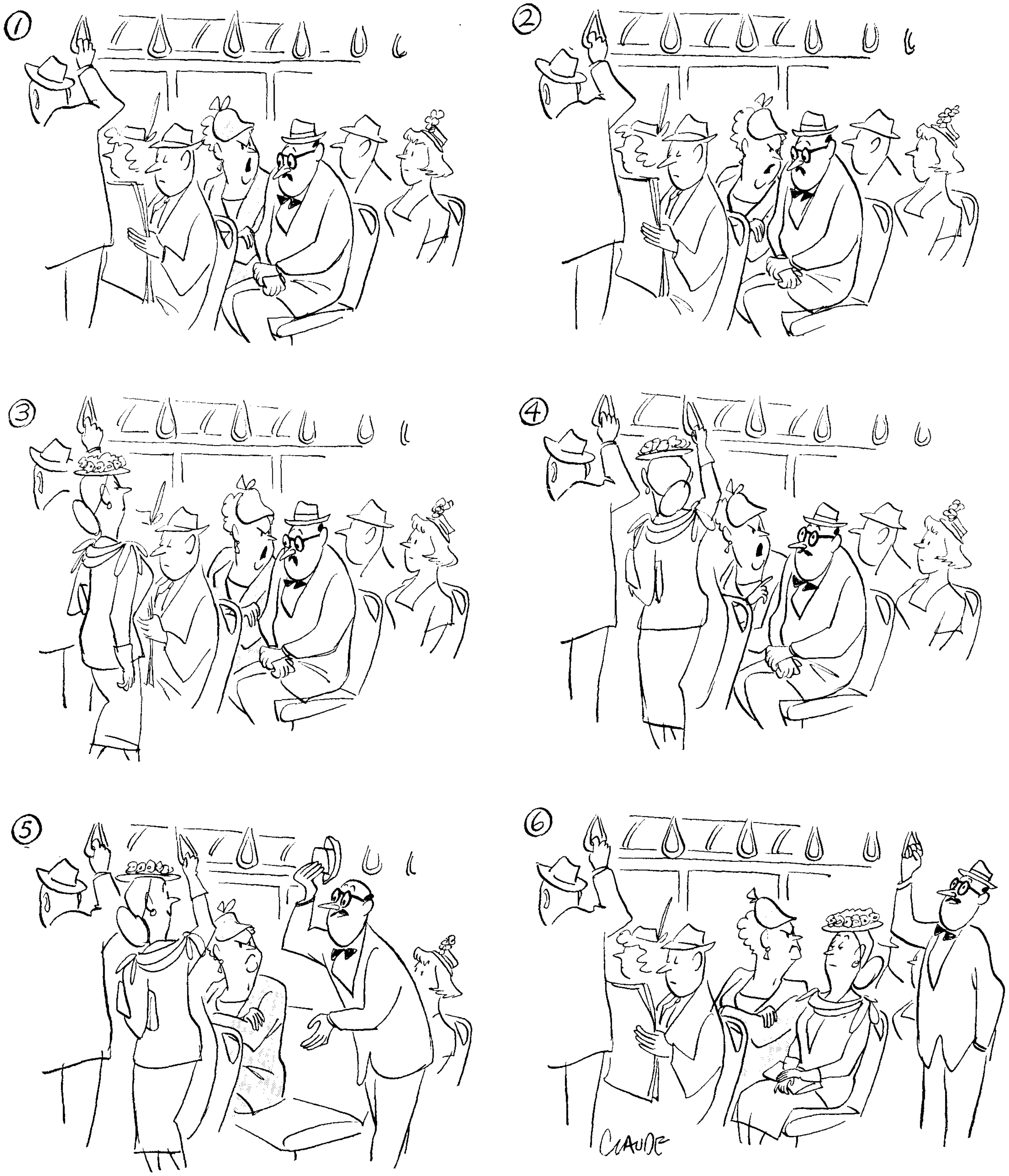
The door closed, and they heard her creak upstairs and overhead. They went on sitting by the fire and neither spoke. Occasional faint beer smells came from the father. It did not occur to him to go into the other room to his wife. Ronny took the tea things into the scullery and washed up. It was dark out there and lit by a very small oil lamp. He remained there for as long as he thought he could without being questioned. The tap dripped into the sink. He smelled the soap she had used. He could no longer hear the breathing.

Marian lay between the rough twill sheets, shivering. Her feet were like ice, although she had rolled them in her cardigan. The only hot-water bottle was in the bed downstairs. She hated this house but had no energy to move from it. Or had she stayed because of that sickened curiosity that always forced her to linger by hearses while coffins were carried out? Ron, too, she thought—it isn't right for us. We're young. In the mornings, I'm not fit for work. If only Enid knew how the girls at the factory went on: "What's happening now?" "The blinds down yet?" "How awful for you!" She drew up her knees, yawned, and crossed her arms on her breast. The young slip into the first attitude with beautiful ease and relaxation.

BECAUSE the house had been so quiet for days, the sound of a door bursting open, a chair scraped hurriedly back, shocked Marian out of sleep, and she lay trembling, her feet still entangled in the cardigan. She felt that it was about halfway through the night, but could not be sure. She heard Ron stumbling upstairs, tapping on her door. She put on her raincoat over her nightgown and went out to him.

"It's Gran," he said. "She's gone."

"What had I better do?" she asked in panic, with no example before her of



• •

how she should behave. He had wakened her but did not know why.

"Ron!" Enid came to the bottom of the stairs and called up. The light from the room behind her threw a faint nimbus around her head.

"Yes, Mother," he said, looking down at her.

"Did you wake Marian?"

"Yes." He answered guiltily, but evidently she thought his action right and proper.

"You will have to go for Mrs. Turner," his mother said.

"Why?"

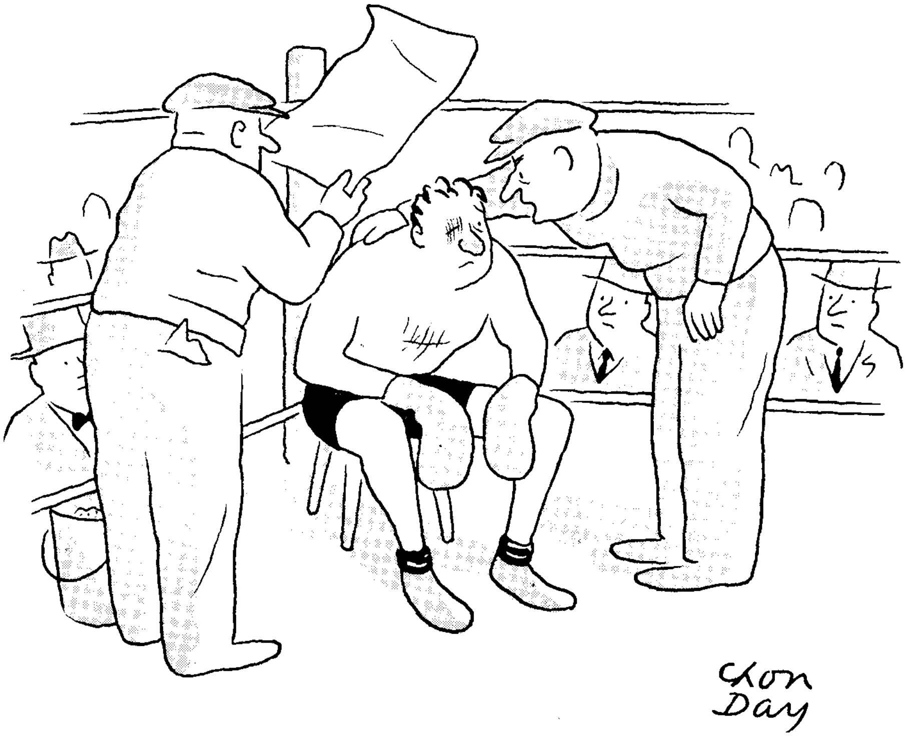
"She—she's expecting you."

"In the middle of the night?"

"Yes. Right away—now." She turned away from the bottom of the stairs.

"Who is Mrs. Turner?" Marian whispered.

"I think— She lays people out." Ronny felt shame and uneasiness at his



"Why don't you give him a good poke in the snoot?"

words, which seemed to him crude, obscene.

The girl covered her face with her hands. "Oh, life's horrible."

"No, it's death, not life."

"Don't leave me."

"Come with me, then."

"Is it far?"

"No, not far. Hurry."

"Stand there by the door while I get ready."

Marian moved into the dark bedroom, and he stood leaning against the doorframe, waiting, with his arms folded across his chest. She came back quickly, wearing the raincoat, a scarf tied over her head.

They went downstairs into the bright kitchen, where Enid stood fixing candles into brass holders while her husband poured some brandy from an almost empty bottle into a glass. Enid drowned the brandy with warm water from the kettle and drank it off swiftly, her dark eyes expressionless.

"Give some to the children," she said, without thinking. They stiffened at the word "children" but took their brandy-and-water and sipped it.

"It's a cold night," said Enid. "Now, go quickly."

"Marian's coming with me."

"So I see," said Enid. Her husband drank the last spoonful from the bottle, neat. "The end house, Lorne Street, right-hand side, by the Rose and Crown," she said, turning back to the other room.

The fumes of the brandy kindled in Ron's and Marian's breasts. "Remember that," he said. "The end house." He unlatched the back door.

"Next the Rose and Crown," she added. They slipped out into the beautiful, shocking air of the night.

WHEN Ronny shone his torch down, they could see the yellow hands of the leaves lying on the dark, wet pavements. Now there was only a flick of moisture in the air. He had taken her arm, and they walked alone in the streets, which flowed like black rivers. She wished that they might go on forever and never turn back toward that house. Or she would like it to be broad daylight, so that she could be at work, giggling about it all with the girls. ("Go on, Marian!" "How awful for you!")

His arm was pressed against her ribs. Sometimes she shivered from the cold and squeezed him to her. Down streets and around corners they went. Not far away, goods trains shunted up and down. Once, she stumbled over a curb, and in saving her he felt the sweet curve of her breast against his arm and walked gaily and with elation, filled with excitement and delight, swinging the beam of the torch from side to side, thinking it was the happiest evening of his life, seeing the future opening out suddenly, like a fan, revealing all at once the wonder of human relationships.

"The Rose and Crown," she whispered. The building was shuttered for the night, the beer smells all washed away by the rain, the signboard creaking in the wind.

"The next house then." She felt tensed up, but he was relaxed and confident.

"I've forgotten the name," she said.

"Turner."

They went up a short path onto a dark porch and knocked at the door. After a moment, a window at the front of the house was thrown up and a woman's voice called out. They stepped back into the garden and looked up.

"Who is it?" the voice asked.

"We're from Mrs. Baker's," Ron said.

"Poor soul! She's gone, then, at last. How's your mother?"

Ronnie considered this and then said, "She's tired."

"She will be. Wait there, and I'll come along with you." She disappeared and the window was slammed down.

"She seemed an ordinary sort of woman," whispered Marian.

They drew back into the shelter of the porch and waited. No sounds came from the house, but a smell of stuffiness seemed to drift out through the letter slot in the door.

"Suppose she goes back to bed and leaves us here?" Marian asked, and began to giggle. She put her mouth against his shoulder to stifle the little giggles, and he put his arm around her. She lifted her papery-white face in the darkness and they kissed. The word "bliss" came into his mind, and he tasted it slowly on his tongue, as if it were a sweet food. Platitudes began to come true for them, but they could not consider them as such.

Suddenly, a step sounded on the other side of the door, bolts were slid back with difficulty, a chain rattled.

"Here we are!" said the brisk voice. The woman stepped out onto the porch, putting on a pair of fur gloves and looking up at the night sky and the flocks of curdy, scudding clouds. "It's a sad time," she said. "A very sad time for your poor mum and dad. Come on, then, lad, you lead the way. Quick, sharp!"

And now the footsteps of the three of them rang out metallically upon the paving stones as they walked between the dark and eyeless cliffs of the houses. —ELIZABETH TAYLOR

THE CREDO

Mrs. Henry, who occasionally bought bric-a-brac and other art objects at auction, was always tense while attending a sale—tense when something she wanted was up, with the hope of getting it and of getting a bargain, and tense, in another way, with the sheer necessity of being, at all times, as nearly motionless as possible. The slightest gesture might be pounced on by the auctioneer. "You didn't bid, Madam? But you raised your hand. Oh, you were just arranging your hair? Ha-ha! Well, I'll let you off this time, but, *ladies, ladies, please!* Remember—this is an *auction!*" Humorous headshaking by the auctioneer and laughter in the audience, with everyone staring at the blushing blunderer. Mrs. Henry was always tense from fear of getting herself into that fix.

Tonight, her tenseness was increased for another reason: she was here for two purposes that were really one—to bid on a picture she loved and to help her friends the Lorings—and for these purposes she was seated badly. Or, rather, the Lorings were seated just where she wished they weren't, directly behind her. Not that they had put themselves there deliberately. They had arrived late, and of the few seats remaining they had taken the first two they saw. It was typical of them to arrive late, even for the auction at which their own collection was to be sold. Mrs. Henry had hoped that they would find the occasion so painful they wouldn't come at all, but she had kept watch for them, even so, and spotted their entrance. She had seen them look around, point to the two empty seats behind her, and hurriedly take them, and instantly she had known that they would cramp her style.

She had turned and greeted them, of course, and, in a private, smiling whisper, wished them good luck; and as they had thanked her rather abstractedly—this *was* an important occasion for them, even if they had arrived late for it—she had impulsively added, "Won't you come to lunch on Sunday? I know this is no time to ask. Don't answer now, but save it for me if you're not taken, and I'll call you in a day or two and check. All right?" It had been between two of the early items; nothing belonging to the Lorings had come up yet. She had been impelled to ask them so abruptly by the desire to ease, through an affirmation of friendship, the strain, the wrench, that this evening undoubtedly was for them. Again they had thanked her. Alston Loring, preoccupied though he was, had stroked his Vandyke beard and assured her, in his courtly, tentative way, "No need to say we'll be *delighted* to, if it's *possible*," and Ella Loring had nodded vaguely. Then Mrs. Henry had turned around again, and the auctioneer had continued to dispose of the unimportant items that at any auction, and particularly at an auction of paintings, are placed first on the list.

Half an hour later, she turned to the Lorings once more, this time beaming brightly, for the first item belonging to them—a very small crayon drawing by Seurat, only a few inches square—had just been knocked down for an excellent price, well over two thousand. "Good!" mouthed Mrs. Henry enthusiastically. But immediately she felt somewhat rebuffed, and uncertain whether she had done the right thing, for the Lorings, who, she saw, were sitting hand in hand, like the perennial Darby and Joan they were, barely responded, barely nodded or even seemed aware of her congratulations. It was apparently going to be even harder to know how to act during this sale, with them sitting so near, than she had thought. Perhaps the emotions involved in selling one's beloved possessions, even if prices were good, were so complex—for the Lorings, at least—that a friend *couldn't* act properly.

The Lorings were touchy and difficult, no question about it. That, in a sense, was why they were here—why their pictures were up for sale. Even their friends and partisans, of whom Mrs. Henry fervently counted herself one, admitted their touchiness, and much more was made of it, or, more specifically, of Alston's touchiness, by other people in modern-art circles in New York, especially those who were on top these days, and who had frozen Alston out, refusing to give him a post in a museum or on an art faculty, despite the fact that he had been—no one ever dreamed of attempting to deny it—one of the first to introduce modern art in New York. People of Mrs. Henry's generation—people, that is, of fifty-five or so—had in their youth first heard of painters like Matisse and Picasso from Alston Loring. In his books, his articles, and his lectures, Alston had stood for, and in those days had practically stood alone for, modern art. Before the Fifty-seventh Street art world of today existed, when there were only one or two galleries that handled modern pictures, he had advised people who were making collections to buy the moderns and had purchased modern paintings for them abroad. He had never taken a commission from either side; sufficient reward, in his mind, was the double satisfaction of helping acquire for his own country some of the beautiful things being created in Europe and of securing patronage for the new artists, many of whom were at that time anything but well off, and with most of whom he had become acquainted during his travels. He made his living, some years quite a good one, by lecturing and writing.

And then—it was scarcely twenty-five years ago—modern art had suddenly caught on in New York; a number of the collections Alston had helped get together were donated by their owners to form public collections, and Alston, whom everyone had expected to be in, was out. In the posts connected with the collections, and writing articles and lecturing as a result of the prestige their posts gave them, was a set of new young men, with diplomas from museum schools—men who were self-assured, full of drive, and very condescending to Al-

"It doesn't sound like uranium to me. It sounds like WJZ."

• • •

ston and his friends, whom they thought a lot of fuddy-duddies. What they usually said about Alston when someone—perhaps a European who had known him earlier—asked why he was on the sidelines was that he was "touchy, prickly, impossible to work with." There was truth in it; Alston had always been something of an autocrat, even among his admirers. But how did the upstarts know this? They had never given him a chance, and his friends considered that such remarks were *nothing* but attempts to salve the newcomers' consciences.

Thus, Alston had been transformed into a problem, and for years now the Lorings' friends had been ingenious in arranging series of private lectures, private seminars, and study groups to keep them going. The Lorings' pride had not made things easy, nor had their refusal to sell any of the pictures they themselves had acquired during the good years. What would have been more natural than for them to dispose of one of their Guys drawings or their early Corots from time to time? (For despite his fierce partisanship of the modernists, his practically solitary campaign to get New York to know them, Alston had preferred to collect for himself, to the extent that he could, chiefly older masters, most of them French painters of the early and mid-nineteenth century. Indeed, it was his deep love of these earlier masters—his insistence, a thousand times repeated in lectures and articles, that the later, currently more popular men had sprung from them—that had partly earned him the disfavor of the people who were in, and who tended, so Alston thought, to present modern art to the public as a strictly contemporary miracle, a marvel born into the world full-blown, even a kind of up-to-the-minute circus.) But the Lorings had never sold.

Their friends had tried to buy, Mrs. Henry among them. Once, arriving too early, in response to an invitation to tea, at the address on University Place to which the Lorings had lately moved from the studio on Bryant Park they had so long occupied, she had opened the street door, after it had buzzed in answer to her ring, to find herself face to face with Ella Loring, who was just emerging from the basement into the ground-floor hall with a heavy scuttleful of coal. They had made a joke of it, carrying the scuttle together up the four flights to the flat that looked out on Washington Square, Ella saying something about Alston's being a bit weak after a siege of flu and their being, for the moment, without the boy who usually came afternoons to do such chores. But Alston's face and manner when she and Ella finally arrived, puffing, upstairs with the coal had been far from joking; he had been at his prickliest, and the tea had not been a gay one. The old-fashioned, stove-heated flat, charmingly got up though it was, and the absence of the (Mrs. Henry suspected mythical) boy had prompted her to send a delicate note to Ella—a note written and rewritten until she felt it had achieved the right tone—in which she said that Alston, over the years, had so inoculated her with a love of beautiful things that she had to confess to coveting some of the Lorings' own treasures. Would they *dream* of disposing of just one, almost any one, of the drawings or paintings she had so loved on their walls? If so, she would love to buy, at whatever price they might set. Ella had quickly replied, politely but rather briefly, that Alston would not dream of selling. "His collection is more than his life," she wrote. "It is his credo." Well, tonight the credo, any part of which had been resolutely refused to others who, like Mrs. Henry, had made gentle overtures, was up for sale, in toto, at auction; and since the Lorings had finally come to the decision to sell their treasures, and since they preferred to sell them in this impersonal way, Mrs. Henry was here to buy. And if the little Seurat was any portent—more than two thousand dollars for a few marvellous square inches of paper—the sale of the credo, painful though it might be, was going to take the Lorings out of the problem class.

BUT how undependable the little Seurat turned out to be as a portent! How misleading! For now the rest of the Lorings' pictures were coming up, interspersed, one at a time or in groups of two or three, among the other items in the sale, and how shocking the prices were! A fine Guys drawing of a courtesan in crinoline—a hundred and fifty dollars! A second, larger and with two figures—a man in a stovepipe hat and his shawled companion—a hundred and seventy-five dollars! The early Corots of Italy, the Barye drawings of animals, and even the Barye bronzes—the very foundation stones of the credo—going for almost nothing! And how pale, or else how very dark, how generally unimpressive they looked up there on the auction stand! Mrs. Henry was astonished to discover how accustomed she, and apparently almost everyone else present, had become, over the years, to the brighter colors and larger surfaces of the later art. Inferior Utrillos, from other collections, an occasional third- or fourth-rate Rouault or Matisse—even Vlamincks and Segonzacs—were delighting the audience with their boldness and their color, and were going for good prices amid noisy bidding. Whereas Alston, who had been almost the first, if not the very first, to bring all that bright newness to New York, was sitting just behind her watching *his* masters go, after a few apathetic bids, for a song. Mrs. Henry sat looking straight ahead, imagining how the Lorings felt, knowing how *she* felt. Clearly, Alston had been too unworldly, too childish in money matters, or else simply too poor to set minimum prices on his pictures, below which, as was common practice, the gallery would bid them in for him, charging him only its commission.

The climax came about halfway through the sale, with the large Géricault painting of a stallion. How often she had admired it on the Lorings' wall, the great white horse rearing, the hostler who was holding its bridle being dragged off his feet by the creature's lunge, the whole thing alive with movement and force and with the swirling, very personal rhythms that, Alston was accustomed to point out in his lectures and to his study groups, recurred, almost curve for curve, in Cézanne bathers and Matisse dancers. Now, behind her, she suddenly heard Ella Loring whisper to her husband, "*Courage, mon ami,*" and very quickly the beautiful Géricault, after a few languid, reluctant bids, was sold to someone for a thousand dollars. A thousand dollars for a fine Géricault! What was the matter with New York? Hearing a sound behind her, Mrs. Henry turned, and saw that the Lorings, their faces expressionless, were getting up and leaving the auction room, apparently unable to bear any more.

IT was a heart-twisting sequence of little episodes, that "*Courage, mon ami,*" the rapid sale of the Géricault, and the Lorings' departure—a drama in miniature. The whole affair was so poignant that Mrs. Henry was ashamed to be flooded with relief, along with commiseration. And yet she *was* decidedly relieved not to have Ella and Alston behind her, for in a few moments now the picture she wanted was to come up, and she would have felt most embarrassed in her bidding had they been there overlooking her every movement. The early Winslow Homer portrait! Mrs. Henry had told only the truth in her note to Ella Loring when she said that Alston had inoculated her with the desire to own beautiful things, and this was one beautiful thing that, now that it was available, she intended to own. Painted during Homer's student days, the portrait of a dark-eyed, golden-skinned octoroon from New Orleans (just the glowing head and the shoulders, with a suggestion of lace around them), it foreshadowed—how often Alston had enthusiastically pointed it out!—all the painter's later exoticism, but with a delicacy, an atmosphere, that Homer fairly early lost. "From twenty-five hundred to five thousand dollars" had been the gallery's estimate when Mrs. Henry, during the exhibition of the pictures, had asked what the picture might be expected to bring. She was familiar with the gallery's tendency to overestimate and had come prepared to offer up to three thousand.

Now the picture was being put in place on the easel. It looked flat and dull at such a distance, especially against the garish red velvet curtains, but Mrs. Henry knew how it really looked, how it had always looked when it had hung over the Lorings' mahogany Empire commode, and she hugged herself as she felt herself invaded by the excitement of being about to bid.

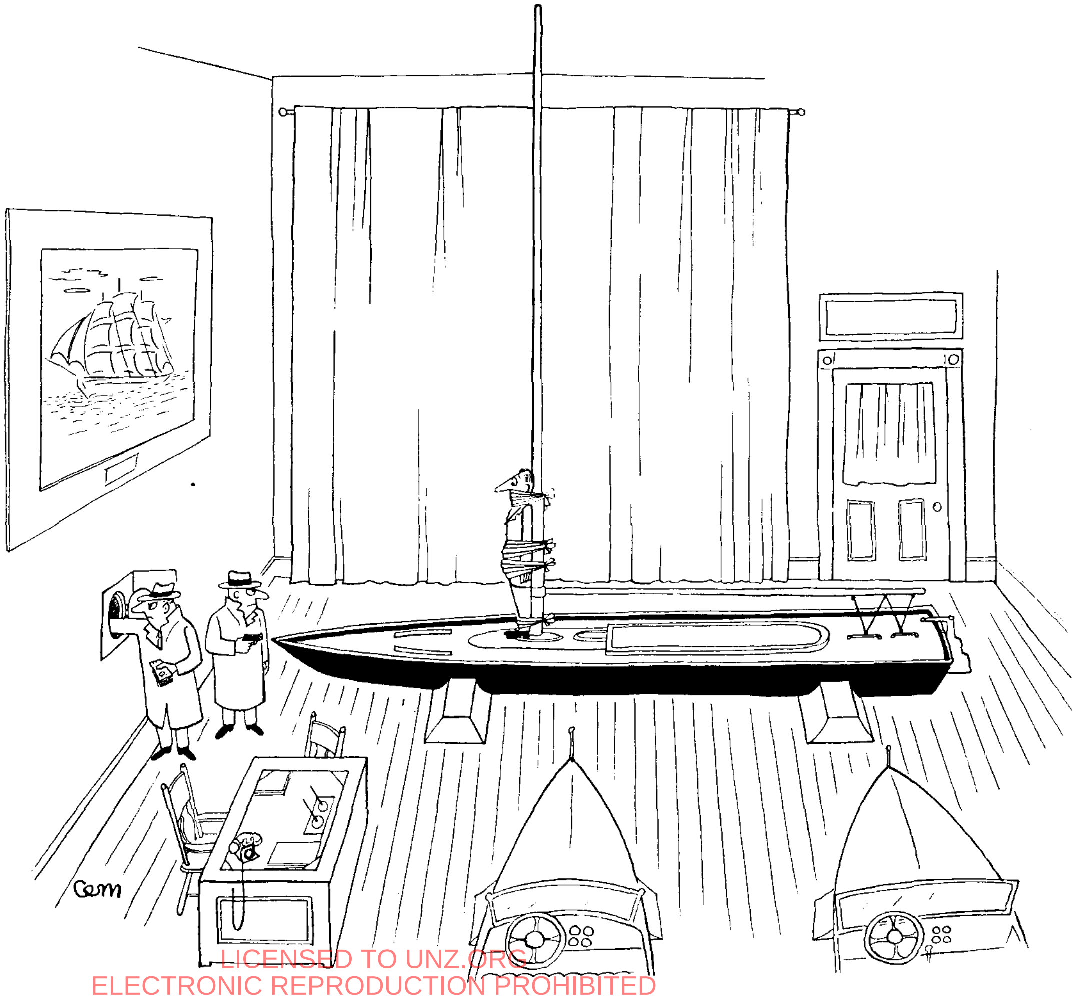
"A thousand dollars to begin?" the auctioneer suggested.

There was no response.

"Five hundred, then. Five hundred? Come, come! This glorious example . . ."

"Too early—a student picture," a dealer sitting near Mrs. Henry muttered to his neighbor, and she held herself tighter, gleeful in her knowledge of what the picture's quality was.

"Five hundred!" called the auc-



tioneer triumphantly. "I have a bid of five hundred. Now, who'll bid seven fifty? Seven hundred and fifty. Come, come!"

"Six hundred," Mrs. Henry called in a low voice to the assistant standing in the aisle near her row, and he shouted it to the auctioneer.

"Thank you, Madam. Six hundred, six hundred—who'll make it seven?" Someone immediately did, and then, "Seven hundred. I have seven—who'll make it eight?"

No one answered.

The auctioneer coaxed, repeating, "Seven, seven, seven hundred. Eight hundred, please? Who'll make it eight?"

He and the assistant stared at her, waiting for her to say it, but she, hugging herself even tighter, waited as long as she dared, until it seemed that the picture would have to be knocked down to her rival. It was a device that had brought her luck in the past. And then, at the last moment, she called, addressing the auctioneer directly, in a clear, carrying voice, "Seven hundred and fifty."

The room was silent. The auctioneer put down his hammer and scowled. "On an item of this importance," he announced in the hush, allowing himself the kind of liberty auctioneers do allow themselves, "I hate—I positively *hate*—a fifty-dollar raise." The crowd giggled, and heads were turned in Mrs. Henry's direction. She flushed, kept her eyes on her lap, and waited. And the auctioneer continued, "I hate it, but I'll take it." There were a few more giggles, and that was all. Despite the auctioneer's pleading, Mrs. Henry's rival did not respond; there were no more bids. The auctioneer's hammer thudded, and the next moment Mrs. Henry was signing and returning the buyer's card handed her by the assistant.

She stayed on in the auction room only long enough to allow time for the picture to be sent downstairs to the shipping room and for word of the transaction to be communicated to the office. Then, replying to the assistant's respectful good night, she made her way out, leaving behind her the sound of lively competition for a dubious bright-red-and-blue Dufy, which, if it was indeed genuine, had obviously not been painted in one of the artist's happier moments.

IN the taxi, the picture carefully placed upright on the seat beside her by the gallery's doorman, Mrs. Henry was still tense from the bidding and dazed by the extent of her undreamed-of bargain. But in her apartment those feelings quickly fell away before others. Her elevator man helped her take down a mirror that hung over a chest in her living room, and stand the portrait in its place, only slightly below the level at which it would be hung in the morning, and, sitting before it, she abandoned herself to a collector's honeymoon. The golden creature within the frame introduced no more of an alien presence into the room than the image of Mrs. Henry would have if she had been staring at herself in the mirror whose place the portrait had just taken, and the glints and lights that had been the joy of the mirror were forgotten in the richer and more complicated delights of the portrait—the delights of superlative painting, to which Alston had awakened her, as he had awakened so many others, many years before.

Even at the Lorings', where it had so long been at home, the portrait had never, Mrs. Henry felt, counted for more than it instantly did here, and she smiled as it occurred to her that the position over the chest she had unhesitatingly chosen for it must reflect her desire, hitherto quite unrecognized, to acquire not only the portrait itself but something of the whole interesting *ambiance* of the Lorings—something, perhaps, of Alston's credo.

The Lorings! Gradually, as Mrs. Henry sat savoring her treasure, it began to dawn on her that since they had relieved her by leaving the gallery, she had thought of them only in connection with her particular picture. What about all their other pictures, and what about *them*? "I have faith in the public," she had often heard Alston say. "Eventually, it will recognize a fine thing." What was he thinking now, after his brief, unbearable hour in the auction room? And what would the Lorings do now? How would they manage to exist, with the credo gone and the gallery's check so small? And how—it suddenly struck her, as sharply as a blow in the face—how in the world, if she had found it hard to behave properly with them at the auction, would she behave with them on Sunday when they came to lunch, or if they didn't come Sunday, whenever they did come, as they surely would? She had expected that the sight of the portrait hanging over the chest would give them a certain real pleasure, because its being in her living room meant they would not have lost sight of it forever; and she had imagined, too, that their seeing it there would fill her with warm thoughts of how much her purchase had benefited them as well as herself. But—at seven hundred and fifty dollars!

As her thoughts rapidly revolved, Mrs. Henry solemnly promised herself that she would never forget the thrill of getting her bargain. But what *would* happen? Could she send a check to Ella Loring, doubling the price? Even at that, the portrait would cost her only half what she had been prepared to spend. Was there a chance in the world that the check would be accepted? Wouldn't the sending of it bring results at least as strained and painful as the Lorings' visit promised to be? Or could she go to the gallery people and pay *them* another seven hundred and fifty dollars, or even more? But that wouldn't work, of course: too many people—other friends of the Lorings present at the sale, and even the newspapers—knew the real price, and the Lorings would learn of it. After a few moments, what was, of course, the only, the obligatory, solution presented itself—the solution that was perfect whether it was accepted or declined. Recalling the tense moments of bidding, the exhilaration of winning, Mrs. Henry murmured to herself, "*Damn* the Lorings!" But the Lorings were an old habit, and old habits were—in her case, at least—not easily exorcised. The note would have to be flawless, *flawless*, and since the etiquette books contained no model of a note to accompany a picture acquired at auction and returned to its previous owners as a gift, she would have to struggle with the wording herself.

—FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

•

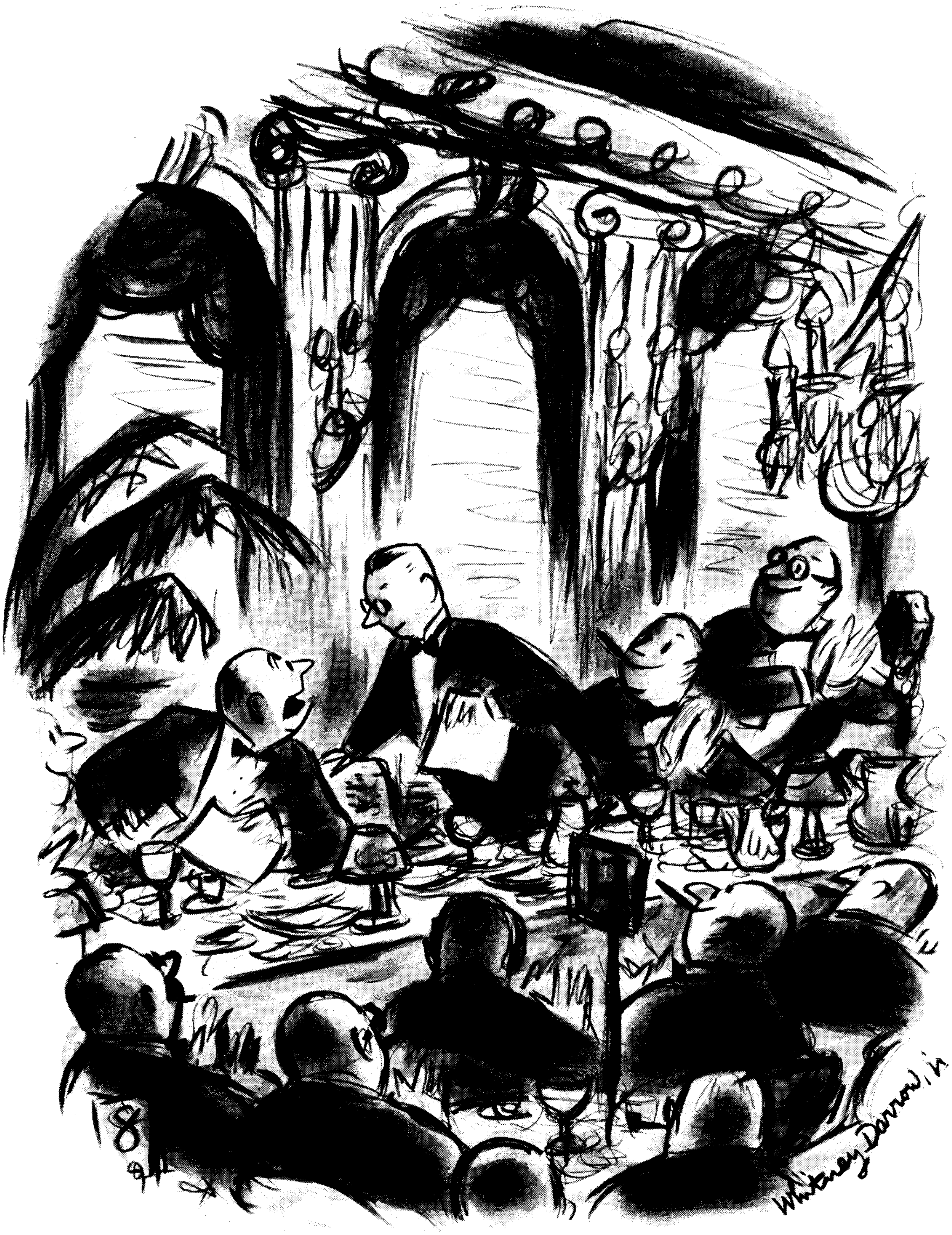
DAVID

Master of metaphor, at three
He's learned the language of mirage—
Sees dump trucks climbing every tree;
The sky, he says, is their garage.

And like a derrick, drops his head;
Contrives his airplane arms like flaps;
Mother and father sleep like dead;
Behind the barn the dead cat naps.

This is no simple world. To him
Man is machine, machine is man,
And the corpse talks, the lilies swim.
Of course, we tell him what we can.

—WALKER GIBSON



“Damn it, Harkins, that was my speech you just read!”

PROFILES

THE FIVE GENERATIONS

IT seems safe to say that Isaac Fishberg is the only flutist on lower Second Avenue who, should he decide to organize an orchestra and thus return to the profession of music, which he followed during three-quarters of the one century or thereabouts that he has lived, could begin by auditioning the members of his immediate family—one hundred and fifty-one in all—and come up with eleven violinists, two violists, one double-bass player, one flutist, two saxophonists, five trumpet players, one clarinettist, twelve pianists, one harpist, one drummer, two virtuosos on the mandolin, and, as possible vocal soloists, four sopranos—two plain and two coloratura. It is true that of these forty-three, only thirty-four, or a third of the adult members of his clan, currently hold union cards in Local 802 of the American Federation of Musicians, and only twelve have performed regularly with major American symphony orchestras, filling such roles as Toscanini's concertmaster and first-trumpet player, and the first-trumpet player of the Chicago Symphony. Still and all, merely by consulting the list of his descendants in the small red notebook that he carries around with him and brings up to date on the first of every month, Fishberg could indubitably whip up a musicale that would receive better notices than any other large-scale family jamboree in town.

As matters stand, Fishberg, who is a big, bright-eyed man with a thick crop of hair only recently turned entirely gray and a still-brownish tuft in the middle of his chin—the traditional hirsute decoration of the flutist fraternity, which feels that it helps

ing of starting an orchestra. Although he is still a member in good standing of Local 802, the fact that on his birthday early this month he became either ninety-eight or a hundred years old—he doesn't know which—pretty much limits his musical activities to his usual fifteen minutes of daily practicing and the workout he gives his flute as he listens in on all broadcasts of the N.B.C., C.B.S., Philharmonic, and National Orchestral Association Symphonies, and the Jack Frost Sugar and Phil Spitalny's All-Girl Orchestras. His interest in these programs is intensely personal; he wants to check up on the Fishbergs who are to be heard on one or another of them and to compensate immediately for whatever choppy notes he feels have sneaked in and jeopardized the family reputation. "*Bozhe moi*, Yascha!" he is likely to burst out, in Russian, half a dozen times a performance, crouching forward in the chair next to his bed and shaking his fists at the battered little Emerson radio that squats beside him in his dormitory quarters in the Warschauer Haym Salomon Home for the Aged, at St. Mark's Place and Second Avenue. "Sharpest E-flat your old father ever endured! You want your great teacher, Leopold Auer, should have to clap batting in his ears, Yascha? *Here* it should go, boy!" With that, Fishberg snatches up his flute and, rolling his massive gray head about, plays the passage over and over until the orchestra, obliviously running on ahead of him, reaches a part that prompts him to stop and beat his enormous hands on his knees in rhythmic, patriarchal pride.

Fishberg's favorite occasions for getting out his flute are family weddings, which nowadays run to about one every couple of months. Mothers of Fishberg brides are schooled in the necessity of leaving ample space in one corner of the living room for Fishberg and his flute, and he has plenty of opportunity at these gatherings to play the strenuous bulgar, a form of dance music he thinks so highly of that he has himself composed twenty-seven in his considerable time. Lately, in spite of the obviously inferior musical opportunities offered, he has also shown a lively interest in family *bar mizvahs*, most of which, to his delight, now involve great-great-grandchildren. "Five generations!" Fishberg is in the habit of shouting at

the proprietor of the Victory National Kosher Delicatessen, from whom he buys his weekly supply of schmalz herring and gefüllte fish. "I am a richer man than Joseph Pierpoint Morgan," he goes on, his black eyes snapping. "A man with five generations is as good as the prophet Elijah, and gets to sit on God's right hand and play his flute. Who doesn't know that? Five generations, and every one a coming voter for that great, historical figure, James Caesar Petrillo!"

Joining that great, historical figure's marching society was just about the first thing Fishberg did when he came to this country from eastern Russia, in May of 1922, the next-to-last member of his family to arrive and sign up for a musicians'-union card. For a long time, he regularly attended union meetings and never failed to put in his dues' worth in vigorous Yiddish until pulled down into his seat and held there by fellow cardholders among his sons and grandsons. In recent years, some of his more prosperous descendants have been known to suggest in his presence that Petrillo's tactics are more helpful to the small-timers than to first-rate musicians, but the head of the family has no patience with this kind of talk. He has never forgotten the difficulties he had earning a living as an itinerant orchestra leader operating out of the Ukrainian city of Proskurov. "Maybe you remember the joyous *Tanzfeste* of Count Potocki, in the old country, where I and my orchestra used to play and play," he has been known to say to his insurgent descendants. "Maybe you *don't* remember the weeks when he didn't give the *Tanzfeste*, and none of those count fellows got married anywhere around for us to play to dance to. No, no. Paying dues to that great man Petrillo is a thing every good Fishberg ought to be proud over." Fishberg's approval of the workers of the world, united, doesn't go so far, however, as to induce in him any yearning for the present Russian way of life. "I understand they don't have any *Tanzfeste* at all under those fellows," he says, writing *them* off.

THE Russians certainly weren't cultivating the *Tanzfest* when, shortly after the First World War, Fishberg decided to leave the country in which he had lived for seventy (or seventy-two) years and make his way across Europe and the Atlantic to America. The popular form of diversion in the Ukraine was the pogrom. During the general confusion that followed the war, the revolution, and the Central Committee's fracas with Poland over the Ukraine, the city of Proskurov was, as Fishberg remembers it, under the control of a series of lower-case Führers, who made it obligatory for him to spend a good part of every week cowering in his cellar with his wife, three flutes, four violins, a clarinet, a trumpet, two bassoons, and a double bass, while anyone who was of a mind to ransacked the floors above him. One night a bunch of marauders came so swiftly that he had to leave his best flute lying on the dining-room table, and although during the two and a half days of violence that ensued, various intruders either overlooked the instrument or just didn't feel equal to the challenge, Fishberg sat down on the first uneventful morning after the excitement and wrote letters to Munich, Warsaw, Tiflis, Manhattan, the Bronx, and Brooklyn, where his six sons were then variously living. "I told them," he says now, "to start making arrangements at once for me to reach a country where I understood a musician didn't have to take that kind of chances with his flute."

Fishberg's uncertainty as to his precise age is the result of his having been born at a time when Russian Jews were still suffering under the terms of the 1827 ukase of Czar Nicholas I, by which a certain number of Jewish males between the ages of twelve and twenty-five were conscripted annually from each community and made subject to thirty-one years of military service—six years of preparation and twenty-five of actual Army duty. It was believed that at the end of this period of separation from their own people and penates they would have thought better of the faith of their fathers and come over to the Christian way of looking at things, thus relieving the Romanovs of a troublesome internal problem—a religious, rather than a racial, approach to anti-Semitism that is probably now as old-fashioned in that region as it is in many other places. The ukase provided that each *kahal*, or Jewish-community court, must be responsible,

our wartime Selective Service Boards were, for providing the required number of recruits every year. The courts hired agents, both Jewish and Gentile, who were known as *khappers* (the word may share a common derivation with the American word "cop"), to round up the draftees. The *khappers*, regarding the twelve-year-olds as easier game than their older brothers, could be counted on to keep their sights trained in the direction of the youngsters, and in consequence many small Jewish boys in the Pale just never got to be twelve at all. Often, with the connivance of a *kahal* clerk, they remained on the books as officially nine or ten until they were in their late twenties, at which time, the *khappers* having finally quit circling around them suspiciously, they could let their beards grow, marry, and settle down to worrying over their sons' chances. Although the ukase had been modified somewhat by Nicholas's successor, the more enlightened Alexander II, before young Isaac became *khapper* bait, word of the relief didn't reach his native town of Chudnov, deep in the Ukraine, until some time afterward, and by then his parents had already start-

ed their campaign to cheat the Czar out of one more potential convert. They had, indeed, successfully confused not only the *khappers* but themselves, with the result that Fishberg has never been sure just when he was born. By the count of his mother and one brother, it was in 1850; according to the recollection of his father and another brother, it was two years later.

The problem of his age has never cost Fishberg a moment's peace of mind, nor has the related fact that his name isn't Fishberg at all but Beckerman. This additional mixup developed because, by the time he came along, his parents had already deceived the *khappers* about two older sons, and they were afraid that the agents might well become suspicious of a third little Beckerman perennially on the verge of puberty. Supplementary camouflage measures, they concluded, were indicated. Isaac accordingly became, as far as the public was concerned, the youngest son of his maternal grandfather, Fishel Fishberg—or his mother's youngest brother—and just never took the matter seriously enough to bother shifting back after the heat was off. Such irreverence toward the ordinarily sacred matter of one's family name is as prevalent a trait among the Fishbergs as insistence upon absolute pitch, and among Isaac's descendants who would normally be known as Fishberg, there are two dozen who answer instead to the name of Arriga or Baker or Fisher or Leeds or Robbins or Mischakoff.

CONTRARY to the weight of statistical probability, Fishberg has outlived two wives, only the first of whom bore him children. The marriage from which stems all the array of nomenclature and talent that he might call on today for his private orchestra took place when (it now seems safe to reveal) he was, by both family counts, in his early twenties. His bride was named Massia—or Marcia, as seven of her daughters unto the third and fourth generation who also bear the name now spell it. She was then fourteen, and during the next thirty years produced sixteen children—nine boys and seven girls—thirteen of whom lived to grow up and, with two exceptions, move with their violins, trumpets, and so on, to New York. Of the seven daughters, only one, Rose, who died in 1920 shortly after taking honors as a harpist at the Imperial Conservatory in Petrograd, received any musical training beyond what Isaac gave her. He is therefore responsible for the fact that his daughter Pearl plays the violin, that another daughter, Zina, is a competent soprano, and that two of the others are pianists, one of whom, Rebecca, made her living for some time by pounding the piano in a Proskurov movie house during the days of silent pictures.

Rebecca, keeping as much of the talent in the family as possible, married a cousin, Harry Beckerman, one of the five musical sons of Fishberg's next-older brother. Beckerman now has his own dance band, which is available for parties, banquets, and other occasions. He is occasionally given an assist in the saxophone section by his son Jack, who is a public-health official in Buffalo but is still unable to resist the opening bars

BRIEF COMMENTS ON MISTAKEN MEANINGS

JUNK

We have done admirably, I confess,
To drop that dreadful word *anotherguess*.
In Fielding it still lurks to inspire terror
Or make us think we've struck a printer's error.
Browning revived it, as he would, of course;
But we may let it lie without remorse.

A DREAM FOR DANIEL UPDIKE

It may be, reader, that you do not care if
You cannot tell a *seraph* from a *serif*,
But serifs and sans-serifs singing see
Around the throne in endless ecstasy.

WORDS ACROSS THE CHANNEL

See *Rotten Row*, *piepowder*, and *kickshaw*—those
Are *Route du roi*, *pied poudreux*, *quelque chose*.
The English always give a nasty wrench
To anything they're forced to take from French.

Bifteck, *bouledogue*, *milord*, *jazz-hot*, *higlif*—
To these one passes with distinct relief;
By such, one is less horrified than charmed:
Though nicely trimmed, they are not quite deformed.

LE BLUFF

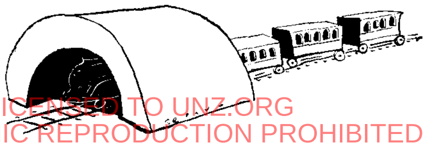
Victor Hugo, that big but brilliant fake,
Imagined that an English *wapentake*
Was like a wyvern or a firedrake.
He never would acknowledge his mistake.

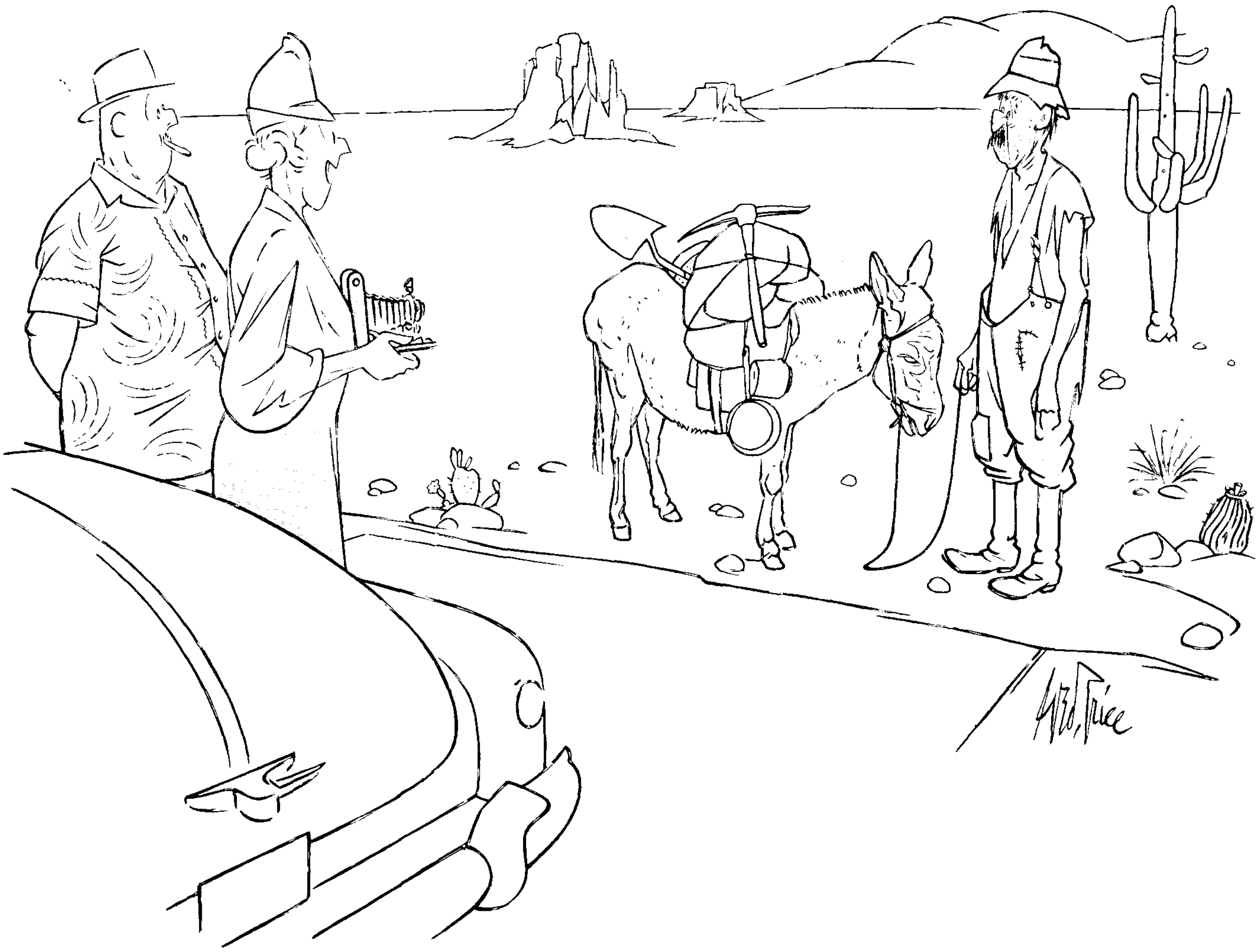
THE PURIST'S COMPLAINT

Jejune, *transpire*, *ilk*, *demean*
Don't mean what you may think they mean—
        Nor *viable*
        Nor *friable*.
  Please look them up, old bean,
And do take pity on the dreary fate
Of *titivate* confused with *titillate*—
If it be not too late.
  Indeed, it's undeniable
These meanings that are gross mistakes
Are getting in the lexicons
Beside the true and ancient ones,
Which may fade out before the fakes.
  And this, I am afraid,
Is how the languages are really made.

—EDMUND WILSON

• •





"Would you mind acting as though you had just discovered a gold mine?"

• •

of "Otchi Tchorniya." The Beckermans have another son, who has taken the name of Sidney Baker and who after four seasons as first trumpet with the Chicago Symphony is now filling the same spot in the orchestra at Radio City Music Hall. Fishberg's daughter Pearl also married a dance-band musician, Hyman Weissman, a trumpet player. They have a daughter, Jenny, who plays the mandolin and the violin, and who, with her husband (who also plays the mandolin), has often been engaged to brighten up wedding parties around town. *They* have a daughter who, in addition to playing the violin, sings on the radio from time to time. Zina, the soprano among Fishberg's daughters, has a son who plays the violin nonprofessionally and a daughter, one of the third-generation Marcias, who is accomplished on both the piano and the flute; she gives preference to her grandfather's instrument when she is heard during performances of Barzin's National Orchestral Association Symphony. Of Fishberg's three other daughters, one, Bessie, has a son, Morris, who, although nominally an optometrist, carries his 802 card just as proudly as the next Fishberg descendant and sometimes plays drums for Meyer Davis; another, Liza, plays the piano and has a daughter, Goldie, who teaches it; and the third, Deborah, who, as a resident of Argentina, is the only one of Fishberg's children who won't be eligible to vote in New York's mayoralty election this year, has a granddaughter who plays the piano.

As for Fishberg's sons, he is fond of pointing out that they could easily get up a string sextet with no help from outsiders or even from their relatives. The group would consist of a bass viol, a viola, and four violins, but one of the last might not survive the preliminary auditions, as it belongs to William, Fishberg's fifth son, who has never played professionally and, in fact, long ago gave up music in favor of the jewelry business. Although William has made a comfortable living in that field, first with a shop in Kharkov, and since 1906 with one on Fulton Street, his father always refers to him scornfully as "*der Profan*," meaning "the nobody." "To think that I should have a son who would prefer the watchworks to the Brahms," Fishberg says soberly every now and then. William has to some extent redeemed himself in Fishberg's eyes, however, by being the father of Philip Fisher, an alumnus of the Philadelphia Symphony, who now plays the trumpet with the N.B.C. and C.B.S. orchestras, and of a daughter who can handle a piano admirably, if nonprofessionally.

None of Fishberg's other sons has ever been in any danger of being called a *Profan*. Fishel, the eldest, now seventy-five, has always been the family representative on the double bass. When he came here, in 1906, he went right to work on this instrument for the Philharmonic, subsequently shifting to the N.B.C. Symphony, with which he remained until he retired, about ten years ago. In Fishel's branch of the family, there is a son, George Fisher, who used to tour with Emery Deutsch, Meyer Davis bands, and the like, and now has a dance band of his own; two other sons, who from time to time have played the violin in various hotel and theatre-pit orchestras; and a son-in-law, Harry Glantz, whom some critics consider the best trumpet player in the world. Glantz has appeared several dozen times as soloist with the Philharmonic, for which he was first-trumpet player from 1923 to 1942, and he is now playing first trumpet for Toscanini. It is on his account that Fishberg's family is sometimes referred to in musical circles as the Fishberg-Glantzes.

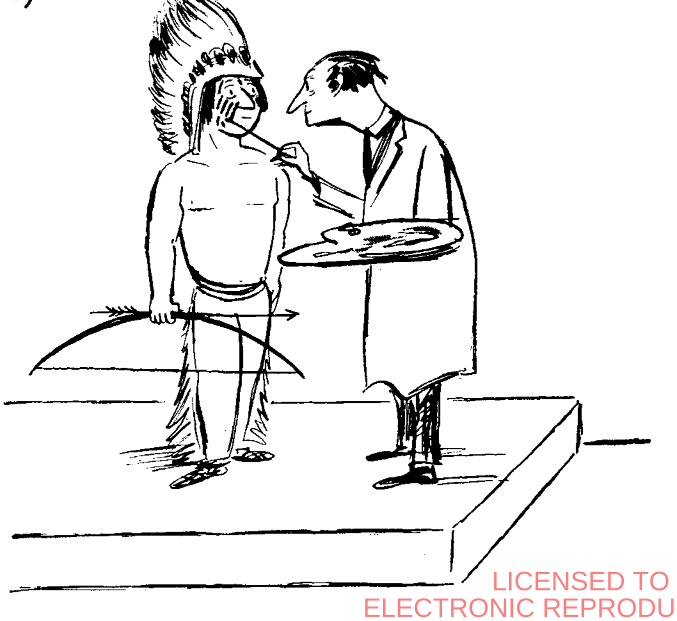
Fishberg's second son, Nathan Arriga Fishberg, is a violinist, known professionally as Arnold Arriga, who played with the National Symphony until it merged with the Philharmonic, in 1921, and then left to lead the orchestra at the Hotel Pierre for half a dozen years. Later, he was conductor of the orchestras on the Crosley Hour and the Socony programs. He has now retired, at least to the point of making only occasional appearances in the violin section of the Philharmonic and in the second-violin spot with various string quartets. Of *his* sons, Jack is a violinist with the Philharmonic, George is a dance-band pianist, and Max is a dentist who plays the clarinet and violin.

Fishberg's third son, Tobias, plays viola with the Philharmonic and further snarls the branches of the family tree by being married to Minnie Glantz, his niece's husband's sister, who used to be a pianist in a number of hotels around town. They have a son who is a physician and sometimes takes time off to play the violin in string quartets, and a daughter, Marjorie, a professional coloratura soprano, who is married to Nathan Gordon, a violist with Toscanini.

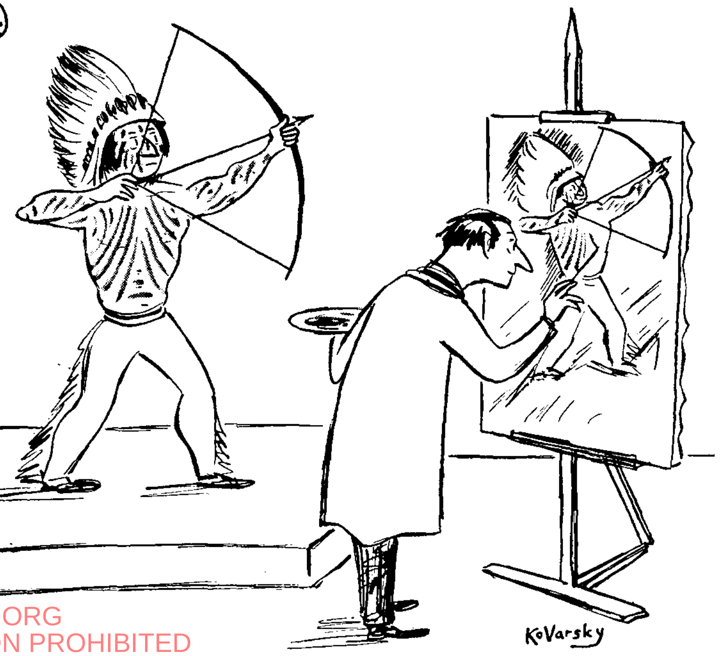
Fishberg's two other sons, Yascha and Mischa, enjoyed a more elaborate musical education than their brothers, having studied at the Imperial Conservatory—the former under Leopold Auer and the latter under Serge Korguev—at the same time as Heifetz, Zimbalist, and Mischa Elman. In spite of such strenuous competition, neither of the Fishberg boys had any trouble graduating with honors and the title of *Svobodnyi Khudozhnik*, which means Free Artist, and is comparable to Doctor of Music. Yascha, the elder of the two and, like all Fishberg's sons, a rather small man with a gentle manner and a dulcet smile, went on from the conservatory to become concertmaster for the Imperial Russian Music Society and, later, professor of music at Tiflis Conservatory, in Georgia. He came to America in 1922, by way of Istanbul—where, he frequently recalls, he gave a command performance for the sultan—and moved right in as concertmaster for the New York City Symphony, under Dirck Fock. He was conductor of the first Brooklyn Symphony, the last two seasons (1933-35) before it sank into the arms of the W.P.A., and since then has spent his time teaching, acting as concertmaster for the Ballet Theatre orchestra, conducting the Naumburg Orchestra on the Mall in Central Park, and lugging his violin case around to the Celanese Hour, Carnegie Hall and Town Hall recitals, the Jack Frost Sugar program, the Fada Hour, and, last summer, the pit at "Cabalgata." In his spare time, he fills in with the Philharmonic, N.B.C., and C.B.S. Symphonies, whichever gets to him first. His wife, Vera, is a pianist, who also attended the St. Petersburg Conservatory and now is his accompanist at smaller concerts. One of their two daughters, Ruth, has been a harpist with the National Orchestral Association Symphony and the National Youth Orchestra, and is married to Andrew Galos, a Juilliard graduate who until recently was assistant concertmaster for the Baltimore Symphony and a teacher at Peabody Conservatory, and now is assistant concertmaster at the Radio City Music Hall and from time to time a relief violinist for the N.B.C. Symphony. Yascha's other daughter, Miriam, also known as Marian Leeds, Myra Leeds, and, in her fancier moments, just plain Myrna, is married to Nat Prager, a trumpet player with the Philharmonic. She has played the violin since she was three but has been professionally active primarily as a coloratura soprano, with groups as remote from Proskurov ballrooms as the Celanese Hour and the La Rosa Macaroni program. At the moment she is a soloist with Phil Spitalny's All-Girl Orchestra.

Mischa, the youngest of Fishberg's sons, is also the most prosperous, being the owner of three Stradivarius violins, whereas Yascha has only a Gagliano and a Landolfi. Mischa's variation on the family surname is Mischakoff, an alteration conferred upon him by the agent who entered him in one of the audition contests the Lewisohn Stadium

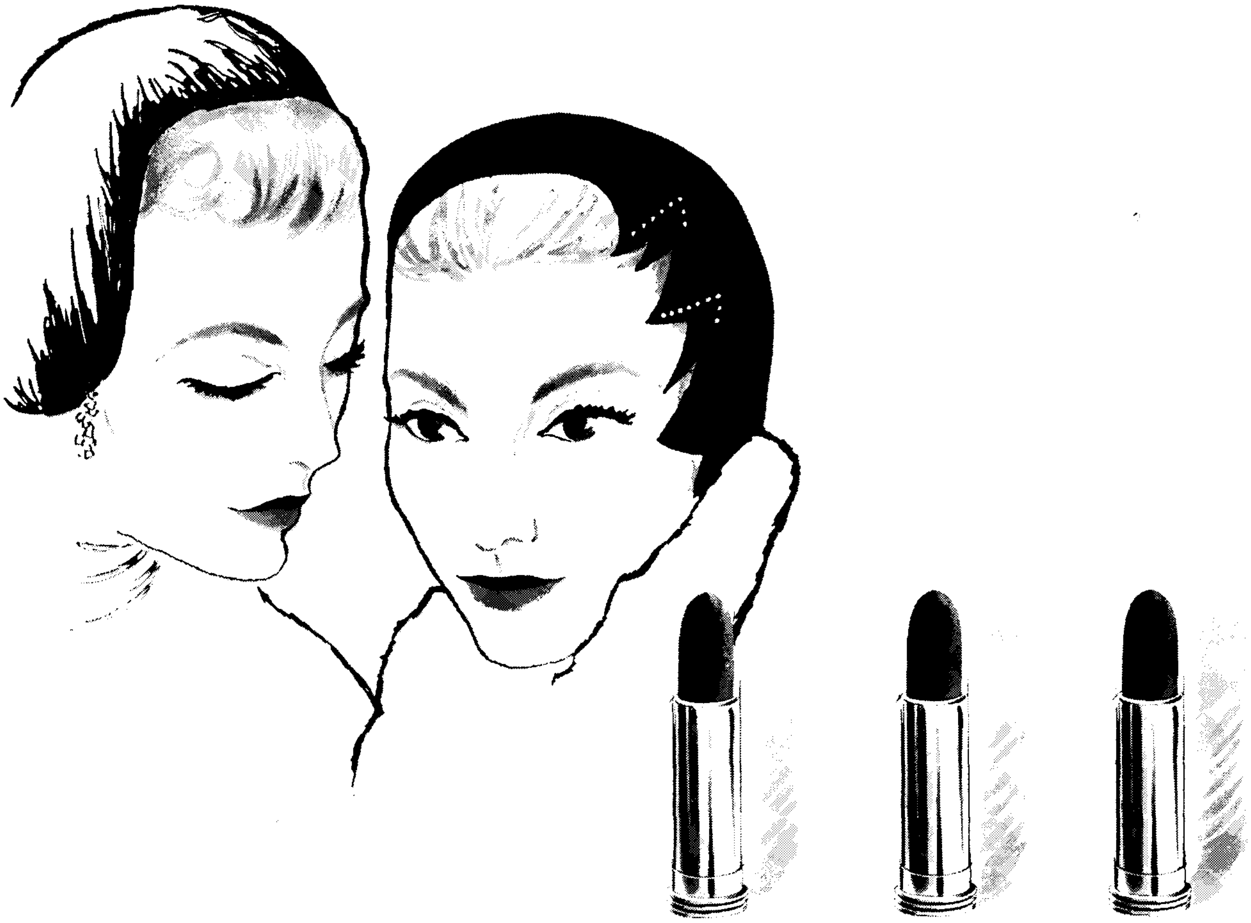
1.)



2.)



Your lipstick should harmonize with your complexion and with your costume colors!



GERANIUM

A spicy, clear red to go with subdued greige to charcoal taupes, and wide range of greens.

CONTINENTALE

A gay, raspberry red to accent the new blues—and cranberry to plum shades of rosy red.

RED RIBBON

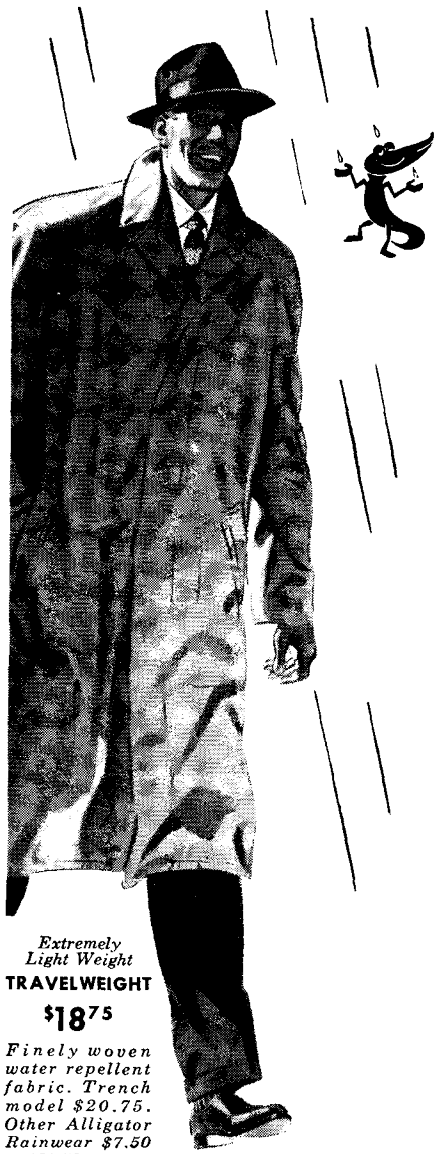
A brilliant mid-red color-harmonized with new spicy browns and scarlet-to-rusty reds.

Here are three new lipstick shades . . . fresh, young, fashion-inspired by the newest and smartest fabric colors created by the foremost designers in Paris and America. To be *yourself* . . . to be at *your* best . . . your lipstick should harmonize with both your complexion and with your costume colors!

$1.00 Plus Tax

Coty

"CREAMY" LIPSTICK



Alligator
RAINWEAR

finest... smartest
most dependable!
Alligator Rainwear

Extremely Light Weight
TRAVELWEIGHT
$18.75
Finely woven water repellent fabric. Trench model $20.75. Other Alligator Rainwear $7.50 to $53.50.

Yes, more men ask for Alligator, because Alligator offers more quality, more style, more value, more protection in exclusive water repellent and waterproof models. See the many Alligator styles at your favorite store—coats you'll wear come rain, wind or chill—coats you'll smartly and proudly wear in *any* weather! The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

BETTER DEALERS FEATURE:
ALLIGATOR
Rainwear
because... IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

Summer Concerts used to run off, which offered the winner the privilege of appearing in the Stadium as soloist with the Philharmonic. This was in the spring of 1923, just a few months after Mischa had become the final Fishberg to arrive in this country. His playing of the Tchaikovsky Concerto won the competition, and, once he had appeared at the Stadium before a crowd of several thousand billed as the soloist Mischakoff, he, with a touch of his father's indifference to such matters, never felt strongly enough about his real name to make any effort to set people right. The fact that he was immediately and easily successful in this country was hardly surprising, since he had only recently retired as concertmaster of the Warsaw Symphony, after deciding to answer in the negative a formal request that he become a Polish citizen as the price of keeping his job. Before that, he had been concertmaster and the regular violin soloist during ballet performances at the Moscow Grand Opera House. Shortly after his initial Stadium appearance, he became concertmaster for Walter Damrosch, in the New York Symphony Orchestra, and during the next decade held the same job with, successively, Stokowski, in Philadelphia, and Frederick Stock, in Chicago. Since 1937, when the N.B.C. Symphony was organized, under Toscanini, Mischakoff has been concertmaster for the Master. He now charges twenty dollars an hour as a teacher and lives in a comfortable white frame house in Forest Hills with his wife, a violinist from Indiana who teaches at Chautauqua, New York, summers, and their three children, Paul (ten), Anne (eight), and Matthew (three), who play the piano, the violin, and the piano, respectively.

One of Mischakoff's corollary activities during the last several years has been conducting the Mischakoff String Quartet, which gives an occasional concert in and around the city. Until a few months ago, its membership, with Mischakoff in the cleanup spot, consisted of Andrew Galos, husband of Yascha Fishberg's daughter Ruth, as second violinist; Nathan Gordon, husband of Tobias Fishberg's daughter Marjorie, as violist; and, as cellist, Ernst Silverstein, who was beginning to show the strain of having to continually explain how he is related to the Fishberg family, which is not at all. He has been on the mend, though, since last summer, when Galos' place was taken by Jacob Krachmalnik, another rank outsider.

Silverstein's presence in the Mischakoff organization is a reflection of the only serious musical fault that Fishberg has ever found with his family; namely, that in all its five generations it has produced no cello player, which causes a gaping hiatus in an otherwise perfect string-quartet lineup. Frequent surveys are conducted among the younger Fishberg descendants in the hope of detecting signs of a likely candidate. Mischakoff, however, as one of the most interested surveyors, is of the opinion that nothing will ever come of the search and that, indeed, very few first-rate musicians of any kind will turn up among the latest generation, in spite of its staggering musical inheritance. "Kids are too much in love with the ball and the bat—in the city of Forest Hills, anyway," he says.

Whatever the prospects of the youthful Mischakoffs may be in the musical world of the future, it has been observed by students of heredity among the artistically inclined that the present Fishberg record of only twenty-nine adult musicians, in-laws excluded, out of a possible forty-nine shrivels to something hardly worthy of notice beside the score of the Bachs, who, though also failing, in not five but seven generations, to come up with a cellist, did produce, out of a total of sixty adult males, fifty-three professional musicians (instrumentalists, singers, and composers), leaving only seven probably neurotic Bachs to skulk around trying to justify their existence. Until fairly recently, it was generally, if vaguely, assumed that musical talent was to some extent inherited, but the Bachs were the only sound argument that could be offered in support of that theory, and earnest essays in opposition to it were constantly reminding readers that while Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, and Bizet, for example, were, to be sure, the sons of musicians, and Rossini's father played the town trumpet when he wasn't acting as a slaughterhouse inspector, Handel's father was a barber, Verdi's kept an inn, Debussy's ran a china shop, and Dvořák was the offspring of a butcher. Controversies based on such dabs of information ordinarily ignored talent not expressed professionally and tended to treat musical inheritance as a kind of man-to-man affair, with no regard for the gifts a mother might be responsible for. Later and more scientific study of the question has seemed to indicate that musical talent is to a certain extent passed along from generation to generation, although the surveys upon which this conclusion is based have also brought to light the facts, unsettling in themselves to the positive theory of musical inheritance, that neither parent of Toscanini, Iturbi, or Yehudi Menuhin displayed any musical talent or possessed any musical background and that the two children of Efrem Zimbalist and Alma Gluck have shown no signs at all of responding to their lush heritage.

Yascha Fishberg has his own theory about the matter, but he admits that it may be applicable only to his own family. Acknowledging that his parents' total of eleven talented children out of thirteen is substantially above par, he holds to the belief that the Fishberg home, where during his childhood musical instruments were so numerous that some of them hung from hooks in the parlor ceiling, may well have had something to do with the way things have worked out. "I don't know," he says. "From another house, we might all have turned into glaziers or pawnbrokers. It's no use trying to prove anything about heredity in a family that literally cut its teeth on violins."

THE musical teething of Fishberg's offspring took place in Proskurov, to which he moved in 1872, after his marriage to Massia, and where, a few months later, though only twenty (or so), he was given a full-time position as flutist in the twenty-piece orchestra of a celebrated band leader named Fleitman. His education for such a distinction had been a solid fifteen years of playing one- to three-night stands all over the Ukraine with a six-man ensemble led by his father, Solomon Beckerman, the son of a Chudnov moneylender. Beckerman had taught himself to play the violin when he was a young man. Shortly thereafter, he got together his ensemble, which included his two eldest sons, who, under his supervision, had also learned to play the violin. Isaac was scarcely out of the Russian equivalent of rompers when the ensemble's flute player gave notice. The resourceful Beckerman gave himself a few brief lessons on the flute and then taught Isaac to play it. The youngster rapidly became so proficient that it was felt it would be a waste of his talents to use him in the ensemble, and he was accordingly sent to a tutor at Berdichev, twenty miles from Chudnov, for more formal training. He stayed only a year, however,

The world's most fabulous vacation...

This is addressed to people who appreciate exquisite accommodations, sumptuous environment, and the most magnificent resort facilities in the whole world.

To these, the Boca Raton extends a sumptuous welcome.

Less than a short putt away is Boca's own incomparable 18-hole golf course. Under Tommy Armour's guidance, you will play your best game ever.

The blue, blue Gulf Stream washes Boca Raton . . . Brilliant sunshine and soft breezes play through 2,000 acres of lush tropical gardens. The cuisine is breathtaking, the service astonishing, the environment utterly exhilarating!

Boca Raton

Club and Hotel, Boca Raton, Florida
Opening December 10th

For information write The Boca Raton Club and Hotel, Boca Raton, Florida, or New York office, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York. CI 7-7610.

CRITICS' AWARD FOR BEST MUSICAL
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
MARY EZIO
MARTIN · PINZA
In A New Musical Play
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK
MAJESTIC THEA., 44th St. W. of B'way
Evenings 8:25. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:25

KERMIT BLOOMGARDEN & GILBERT MILLER
present
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S
Adaptation from the French
of EMANUEL ROBLES'
Montserrat
with
EMLYN WILLIAMS
Staged by MISS HELLMAN
FULTON, W. 46 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Broadway's Most Exciting Play
— and one of the Funniest
Ralph Bellamy in
"DETECTIVE STORY"
The SIDNEY KINGSLEY Hit with Anne Burr
MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY
Please give alternate dates and enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope with order.
Evgs. $4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3., 1.80, 1.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Tax Incl.
HUDSON THEA., 145 W. 44th St., N. Y. C. 18
CHICAGOAN? CHICAGO BOUND?
Make your reservations now for the company starring Chester Morris at the Blackstone Thea., Chicago, Ill.
All Eves. (Incl. Sun.) $4.40 to $1.85.
Mat. Sat. $3.80 to $1.25. Tax Incl.

"SUPERIOR THEATRE."—*Atkinson, Times*
MAURICE EDNA
Evans Best
in Terence Rattigan's New Plays
"The Browning Version"
and A Harlequinade
CORONET THEA. 49 St. W. of B'way
EVGS 8:40. MATS WED & SAT 2:40

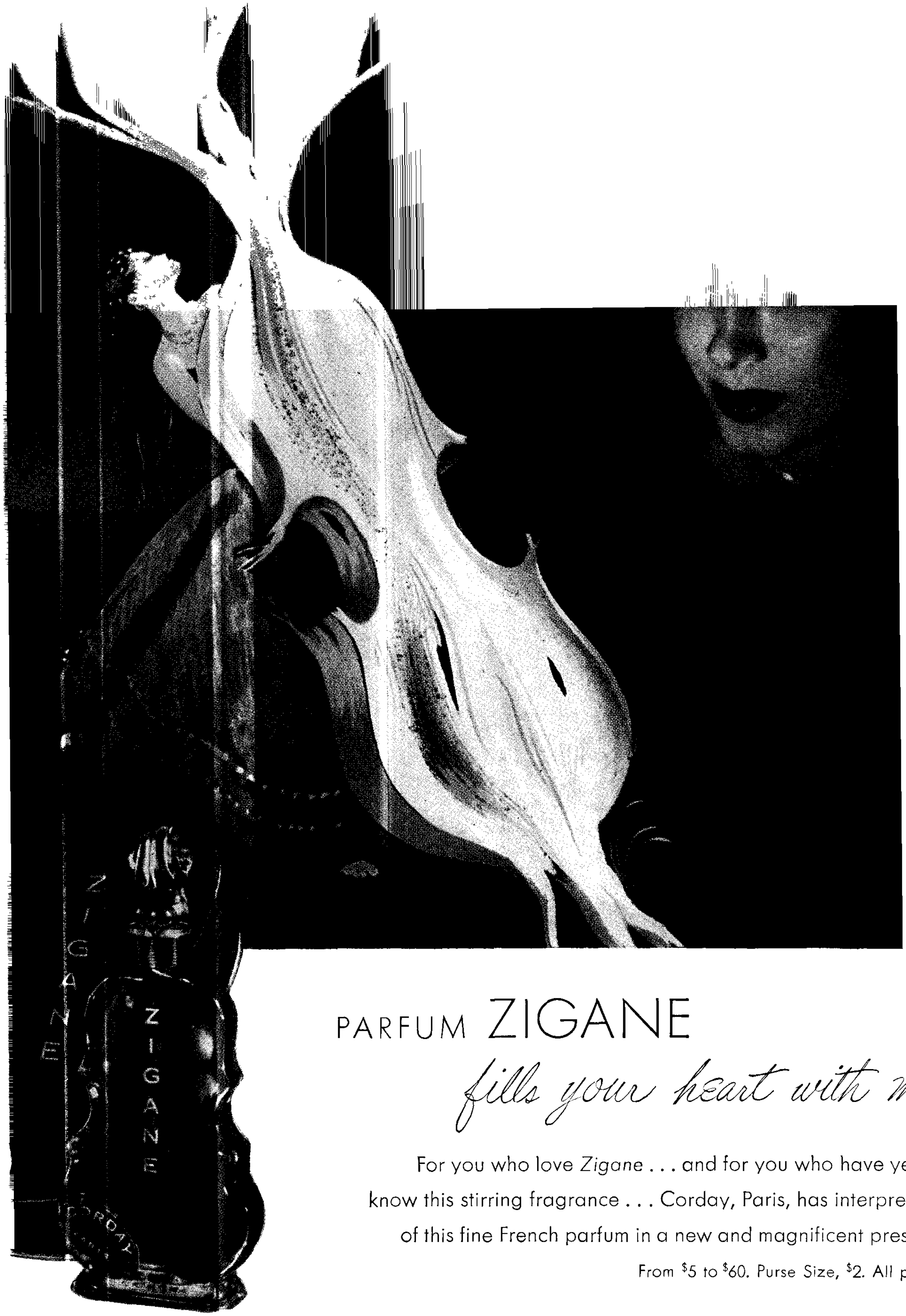
"A TERRIFIC HIT!"-Morehouse, Sun
MICHAEL KANIN in association with
ALDRICH & MYERS presents
ANN HARDING in
GOODBYE, MY FANCY
FAY KANIN'S New Comedy
with CONRAD NAGEL
Staged by SAM WANAMAKER
MARTIN BECK W. 45th St. Evgs. 8:40 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

because his mother got to worrying about him and fetched him home. As it turned out, this gave her only a slightly better opportunity to keep tabs on him, for he was at once enrolled by his father as a member of the ensemble and took to the road with it, playing at weddings, dances, and family reunions. The six musicians of the ensemble (two violins, a clarinet, trombone, drums, and little Isaac's flute) would often play from seven in the evening to seven in the morning, sometimes for three nights in a row and frequently for no compensation other than the casual silver guests might drop into a metal box that rested at Beckerman's weaving elbow. The amount in the box at the end of a night's playing seldom counted up to more than four or five dollars' worth of rubles, but of this—and Fishberg is still smug about it, ninety years later—the flute-playing tot received a man's full share. "Also, as I grew up, I became a very pretty fellow," Fishberg told a St. Mark's Place crony the other day with an elaborate wink. "All the ladies wanted me to dance with them, and sometimes they would not invite our company at all unless I'd promise I would."

After a few years with Fleitman's orchestra, Fishberg had a bitter falling-out with its leader and resigned to organize a band of his own. Almost from the start it was a success, and it was soon catering to a clientele as splendid as that of his former employer. As time went on, Itzhok's Kompaniya ("Itzhok" being Hebrew for "Isaac") became, as its leader remembers it, the principal purveyor of musical entertainment to what he refers to as "the Ukrainian Four Hundred society" and performed mostly at the country palaces of the nobility. His clients' prolonged house parties sometimes lasted a whole week and kept him so busy that he saw very little of his children, but he managed, of course, to make sure they were keeping up with their practice on the violin, piano, trumpet, French horn, oboe, bassoon, and any other instrument he fancied for them at the moment, all of which he had learned to play himself so that he could fill unexpected gaps in his orchestra's lineup. Except in the case of William, the *Profan*, Fishberg did such a good job of teaching his sons that one by one, at the age of fourteen or fifteen, they left Proskurov for the wider world of Kharkov, where they got jobs with that city's symphony orchestra.

During the years between Russia's first revolution, in 1905, and her second, in 1917, both of which were followed by pogroms, all Fishberg's children left the country, except Yascha and Mischa, who were prospering in Tiflis and Moscow, respectively, and Arriga, for whom his father had a chore back home in Proskurov, a chore growing out of the parting of Fishberg and Fleitman. The antagonism between the two men, intensified by their cutthroat competition for the local wedding-party trade, had increased with the passing of the years; tempers flared, words were hot, and string sections whined discordantly. Finally, Fishberg resolved the whole matter, with a flourish worthy of a B-picture musical, by calling in Arriga to help him run his band, and Arriga, with his father's enthusiastic endorsement, began paying energetic and successful court to Fleitman's daughter Sonya. Not long afterward, the two orchestras were merged into one giant outfit, which eventually played at the wedding of Arriga and Sonya. Each of the old men spent most of the next few years patting himself on the back over the way things had worked out. "It was as if the N.B.C. Symphony had merged with the Philharmonic," says Fishberg happily. "The most world-shaking thing that ever happened in that part of the country. I will bet, Politburo or no Politburo, they are talking about it to this day."

If matters had worked out as planned, Fishberg would still be in Proskurov, jogging people's memories about the great merger, but, instead, the city became an unsafe place for him, and he left it, twenty-seven years ago, to come to New York with his second wife, Fanny, whom he had married in 1910, three years after the death of Massia. During the couple's early years in this country, they lived on Elder Street, on the lower East Side. Fishberg was only in his seventies in those days, and the first thing he did after joining Local 802 was start mastering the New York subway system. In less than a week, he knew the best way to get from the Academy of Music, in Brooklyn, to Carnegie Hall, and from there to Lewisohn Stadium. His interest in such matters was not entirely symphonic, since at that time his family was almost as scattered among four of the city's five boroughs as it is today, when three of his children live in Brooklyn, four in the Bronx, three in Queens, and one in Manhattan. Fishberg earned a living by teaching violin and flute, at fifty cents an hour, and by playing, evenings, in the orchestras of Jewish cafés and restaurants in the



PARFUM ZIGANE

fills your heart with music

For you who love *Zigane* . . . and for you who have yet to know this stirring fragrance . . . Corday, Paris, has interpreted the spirit of this fine French parfum in a new and magnificent presentation.

From $5 to $60. Purse Size, $2. All plus tax.

PARFUMS IMPORTED FROM FRANCE FOR AMERICA'S SMARTEST WOMEN

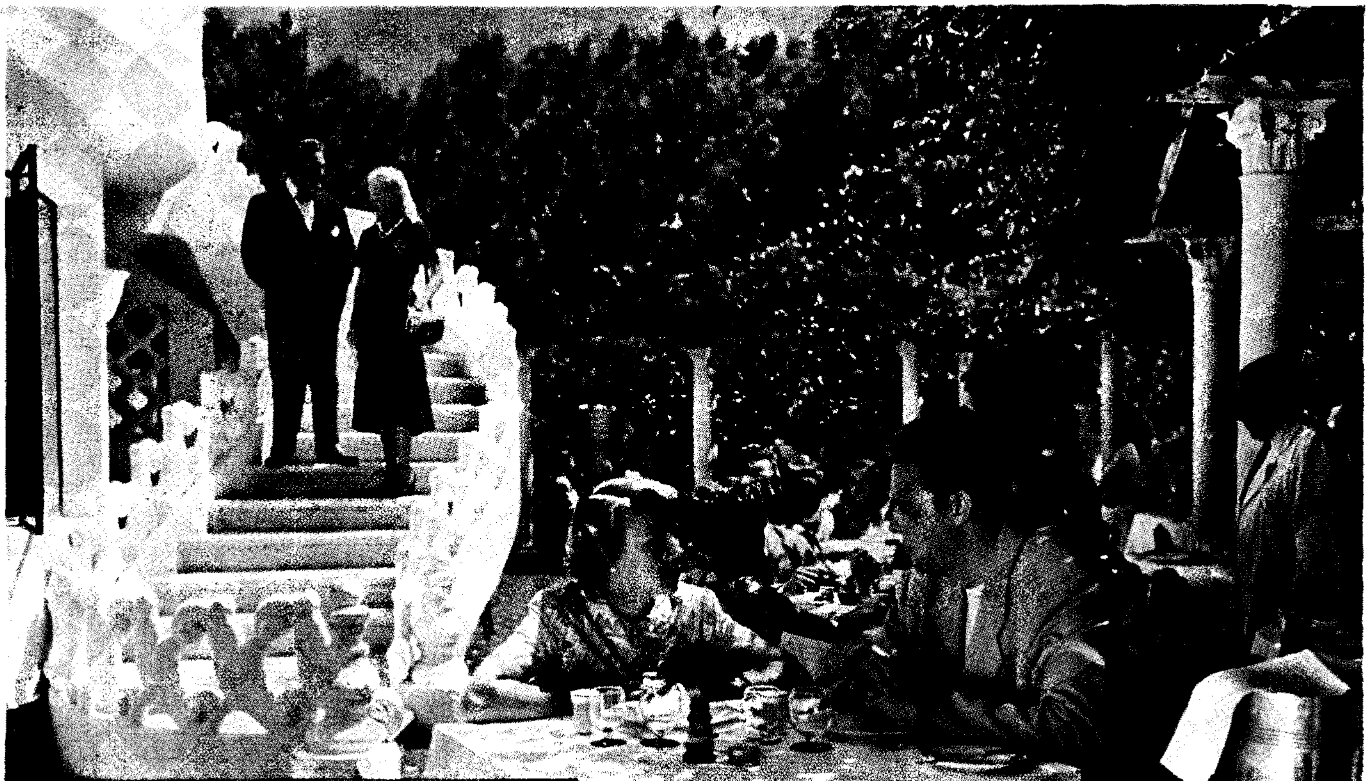
CORDAY

15 RUE DE LA PAIX, PARIS

Stretch your Vacation Dollars

... and enjoy South America's summer

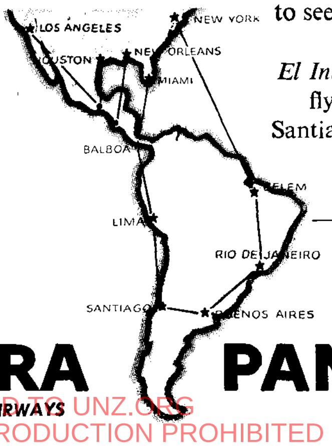
on the 13,000 mile Grand Air Tour



Lima lives in perpetual springtime! Ultra-modern restaurants, like the one shown above, hug old Spanish architecture built by Conquistadores.

Maté, South American tea, is drunk from a gourd. Horseback rides through the pampas, and outdoor barbecues, or "asados" as the Argentines call them, add a touch of country life to fun-packed evenings and gay days in lively Buenos Aires.

You'll come home with tales of spectacular scenery on two oceans and gracious living in luxurious hotels where prices are low due to favorable rates of exchange. Thrills await you at every stop in gay, colorful South America. Learn how much there is to see and do on all-expense tours that suit your time, taste and purse. Board Panagra's *El InterAmericano* (luxurious DC-6 service) and fly from Miami to Balboa, Guayaquil, Lima, Santiago, and across the Andes to Buenos Aires. Or leave New York by Pan American's Sleeperette*-equipped *El PanAmericano*—daily flights via Caribbean Islands to Belem, Rio, Montevideo and Buenos Aires. Call your Travel Agent or Pan American.



*Trade Marks, Pan American Airways, Inc.

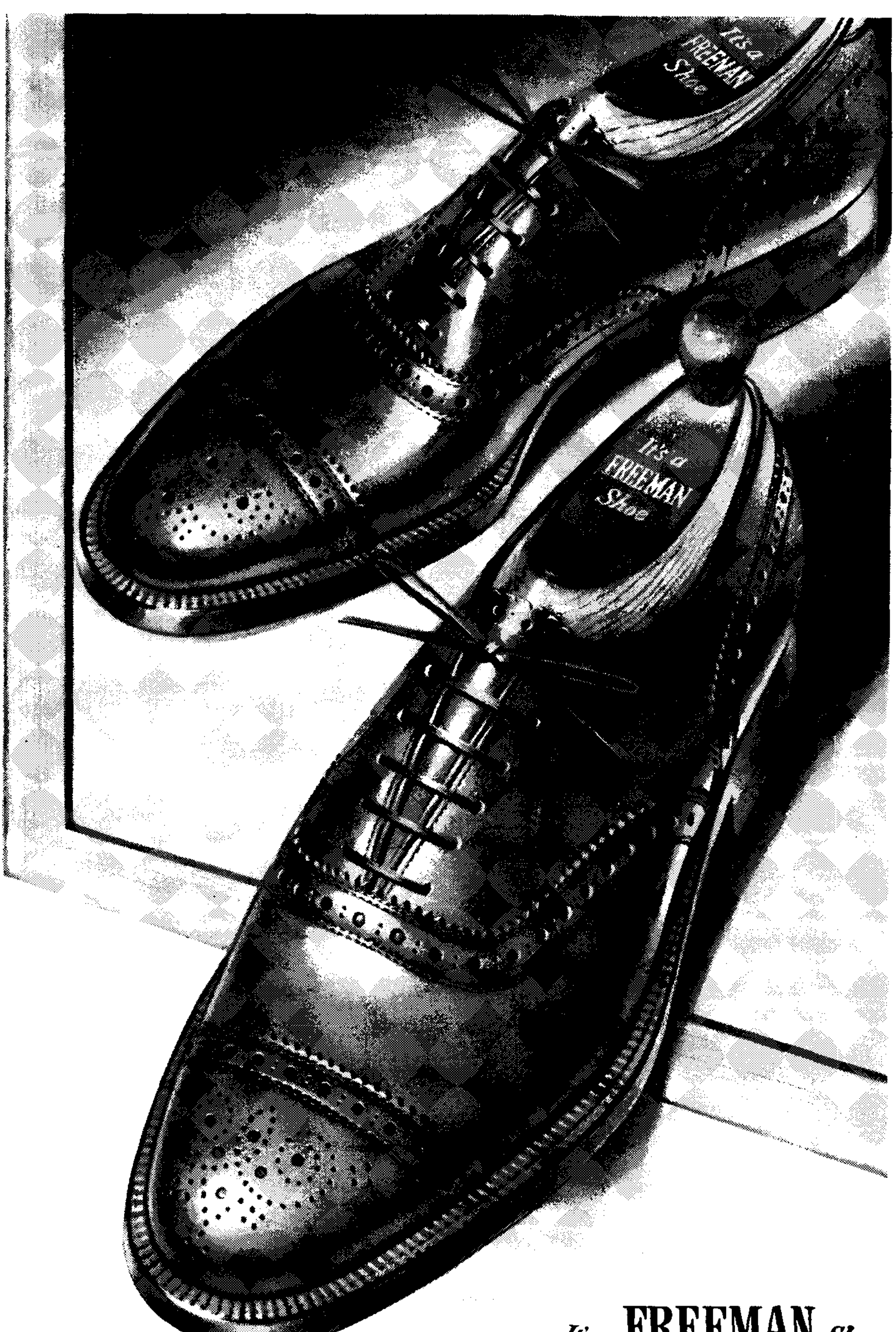
PANAGRA
PAN AMERICAN-GRACE AIRWAYS

PAN AMERICAN
PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

region of Delancey Street and changing his stand from week to week, in order to see to it that Brahms and bulgars held their own in a world that, as he recalls it, "asked not a thing of music but that you could dance the Charleston to it."

In 1930, when the Charleston menace had faded away, Fishberg and his wife moved to a three-room apartment on Forty-ninth Street, in the Borough Park section of Brooklyn, where he put aside most of his worldly activities in favor of straightening matters out with Jehovah. For the next eighteen years, he made a point of visiting a nearby synagogue three times a day, the first at four-thirty in the morning. At this dank and grisly hour, he would bounce through the dark Brooklyn streets, flute in hand, stopping occasionally to sound an allegretto tootle and often following that up with a vocal rendition of the only American song that has ever struck him as worth memorizing—"Popeye the Sailor Man." If anyone approached him and inquired about his business on the streets at that hour, he was happy to explain his mission. "I will go to the synagogue three times a day for twenty years longer," he would say, "and then I will expect to be allowed to play the flute for twenty years, taking me to age one hundred and twenty. After that, I would be too old to have any wind for flute playing, so I might as well start dying."

IN this, the penultimate year of his pact with Jehovah, Fishberg has been persuaded by his family that he is entitled to a tapering-off period and that two daily trips to the synagogue are sufficient. He has been living at the Warschauer Haym Salomon Home for the Aged since the death of his second wife, a year ago. The Home, which was built in 1931 by a national organization of American Jews of Polish descent (hence the "Warschauer," for Warsaw), in honor of Haym Salomon, the Polish Jew who got Washington over a financial hump during the Revolution by raising money in synagogues both here and in Europe, is really two six-story buildings fitted together at the rear to form an "L," with entrances on both Second Avenue and St. Mark's Place. Although private rooms are available, Fishberg, "a fellow used to an audience," as he says, chose a sunny, green-walled fifth-floor dormitory, which he shares with seven other men, who approach him in age but not at all, they modestly agree, in achievement. Most of his hundred and seventy-five



It's a **FREEMAN** Shoe
THE FOOTWEAR OF SUCCESSFUL MEN

So wise an investment in luxurious leather pays enviable dividends in prestige and in blissful comfort. It's The Bardolf by Bootmaker Guild . . . ultimate in fine footwear. Brown, $18.95

Capper & Capper
LTD.
Wabash Avenue at Madison Street
Chicago

Also at Wallachs, New York; MacDonald and Campbell, Philadelphia; Stumpf's, Milwaukee; Katz, Baltimore: Clayton's, Detroit; Wolff's, St. Louis; Schriebers, Scranton; Liemandt's, Minneapolis; Assmann, Omaha; and other fine stores in nearly 5,000 cities coast to coast.

Have You Met
MISTER ROBERTS?
More than a million people have cheered Henry Fonda in "Mister Roberts," hailing his performance as the greatest of his triumphant career. If you have not been able to obtain tickets, or, like so many, you wish to see the play again and again, write us a note giving us dates and locations.
HENRY FONDA stars in "MISTER ROBERTS"
with Henry Hull, William Harrigan and Murray Hamilton
Evenings: $4.80, $4.20, $3.60, $3, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday: $3.60, $3, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20. Tax Included.
Please give alternate dates and enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.
ALVIN THEATRE 244 W. 52nd St. N. Y. 19

GEORGE ABBOTT presents
A NEW MUSICAL REVUE
Touch and Go
Book and Lyrics by
JEAN and WALTER KERR
Music by JAY GORNEY
Choreography by HELEN TAMIRIS
Directed by MR. KERR
Production Designed by John Robert Lloyd
BROADHURST, W. 44 St. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

BROADWAY'S BIGGEST SENSATION!
"A HONEY OF A SHOW." Chapman, Daily News
LEE and J. J. SHUBERT
by arrangement with Arthur Lesser, present
ROLAND PETIT'S
BALLETS de PARIS
in "CARMEN" PLUS OTHER BALLETS (Same program all perfs.)
MAIL ORDERS FILLED
Evgs. Incl. Sun. $1.80 to 4.80. Mats. Sat. & Sun. $1.80 to 3.60. Tax Incl. (No Perf. Mon.)
2 PERFS. EVERY SUNDAY
WINTER GARDEN, Broadway at 50th Street

Pulitzer Prize 1949 Critics' Award 1949
death of a Salesman
NEW YORK
Morosco Theatre
217 W. 45 St.
CHICAGO
Erlanger Theatre
127 N. Clark St.

RAY BOLGER
IN THE MUSICAL LAUGH HIT
"Where's Charley?"
ST. JAMES THEA. 44 St. W. of B'way Mats. Wed. & Sat.

fellow-residents are retired merchants, peddlers, pawnbrokers, tailors, and the like who have retained their European ancestors' veneration for the professional man, and this, along with the matter of the five generations, gives Fishberg an eminence among them.

Every Thursday afternoon, half a dozen musicians, who are paid by Local 802, turn up at the Home to entertain its residents. Their visits provide a good answer, in Fishberg's view, to union malcontents who keep making sarcastic inquiries about what's happening to the royalties Petrillo collects from the recording companies. Fishberg is not on the Petrillo payroll, but no performance at the Home since he took up residence there has been known to start until he and his flute have made their appearance in the big assembly hall on the first floor, where the concerts are held. Even on days when he's not feeling too chipper he can be counted on to show up, shuffling in in a bright plaid bathrobe, his condition taking a visible turn for the better the moment he raises his flute to his lips and zips into his favorite opening number, Brahms' Hungarian Dance No. 5. "You know, before that old fellow came here," one of the visiting musicians said the other day, "we used to settle down and play hardly anything but 'Eli, Eli'—the slow and mournful kind of funereal thing. You know, not a jig in a carload. But by God, every time now, before that old man gets through with us, we feel like we've been in a downright jam session. And when we walk around the corridors afterward, every old character in the place looks a good two and a half weeks younger."

In Fishberg's former Borough Park neighborhood, which he sorely missed when he first moved to the Home, he was known as Itze, the Yiddish diminutive of Isaac, a name bestowed upon him, perhaps not too respectfully but with great affection, by his friends for blocks around. Even now, people who called him Itze keep riding over on the B.-M.T. to tell him that their recollection of him sitting in his first-floor window in his underwear, playing his flute at all improbable hours of the morning and night, still haunts them. "Itze did all the family marketing, you know," an admirer who had lived in the same apartment house told a fellow-visitor in the Fishberg dormitory the other afternoon. "In winters, he'd go fetch the groceries wearing an enormous old overcoat, a shawl, and his bedroom slippers, right in the snow. Then, like as not, as soon as he'd bought all he wanted, he'd come out of the store, stop the first person he'd see, and get him to carry his packages home for him while he followed along behind, playing his flute and doing a jig."

For a time after his shift across the river, Fishberg would smile with pained wistfulness when reminded of such occasions. A few weeks after his transfer from the appreciative atmosphere of Borough Park, however, he took his first stroll around his new neighborhood and returned practically reconciled. "Why, in fact, I came back all puffed up," he says now. "I been living out in those Borough Park sticks for so long I had forgotten how it is to live in the hub of everything. Why, this is the Great White Way, do you realize that? Walk up Second Avenue, look right around you, and with your own eyes you see the Stuyvesant Casino, you see Moscowitz's, you see the Café Royal—at all these I myself used to play the flute once. Right across the Avenue, at Tenth Street, used to be the Boulevard, and down below here the old Continental, and the Monopol, at Ninth, and old Stark's, at the corner of Houston Street. What other name for it could there be than the Great White Way?" Fishberg will grudgingly admit, with a bit of prodding, that most of the vanished wonders he refers to with such persuasive nostalgia were never more than vicariously dear to him, made so only through fond recollections handed down to him by other musicians, since nearly all the places had closed years before he arrived in this country.

When in the mood, Fishberg straightens his *yarmelke* on his head and makes his way out to Second Avenue to survey the ruins of his Great White Way. His bearing, while ostensibly that of a mourner of a marvellous world now gone, has about it a certain serene complacency. After all, whatever may have befallen the grandeur that was Second Avenue as he conceives it to have been, he, Isaac Fishberg, is left, in good health and spirits, to cut up at its wake. There is therefore quite a spring to his walk as he proceeds from one lost landmark to another. Before he subsides into a pace more suitable to a centenarian, his itinerary has usually included the sites of the old Metropol, now a luncheonette; the Café Central, now the St. Mark's Place Russian-Turkish Bathhouse (Ladies' Day Monday); the Continental, now the Kid-Stuf Clothing Store; and the Café Imperial, now Ratner's Bake Shop. In front of each of these, he stops and, lips curled, peers through the door. Then he backs to the curb, where he stands shaking his head sorrowfully.

By the time Fishberg reaches the southwest corner of Ninth Street and the present 141 Café, which he believes occupies the site of the old Monopol (actually, the Monopol was across the street and has now become an Army-surplus store), he is in a highly emotional state. The other afternoon, during one of his sorties, his feelings found expression when, with trembling hands and glistening eyes, he stopped the nearest passerby, who happened to be a young colored boy with his arms full of laundry bundles, and started to explain the whole tragic business to him. "In that very room," he said, sternly barring the boy's way, "a man, strolling elegantly in, could find white tablecloths, excellent *Backhuhn*, gentlemen waiters in black coats, and in one corner, the center of all eyes, three or four talented fellows with stringed instruments, and, of course, one talented fellow with a flute, swinging their heads to their wonderful music—Brahms, mazurkas, bulgars, any wonderful thing you can think of. Now look at it!" He raised his voice to the startled laundry boy and glared at him. "The juke box! Chromium machinery, riveted together probably with plastic—not a thing else! Probably even ersatz plastic, like the music it makes, like everything else in the place!" After a brooding moment, he released the boy and, crossing the sidewalk, poked his head through the open entrance to the bar. "How can you prefer ersatz chromium to real music, played by real musicians?" he demanded of the room in general.

"Don't like what we got in that corner, Pop?" replied the bartender amiably. "Well, look in the other corner and you'll see we got something even better for you—television."

Fishberg snorted and, backing out into the sunlight, walked three blocks north to the Café Royal, a fellow-survivor, at Second Avenue and Twelfth Street. It is his custom to repair to that establishment whenever the garishness of the modern world becomes too much for him. There he is able to find the dark panelled walls, the white tablecloths, the waiters, and the lack of chromium (though no music now, canned or otherwise) that strike him as civilization at its refined peak. He sits down at a table and usually orders some chopped chicken liver and makes a stab at talking about his professional bulgar-playing days with the gentlemen waiters in black coats. However, since hardly

PULITZER PRIZE and CRITICS' AWARD

"The group performance of A Streetcar Named Desire' is still one of the most glowing achievements of the Broadway theatre."

BROOKS ATKINSON.
N. Y. TIMES

NEW YORK • BARRYMORE THEATRE

NATIONAL CO., ON TOUR
Oct. 31 to Nov. 2—TULSA, Oklahoma
Nov. 3, 4 & 5—OKLAHOMA CITY, Okla.

SAINT SUBBER & LEMUEL AYERS present
ALFRED DRAKE
PATRICIA MORISON
in
"KISS ME, KATE"
Music & Lyrics by COLE PORTER
Book by SAM & BELLA SPEWACK
Production staged by JOHN C. WILSON
Century Theatre, 7th Ave. & 59th St. • Mats. Wed. & Sat.
NATIONAL COMPANY • SHUBERT THEA, CHICAGO

"A Big and Colorful Show" —MOREHOUSE, Sun
The BERLIN • SHERWOOD • HART Musical
Miss Liberty
Dances staged by JEROME ROBBINS
IMPERIAL, W. 45 St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"WONDERFUL NONSENSE."—*The New Yorker*
A MICHAEL TODD PRODUCTION
BOBBY CLARK
IN THE MUSICAL SMASH
"AS THE GIRLS GO"
with IRENE RICH
BROADWAY THEA., at 53 St. 2 Shows Sat. & Sun.

MOTION PICTURE

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
OLIVIA de HAVILLAND • MONTGOMERY CLIFT • RALPH RICHARDSON
in WILLIAM WYLER'S
"THE HEIRESS"
A Paramount Picture
SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

CORRECTION
In our advertisement on page 44 of The New Yorker, October 15th issue, we described the well known Wedgwood "BLUE" as "lavender" on cream color and cream color on "lavender". More accurately we should have used the term BLUE instead of lavender.
PLUMMER, Ltd. 734 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

CHOCOLATE APPLE
Droste

CHOCOLATE APPLE

Droste of Holland

A name that has meant chocolate excellence the world over since 1890.

Wherever fine confections are sold.
Importers, H. Hamstra & Co., New York 11

Plummer's Christmas Tree

One of the most loved of all patterns is PLUMMER'S CHRISTMAS TREE. It attunes young and old to the warm, friendly spirit of Noel. A PLUMMER exclusive—beautifully done . . . green Christmas trees decorated in glowing colors and laden with gifts. Wide green band on rim. Bread and Butter Plates, doz. $13.50; Luncheon Plates, doz. $22.00; Dinner Plates, doz. $27.00; Tea Cups and Saucers, doz. $32.00. The above, and other items not pictured, carried in Open Stock. Christmas Tree Hiballs or Milk Glasses, doz. $15.00.

Distinctive new PLUMMER pattern in Crystal—3 bright Christmas Candles sparkle in a wreath of glossy green holly leaves and red berries. On the reverse a spray of mistletoe. Gold edge. Hiballs, 14 ozs., doz. $13.50; Stem Cocktails, 5 ozs., doz. $18.00; Hollow-stem Beer Goblets (not pictured), 16 ozs., doz. $36.00. Many other items.

PLUMMER, Ltd.
Dept. Y, 734 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 19, N. Y.
Please send me FREE Gift Catalogue.
Name ....
Address ....

Men's Monogrammed Jewelry

Another Jaccard exclusive! Personalized accessories in 14K natural gold, masterfully designed and hand-wrought by our craftsmen...just the way a man likes them! Initials are handsomely raised in a block letter design.

Cuff Links, **$85.** Ring, **$60.**

Shown Actual Size • Fed. Tax Included

Allow two weeks for delivery

State ring size when ordering

Mermod-JACCARD-King ~1829

Ninth and Locust Streets

SAINT LOUIS (1) MISSOURI

Praxiteles' Aphrodite

For you, Berlé creates a DELINEATOR exactly fitted to your individual contours. You'll hardly know you're wearing it. Your figure-personality will be lovely! For 27 years, the DELINEATOR has remained a unique principle in comfort and beauty. From $16.50 in the finest materials. One-year guarantee. —Berlé Salon, 26 West 58th St., New York 19. Call Mlle. Audrey for appointment: PLaza 5-6250. Write for booklet N.

On the Coast—
I. MAGNIN. Dallas—
NEIMAN-MARCUS
Chicago—28 SHOP,
MARSHALL FIELD.

J. Berlé

Paris New York

any of the waiters know even in which corner of the restaurant the talented musicians used to sit in order to be the center of all eyes, Fishberg, after another plateful of liver, generally finds himself obliged to dismiss the whole crowd of them as upstart products of a sorry age and take his leave. A feeling of weariness comes over him, and he makes just one more stop, at the Victory National Kosher Delicatessen, to buy himself some *maatjes* herring for a late-evening snack. "Give me the good whiskey, the good onion, and the good herring, and I give you the good life," he is likely to say to the clerk behind the counter as he grasps his package. "You know, a man that's got five generations can say things like that and people have to listen," he may add, and then, after adjusting his *yarmelke*, he clumps out the door. On the way home, remembering those five generations, he has even been known to revive sufficiently to bless two or three astonished pedestrians, bowing his big head, waving his package at them, and benignly shouting, "*Bench't Dir! Bench't Dir!*" in their direction as he stomps along.

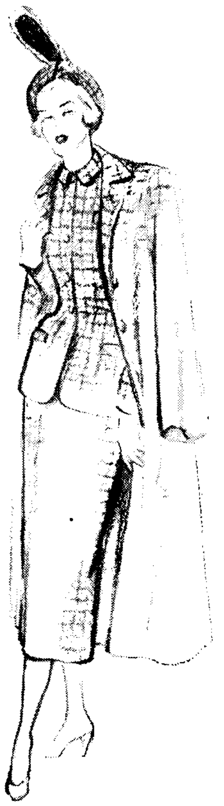
When Fishberg gets back to the Home, he often finds that in his absence his roommates have been comparing notes and have discovered that they, too, have sons and grandsons who are worth talking about. As soon as one of them ventures to say as much, Fishberg suddenly recalls that it is precisely the hour to snap on his radio and listen to a symphony performance of one or more of his descendants. His most successful time for laying down such a counter-barrage is, of course, over the weekend. "Ah, let me see," he then can shout to his companions, just in the nick of time. "It is Saturday evening and exactly the right moment to listen to my Mischa, my Harry, and my Nathan, with the N.B.C. Symphony, and tomorrow afternoon there will be my Jack, my Tobias, and my Nat, with the Philharmonic. My, my," he goes on, reaching for his flute and creaking down contentedly into his chair. "How often I wish that old Fleitman could come to life and have a look at me now."

—Andy Logan

•

An electronic device has been developed known as the oil pool analyzer which forecasts future behavior of underground oil deposits. The Cain and Barndollar Funeral home has charge of the arrangements.—*Manchester (N.H.) Leader.*

Well, that's forehanded anyway!



Imported British Tweeds

patterned in subdued Autumn colors and tailored in the classic tradition. Suit, sizes 12 to 18, **$95.00.** Matching tweed box coat, **$115.00.** Matching hat, **$17.50.**

On your Bermuda Holiday, visit The Bermuda Shop in Hamilton

The Bermuda Shop

Madison Avenue at 55th Street
New York 22, N. Y.

Most Distinguished
in taste
in bouquet
CRESTA BLANCA
SOUVENIR WINES
CALIFORNIA
SAUTERNE
CRESTA BLANCA WINE CO., LIVERMORE, CALIF.
WINERIES: LIVERMORE AND NAPA VALLEYS
®
©

THE RACE TRACK

Up-and-Comers

ANYBODY who thinks that all the interesting two-year-olds are out of training now that Guillotine has followed Middleground and Hill Prince to the sidelines should take another look at his *Racing Form*. At Jamaica last week, George Widener won the Remsen Handicap with Lights Up, and the Autumn Day Stakes with Rare Perfume, and on Saturday Abram Hewitt's Cornwall beat Casemate for the Garden State Stakes at Camden, and Alfred Vanderbilt's Bed o' Roses galloped away with the Selima Stakes at Laurel—and all these victories were little masterpieces of racing. Not far behind them was the performance at Jamaica the other afternoon of the King Ranch's Beau Max, who beat Bakersfield, a colt who I believe is a race horse in the making. Of course, Middleground, who is Beau Max's stablemate, will get a higher rating at the end of the season, because he won the Hopeful Stakes, but I venture to suggest that next year Beau Max will go further than Middleground.

If I were to cast my vote for the most exciting race of the week, it would be for the Remsen. In this, Starecase and Cornwall, who were shipped up from Garden State for the day, ran head and head for half a mile; then Starecase tired and Cornwall seemed certain to win, but in the last furlong Lights Up came along with a great rush and won by a neck. The occasion gave Colonel Martingale a chance to add a new specimen to his collection of alibis. It seems that Cornwall's jockey broke the tip of his whip while encouraging the horse to outrun Starecase in an early set-to. The end of the whip unravelled and got all tangled up in the boy's tack and he couldn't use it when Lights Up challenged.

Well, Cornwall had no whip trouble in the Garden State Stakes, for he led Casemate, one of the season's faster youngsters, all the way. I expect that James Cox Brady, who owns both Casemate and Starecase, has taken a strong dislike to Cornwall. You couldn't blame him.

Rare Perfume, who is lovely to look at, showed high speed in the Autumn Day Stakes, but I don't suppose that she'll have much chance against Bed o' Roses if they meet in the Marguerite Stakes at Pimlico this weekend. Vanderbilt's filly is awfully good right now, especially in a long race, and the Marguerite is at a mile and a sixteenth. Incidentally, Bed o' Roses' share of the Selima Stakes brought her prize money to $129,995, which is more than any other two-year-old has won this season and is also more than Discovery, Vanderbilt's best racer, earned in his most successful year.

IN some respects, the Comely Handicap, won by Lithe at Jamaica last weekend, seemed to be a rerun of the Beldame and the Ladies' Handicaps. There were several similarities between the races: Half a dozen of the starters in the Comely had been in the two others, the horses went at top speed all the way, and the winner was a long shot. The difference was that the race, while lively enough, never quite achieved one really high moment. Lithe, who finished next to last in both the Beldame and the Ladies', had better luck this time, slipping into second place on the turn into the backstretch, taking command of the situation when Imacomin tired, and winning comfortably from But Why Not. Gaffery was third. Lithe won the Demoiselle Stakes at this track a year ago; horses for courses, as we keep saying.

LAST week was a trying one for horseplayers at Jamaica, where you could have counted the winning favorites on your toes. As if it weren't enough for Arcaro to go into a slump—he rode only three winners all week—Glisson, the darling of the two-dollar boys, was bumped out of his saddle and broke a collarbone when his mount stumbled during a race. Half an hour before his mishap, he rode his two-hundred-and-forty-ninth winner of the year, and he has a long enough lead over his closest rivals to remain at the top of the list for 1949. Horsemen, who seldom agree on anything, will tell you that Glisson is by all odds the best prospect they've seen in years. However, they insist that a jockey can't properly be judged till his third season, and he has one more to go.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Bearers carried his litter in teams of four, chanting: "Oh Lord Buddha, lighten our load!" Mr. Thomas said he lost fifteen pounds during the experience.—*The Herald Tribune.*

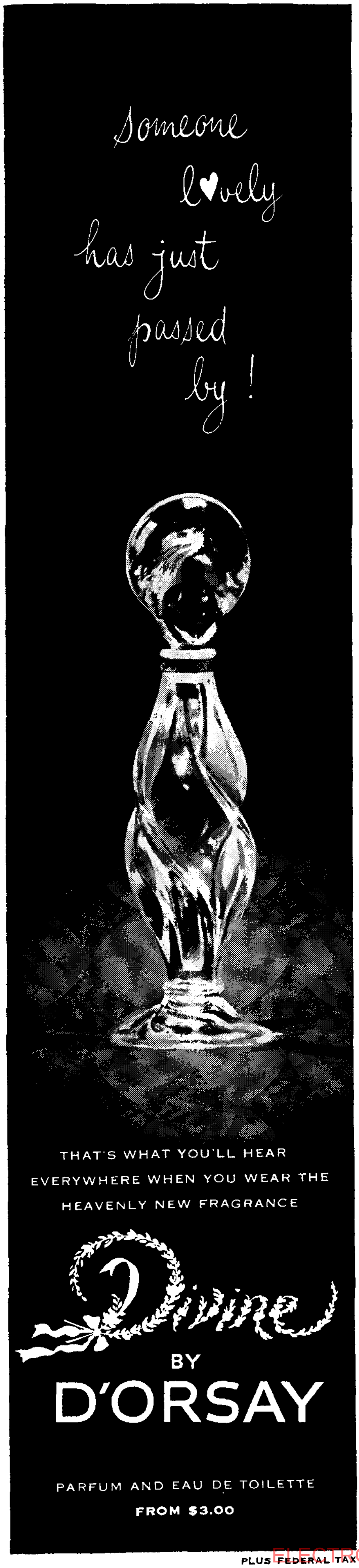
You can't say Buddha isn't right on the ball.

SAPOCETI
GUERLAIN
SAVON AU BLANC DE BALEINE

Give the Aristocrat of Soaps

A very special tribute to bestow . . . the luxurious imported soap so *lastingly* fragrant with perfumes by Guerlain, the master parfumeur. Box of three: *Iris*, $3.75; *Geranium*, $3.00 . . . and soon in other famous Guerlain fragrances.

Guerlain
Parfumeur
MAISON FONDÉE EN 1828



THAT'S WHAT YOU'LL HEAR
EVERYWHERE WHEN YOU WEAR THE
HEAVENLY NEW FRAGRANCE

Divine
BY
D'ORSAY

PARFUM AND EAU DE TOILETTE
FROM $3.00
PLUS FEDERAL TAX

LET 'EM EAT COOK

THE gourmet and the person who is merely fond of food have no connection. The person who is fond of food likes things that are edible but not necessarily delicacies (steak, sweet corn, apple pie with cheese), while the gourmet likes things that are delicacies but not necessarily edible (brains, kidneys, snails, etc.). One of several cooks who recently banged their luggage in and out of our door had a formidable history of ministration to the latter. Eighteen years in the employ of an aging *friand* called Pomeroy had left her skilled in the frazzled nuance but helpless before a family pot roast. Her name was Mrs. Mount Pleasant, or that was her story. My wife and I shared her with a couple down the road who had her three days a week and had asked us if we would take her for the other three. "Mr. Pomeroy died in Bermuda," she told us, running an eye around the living room the first time she was in it. "Since then I've fallen on evil days." She raised a finger. "Remember, now, this will be a trial."

They were prophetic words. One gland after another crossed our table, leaving as its single nutritive effect hunger at midnight. I took to padding downstairs in slippers and robe to the icebox, there to find nothing but food for thought—leftover chicken livers and the cooling lobes of cattle. Thought became action, and Mrs. Mount Pleasant's option was dropped.

Her successor was a man of fifty-odd named Jacques. He was tall, lean, Cruikshankian, with a drawn-out wisp of beard, like a scallion. When he arrived, I sketched myself tersely as a man fond of food, asking him to bear in mind red meats, fowl, and sea food. He did. But over the first pullet laid before me there hovered olfactory rumors of another specialization; early in life Jacques had been made aware of the elevation in status wrought by wine on the humblest viands. The intimations were confirmed by the fumes of his next contrivance, a beef stew, and in the fish casserole that followed, on the third day. I adjured my wife to tell him "When!"

"Wait," she said. "Don't let's risk putting him out of sorts before Saturday. We're giving that dinner party then, remember? I'm anxious to see what he can do for a party."

What he did for the party was, of course, his damnedest. As early as the hors d'oeuvres, there was wafted to me the sense of something I probably shouldn't eat on an empty stomach. The soup was a bisque through whose vapors there writhed an exquisite obbligato of sherry. As the cups were being removed, I caught a murmur from the kitchen to the effect that the civet wasn't quite ready. I had braced myself to the prospect of sharing a cat with my guests when the arrival of the entrée revealed civet to be a type of stew—in this case, lobster, abetted by claret and cognac. By dessert, we were jabbering. Two women my wife and I had feared would be uncongenial hit it off famously. A retired major, reminiscently swirling his demitasse, confessed to a divertissement he'd once had with a little Senegalese waitress while on leave in Dakar. Later, in the living room, highballs came and the night waxed. People disappeared in pairs into the garden. Conviviality spread, till at last there was the clap of an irate husband's palm on the cheek of a young publisher grown too liberal with his advances.

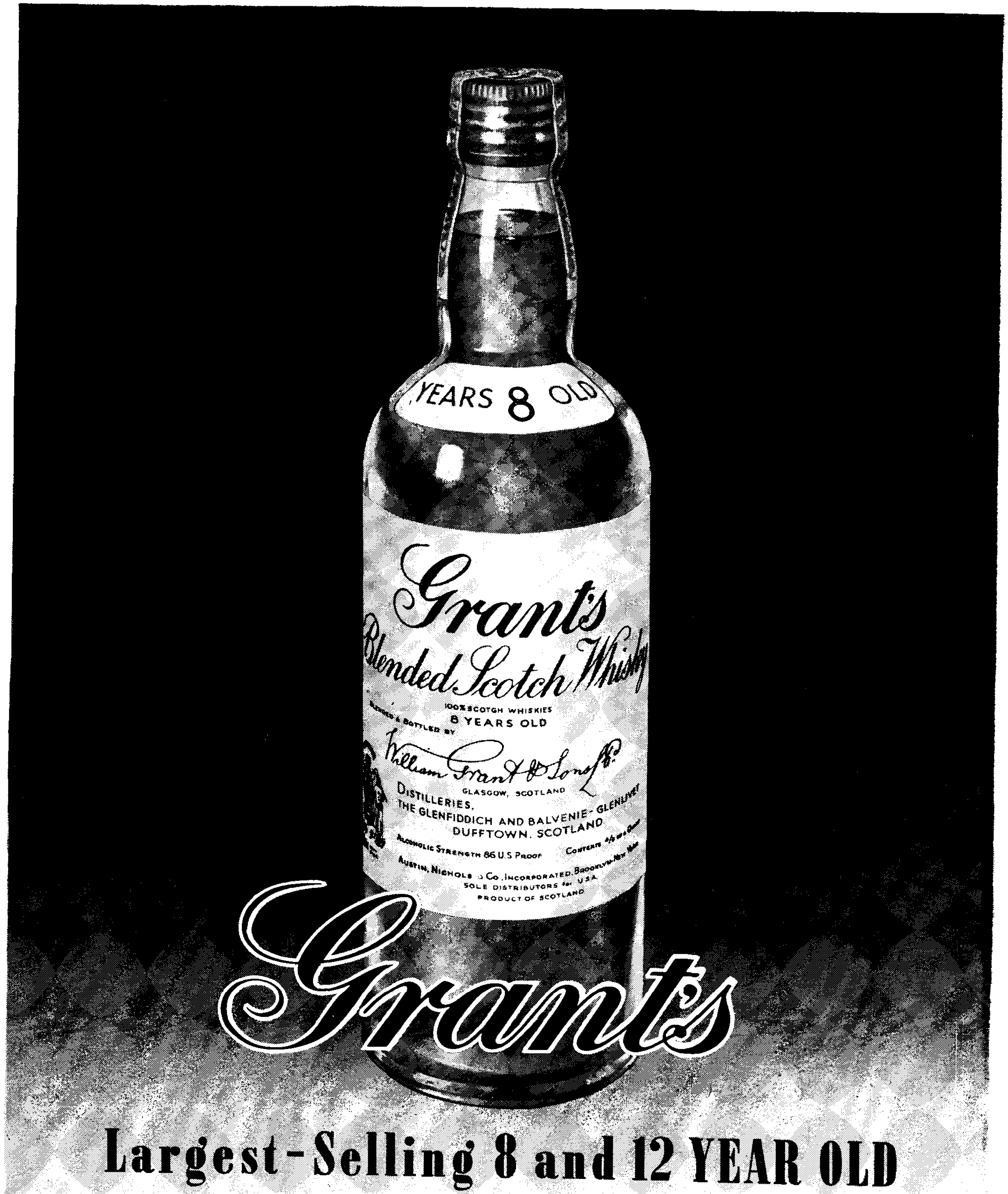
By afternoon of the next day, our Saturday-night guests had begun phoning to tell my wife what a wonderful party it had been, while I lay full-length on the bed, turbaned in a wet huck towel. As the putrid dusk came on, I decided that what remained of my indisposition might well be plain weakness from hunger, so I drew on trousers and a sweatshirt and descended to the kitchen. Jacques was there, baptizing a cloven squab.

"What do you do about scraps?" I asked, laying a queasy hand on the handle of the refrigerator door.

He shrugged philosophically. "Nothing. I suppose you're referring to the scene out there on the terrace between Mr. Shenstone and the man who got a speck too friendly with his wife? Those things are bound to happen at parties is my experience, and it's also my experience that everybody involved soon forgets all about it. How was the dinner?"

"I've got a hangover," I said.

Jacques stepped over to me. "Philip the Fifth of Spain concocted a little something for the morning after that I ran across in a cookbook," he said


YEARS 8 OLD
Grant's
Blended Scotch Whisky
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
8 YEARS OLD
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
William Grant & Sons Ld
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND
DISTILLERIES,
THE GLENFIDDICH AND BALVENIE-GLENLIVET
DUFFTOWN, SCOTLAND
ALCOHOLIC STRENGTH 86 U.S. PROOF
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO. INCORPORATED, BROOKLYN-NEW YORK
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS for U.S.A.
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
Grant's

Largest-Selling 8 and 12 YEAR OLD Scotch Whiskies in America

Wm. Grant and Sons are the exclusive proprietors of the Glenfiddich and Balvenie-Glenlivet Distilleries, famous throughout Scotland for the excellence of their whiskies. Every drop in every bottle of Grant's Scotch whisky is *at least* 8 or 12 years old. 86 Proof.

SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS **Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc.** BROOKLYN—NEW YORK

HIGHLY EFFECTIVE RAYON TISSUE FAILLE DRESS THAT POINTS TO A SUCCESSFUL SOCIAL SEASON. WONDERFUL BACKDROP FOR FURS, JEWELS. BLACK, TAUPE, RICH NEW RED. SIZES 10-18. **35.00**

Jane engel

suavely, opening the icebox door himself. "A light mixture of bouillon, milk, and wine, the yolks of two eggs, slightly sweetened and spiced with—"

I was already halfway back to bed.

MY wife and the children left soon afterward to visit relatives in the West for a month. I suggested that I would be perfectly happy shifting for myself, but she insisted we keep Jacques at least until her return. "Leave everything to me," he said and, meal after meal, pursued his monomaniacal way. One night, I had it out with him. "I can appreciate spirits in cooking just as well as the next person," I said, by way of concluding my stated grievance, "but I'm not a lush."

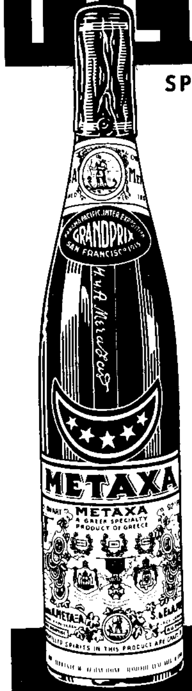
"Yes, sir," he said. The next night he came up with a pulsing potpie, white meat of chicken memorably orchestrated with Moselle. Maybe he couldn't *help* it, I decided; maybe some physician had forbidden him to drink a drop and this was a vicarious form of hitting the bottle. Finally, I decided to go at it obliquely, cunningly—to make a game of wits out of it. I flogged my brain trying to think of some dish he *couldn't* serve any way but straight. After some days' mulling, I thought I had him. I entered the kitchen rubbing my hands on a crisp Saturday morning.

"*Knackwurst*," I said. "Tonight, Jacques, I think I'd like a *Knackwurst*. Haven't had one for a long time. I'd like it boiled, whole." I snickered to myself, visualizing this sturdy sausage, single, inviolate within its tough integument. Of course, there was one conceivable loophole, but I closed that off in a way that put him neatly on his culinary honor. "Oh, and mind," I said, "I don't hold with a ruptured wurst."

I couldn't wait till dinnertime. At last the hour came and I sat down at the table. He brought me my *Knackwurst*, and then—one whiff and I knew the marbles were his. How he got the stuff in there I'll never know—maybe with a hypodermic needle. The next day I really girded myself, once and for all. I tossed down three stiff slugs of bourbon, strode into the kitchen, fired him, and ran.

I TOOK my meals out thereafter, most of them quick sandwiches in a nearby highway restaurant, which I will call Hamburger Hell. Then my wife came home, and she cooked for a while. Then we went halves again with the friends down the road, who by this

METAXA



SPECIALTY LIQUEUR

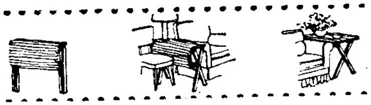
IMPORTED FROM GREECE

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD

92 PROOF

SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS
Austin Nichols & Co. Inc.
BROOKLYN—NEW YORK

roll-topper
by allan gould
$12.95 ppd.
2 for $25



New! Indispensable snack, coffee or end table of satiny light solid cherry. Handsome, sturdy, lightweight. Adjusts to 6 widths, folds compactly away. 20" high. Top is 20" long, narrows from 14" to 6" in width. An exclusive design. Send check or money order.

SANDY HOOK, CONN. **design exclusives**

Learn POPULAR Piano
TAKE a lesson TODAY
PLAY a song TONIGHT
NO PREVIOUS TRAINING NECESSARY
Short INTERESTING Course for Adult Beginners
PRIVATE INSTRUCTION • DAILY 1-8 P.M.
Bernard Spencer, M. A.
STEINWAY HALL, 113 W. 57th St. CO 5-1418

Make Your Next Luncheon Date At—
TONY'S WIFE
LUNCHEON COCKTAILS DINNER
150 East 55th Street Tel. EL 5-4506

time were employing a widow named Mrs. Korvic. She was a muscular but highly sensitive woman of Ukrainian extraction. The first meal was lunch—blintzes with sour cream. "Ah!" I said, falling to. But when, the next day, came lamb stew with sour cream, and soon thereafter strawberries with sour cream for dessert, my ear detected the rumble of another *idée fixe*. (Calling it a tradition doesn't help.) Sour cream was folded into beef ragouts; it lay intact upon the crests of soups. Only Mrs. Korvic's sudden departure to help out in the home of a daughter recently back from the hospital with twins averted snow blindness in our family.

Deliverance came—abruptly, if expectedly—with the arrival of my mother-in-law under the same conditions that sent Mrs. Korvic to her daughter's—except that my wife returned from Medical Center with only one. There is, at present, always the nocturnal horror of the 2 A.M. bottle, but the gains are immeasurable: dumplings and chuck roasts from a grandmother whose hand has never lost its skill; fried chicken, leg of lamb, and brown potatoes; buckeye pudding, Toll House cookies, and apple pie with cheese. I'm even back to the point where every now and then I can take a glass of wine with my meals. —PETER DE VRIES

•

You will keep men intrigued, which is a nice kind of puzzlement, if you bring humor to everyday living, if you can shrug off the irritations of daily life with a wisecrack or laugh. If you have not been doing this in the past, it will carry an even greater wallop when you begin.

Suppose during one day one child broke out with measles, the other had to have nine stitches taken in his wrist because his arm went through a French door when he fell while sliding down the banister, the cook left, and the car broke down, and you met Papa at the door, told him what happened and then said, "Oh, well, that's life for you. So long as nothing really serious has happened I don't care! Just drift, dear." He would probably think you had gone nuts but I'll bet he would like it! —*Hempstead* (*L. I.*) *Newsday*.

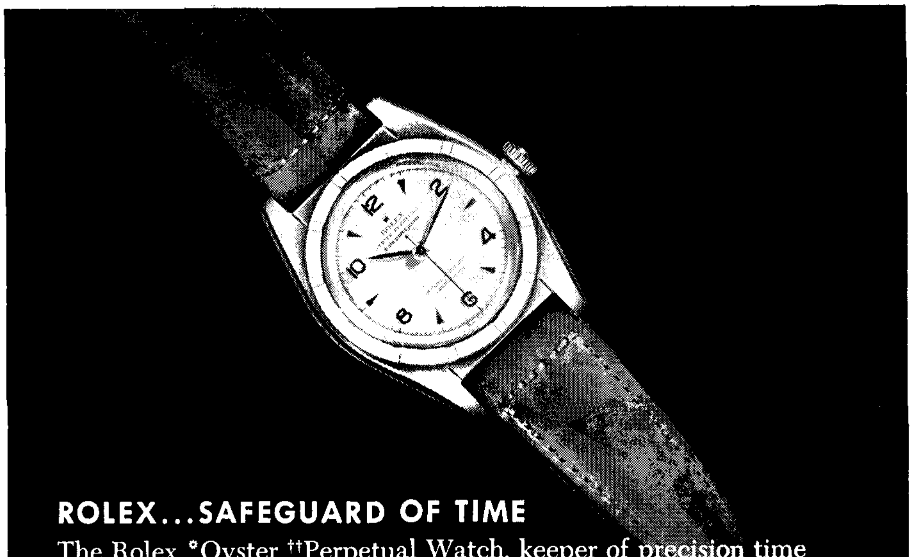
By the way, has he ever had the measles?

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Washington Star*]

MOUNT VERNON, ILL.—Four times in three years Justice Oscar Yandell has officiated at a marriage of a member of the William Sharp family. After reading the ceremony for the latest couple, Loren Ellis and Opal Sharp, he turned to the bride's mother.



ROLEX...SAFEGUARD OF TIME
The Rolex *Oyster ††Perpetual Watch, keeper of precision time
in Steel and 14K Gold with Leather Strap...**$172.50**
Rolex Watches not shown: All Steel, Rolex Oyster...**$71.50**
Steel and 14K Gold, Rolex Oyster...**$122.50**
14K Gold, Rolex Oyster and Perpetual...**$255.**
Federal Tax Included • Shown Actual Size
**Oyster—Rolex term for Water-resistant*
††Perpetual—Rolex term for Automatic Winding
BLACK, STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.
EAST ORANGE MANHASSET WHITE PLAINS

Lucius Beebe, distinguished columnist and arbiter of good taste, is a member of the Aqua Velva After-Shave Club.

Join Lucius Beebe

IN ONE OF THE WORLD'S FOREMOST CLUBS

Williams
Aqua Velva
for
AFTER SHAVING

Your disposition will brighten when you join the Aqua Velva After-Shave Club. Aqua Velva is a bright exclamation point at the end of your shave. It refreshes the face, gives you a healthier look, raises the spirits with its clean, fresh scent. It's good before and after electric shaving, too.

A FEW OF THE MEMBERS
Norman Rockwell John Erskine Lauritz Melchior
Albert Spalding James Thurber Sir Cedric Hardwicke

After SMOKING, DRINKING, EATING,

RESTORE PLEASANT BREATH
ANYTIME, ANYWHERE,
with
Breath-o-lator

New scientific mouth inhaler completely neutralizes breath. Contains cooling, refreshing Neutragen. Each refill lasts about two weeks. Nothing like it anywhere. Guaranteed safe, effective, or money refunded.

Breath-o-lator

Only $1.00
complete with 2 Neutragen wafers
Neutragen refills 3 for 25¢
(No Fed. Tax)

Buy Breath-o-lator today
At better drug and dept. stores
Sigma Products Corp.
New York City

Project of Bing Crosby's Research Foundation

COME TO
Williamsburg
VIRGINIA
FOR A FALL VISIT...

TURN BACK the clock and discover what life was like in colonial days. See the magnificent Capitol . . . the stately Governor's Palace . . . Raleigh Tavern and other historic buildings. In restored Williamsburg you will find rest and recreation during beautiful Indian Summer. Fine lodgings in modern hotels, colonial guest houses and taverns.

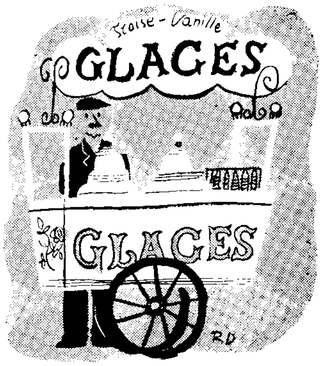
WILLIAMSBURG LODGE
Single from $3.50
Double from $5
WILLIAMSBURG INN
Single from $7
Double from $10

For information: write direct, see travel agent or Williamsburg Reservation Office, 630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. Tel. Circle 6-8896

LETTER FROM PARIS

OCTOBER 23

PARIS has too many automobiles for comfort and is about to have many too many more. During the last fortnight, the Municipal Council's Police Committee announced that there are *now* twice as many cars in town as there were in 1945, that they are producing the worst traffic bottlenecks in this ancient city's vehicular history, and that two-thirds of the injuries in the Paris Police Department are suffered by the unfortunate traffic squad; and the thirty-sixth annual Salon de l'Automobile opened at the Grand Palais to sell more automobiles. To today's younger generation of motorists in America, it would undoubtedly seem quaint that in the early years of the century automobiles were mostly foreign contraptions, and mostly made in France, which was then the world's largest producer. Since the end of this last war, French automobile factories, starting again from scratch, have lacked the metals and the electric current that would enable them to run full tilt. The Renault company, one of the biggest in the country, was nationalized, as punishment for collaboration with the Nazis, which put it in a unique position and made the motor industry as a whole lopsided. And production has been further unbalanced by violent strikes, the auto industry's *métallos* being among the most hotheaded workers in France. The Monnet Plan optimistically set France's 1949 output quota at a hundred and fifty thousand cars, and not only has she almost filled it but at the auto show all the cars on display actually had engines under their hoods. Last year, the sensational two-horsepower Citroën sedan had nothing under its hood but advertising matter.



This year's two-horsepower Citroën has made a great impression. Its two horsepower is only what the French call its "fiscal power," its real strength being nine horsepower, a discrepancy that has to do with the purchase tax, assuming that all the cars won't be exported and that the French will be allowed to purchase. For both the delivery date and the price (228,000 francs, or $650) are still rumors, not facts. The construction of the Citroën two-h.p. is exceedingly light. Its gray body is made largely of tôle, a metal used in the eighteenth century for the best French tea trays. Its seats are like naked old-fashioned bedsprings with thick gray covers laid on like blankets. To get at the luggage or the spare tire, both of which are to be stored behind the back seat, one must roll down the entire rear of the body, which is made of canvas and has a zipper. The car looks, in general, like the car of the average Frenchman's dreams—it is supposed to do eighty kilometres an hour and travel a hundred kilometres on a gallon of gasoline. If the two-horsepower Citroën is produced in large enough numbers, if the price stays low, if its motor is faithful, if it fulfills speed and gas-consumption promises, and if it is not so thistledown-light that it will soar off the roadbed, it may enter the bosom of the French family as did our own dear, dead Model T Ford.

SIXTY-FOUR canvases by Picasso, painted during the last two years, have recently been on view at the Maison de la Pensée Française. Since a dozen of these pictures, in his latest distorted manner, are almost recognizable as portraits of children, a list of his offspring, as reported by *Les Lettres Françaises*, is tacked on the gallery wall for the art-lover's information. According to this, his eldest son, who was the model for the lovely harlequin-boy portraits in the early nineteen-twenties, is now thirty and is not represented in this show. Nor is an eleven-year-old daughter. However, his new little son, Claude, and his baby daughter, Paloma, both by his handsome mistress, repeatedly figure in it, as does their mother. A portrait of Paloma, "Infant in Her Perambulator," with the pram wheels and the babe's eyes and nose going off in unexpected directions, might well frighten any child beyond the pram stage into fits. There are two equestrian studies of Claude, both called "Child on a Rocking Horse." Three portraits of the children's mother show a new, more benevolent family style—a normal full-face likeness of a pretty and blond woman, overlaid by a kind of green curtain of traditional Cubist lines. There are also a few magnificently astringent still-lifes, one of which is the hit of the show. Its subject matter sounds absurd but looks both rational and poetic—a stuffed owl perched by a study table and clutching a long spear. In these still-lifes, the genius of Picasso's composition and line serves once more as the signature of the modern master.

At the city's Musée d'Art Moderne there is a retrospective exposition of ninety paintings and drawings by Fernand Léger, done since 1905. It covers all his periods, from cubes through mechanics, tubes, architecturals, dynamics, objects in space, and the American epoch. His latest is husky ladies wearing tights and riding bicycles. The major opus in this new vein is called "Leisure."

THIS is conspicuously the ballet season on both sides of the Atlantic. Balletomanes here were cheered by New York's acclaim of their Ballets de Paris troupe's "Carmen." Part of its popularity here was the result of literary censorship. The pious Academician François Mauriac berated it editorially in *Le Figaro* as a sensual defamation of Mérimée's classic love story, just as Bizet was taken to task for supposedly vulgarizing the story with his music for the opera. The Théâtre de Chaillot is housing the Ballet de Monte Carlo, which has been under the aegis of the wealthy Marquis de Cuevas since its former director, René Blum, brother of the ex-Premier, perished in a concentration camp after being deported by the Germans. The Monte Carlo stars, such as Toumanova, Hightower, Tallchief, and Eglevsky, supplemented here by such visitors as Markova, Dolin, Massine, and Lichine, are a formidable technical galaxy. They are superior to most of the new ballets they dance in, and particularly to "Le Moulin Enchanté," which has a dreary bucolic set by Benois, Diaghilev's old scenic designer. "Don Quichotte," however, with Toumanova as an overelegant Dulcinea, is exquisite, if nothing like the Cervantes original. Toumanova has also just danced a delightful Giselle and injured one toe. The usual ballet accidents, quarrels, and confusions have been very rife.

THE big literary surprise of the moment is André Gide's début on the radio, in a national hookup. His series of programs, which recently began and is scheduled for three nights a week, consists of transcribed, unrehearsed dialogues with Jean Amrouche, an Algerian writer and radio personality. It is complimentary to Gide to say that his baritone radio voice sounds nothing like him; it sounds neither his age nor pedan-

The Connoisseur's Liqueur Cognac
J.&F.MARTELL
MARTELL
FINE LIQUEUR COGNAC BRANDY
J. & F. Martell
CORDON BLEU
4/5 QUART
80 PROOF
COGNAC - FRANCE
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORPORATION
NEW-YORK, N. Y.
SOLE AGENTS FOR U. S. A.

Martell

CORDON BLEU

Throughout the world, Martell CORDON BLEU is the choice of those who want a rare and supremely fine after-dinner *liqueur* Cognac Brandy. Whenever the occasion calls for special emphasis, serve Martell CORDON BLEU . . . *proudly.*

SINCE 1715

Imported from Cognac, France

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK N. Y. • 80 PROOF

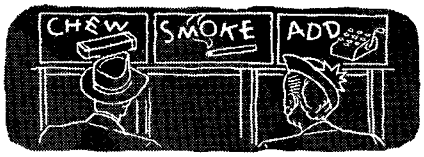
You may be a TOTAL LOSS to us!

Fellow asked us why we advertise in this magazine to sell advertising space in Nation's Business. Wasteful, he says.

He's right. The Westport housewife who dotes onThe New Yorker, the Cornell co-ed who loves Time, and the Boise bottler who reads Nation's Business may never buy a line of advertising in Nation's Business.

We're not advertising to them, although we use the magazines they read.

We believe these magazines reach a lot of possible buyers of advertising space and so we don't worry about waste.



Every advertising medium has waste.

Not every subway rider chews gum; not every radio listener buys cigarets; not every Nation's Business reader needs an adding machine, yet William Wrigley, the American Tobacco and Burroughs use car cards, radio time and Nation's Business pages with profit.

Publishers know they have waste and adjust rates accordingly.

To reach one Nation's Business reader with one page of advertising costs 45/100 of a cent. Time, with more waste, costs 35/100 of a cent. The New Yorker, with less circulation, and, presumably, less waste, costs 61/100 of a cent.

And well worth it, all of them.

Fact is, an NB advertiser who looked through a stack of subscriber cards, said if he found one in 200 that might be worth a dollar to his sales department, he wouldn't worry about the other 199.

Didn't say what he found, but he's still using pages in Nation's Business.

Right now, Nation's Business is being read by 661,294 business men, nearly twice as many as read any other business magazine.

NATION'S BUSINESS . . . Washington, New York, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland. San Francisco and Los Angeles

Nation's BUSINESS

tic. The literate listener's interest in Gide lies in hearing him discuss, out loud and before the nation, what he has heretofore confided to his "Journal"—his miseries as a dissatisfied genius, his worries about what others think, his despair as a form of truth, his struggles with his conscience and his style. The talks are limited to his literary activities between his youthful "Les Cahiers d'André Walter," published in 1891 (which he says was written badly), and his "Thésée," published four years ago. On the air, he deplores the fact that Paul Valéry never thought him important, the fact that in one broadcast his verses were recited so poorly by Amrouche that he later recited them himself, only to realize that he was no better. Of his much-discussed, ambivalent "Corydon," his microphone report is that his family begged him not to publish it but that "I thought I was chosen by God to write it." To some impassioned Gide devotees, he has been a disappointment, since he sounds hesitant. On the air, as in his books, his is the worried, sincere voice of conscience, this time listened to by millions.

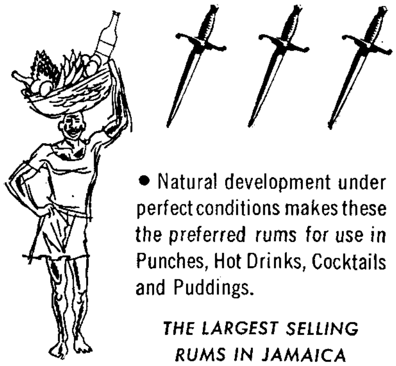
FOR nine months, the Communist paper *L'Humanité* has been fulminating against Judge Medina and what it calls "the trial of the twelve"—a dozen American Communists obviously having more propaganda value than the eleven who were actually tried. *L'Humanité* headlined the recent verdict as "Dollar 'Justice,'" compared Medina to Göring, and placed the accused Communists in the tradition of Washington and Lincoln, who "also had recourse to violence to found the republic, then to free it from the shame of slavery." The status of the American Negro being one of French Communism's favorite anti-Yankee gambits, *L'Humanité's* story of the verdict neglected to mention the Negro jurors and the Negro foreman, stating instead that the accused Communist Benjamin Davis had been refused the privilege of defending himself in court "because he was a black." Ironically, its editorial on the American Communists, "shamefully accused of conspiring to overthrow the Wall Street government," was printed next to a column rejoicing over the fact that Rajk "and his accomplices, those three American and Titoist spies, were hanged for their plot to overthrow the democratic government in Hungary."

FRANCE has been like her old self again; that is, without a government for more than two weeks and torn by

JAMAICA'S MOST FAMOUS RUMS

THREE DAGGER
10 YEARS OLD
Light—Full-Bodied—Mellow

DAGGER PUNCH BRAND
Dark—Rich—Pungent



● Natural development under perfect conditions makes these the preferred rums for use in Punches, Hot Drinks, Cocktails and Puddings.

THE LARGEST SELLING RUMS IN JAMAICA
97 PROOF

Made by J. Wray & Nephew, Ltd., Jamaica—oldest and largest rum house in the British West Indies
Schieffelin & Co., 30 Cooper Square, New York 3, N.Y.
Importers since 1794

IN NEW YORK
enjoy this exclusive
"On-the-Park" location
at these attractive rates
from $5.50 single
from $7.50 for 2 persons
Famed Continental Cuisine
Write for Booklet "E"
ST. MORITZ
ON-THE-PARK
New York's Only Truly Continental Hotel
Charles G. Taylor, President

KELLOGG
GIFT SELECTIONS
from the Whole Wide World
Ireland, Cape Cod, China, Switzerland, Hollywood, Scotland, the Caribbean, etc.
The NEW Catalogue of Kellogg Selections is full of surprising "Finds," all pictured and described for you. All moderately priced—your satisfaction guaranteed. Write NOW for your FREE copy.
ROBERT W. KELLOGG CO.
61 Hillman St. Springfield, Mass.

traditional KNOTT HOTEL hospitality
They all speak well of it . . .
The DE WITT CLINTON in Albany, N.Y.
PARKING LOT AND GARAGE ADJACENT
John J. Hyland Manager

an angry, noisy, doctrinary, disputatious crisis in Parliament. The Socialists provoked it by insisting on higher wages for a small section of underprivileged workers. The Socialists then tried to calm things by proffering as Premier their own unpopular Minister of the Interior, Jules Moch, who was bound to be offensive to the Left, because last autumn he loosed the Army on France's striking miners—an act the proletariat still recalls as unforgivable. Probably the Socialist Party has stretched itself too far, it being now like a rainbow, with red radical members on one end and true-blue nationalists on the other. The third party in size for more than a year, it has been first in its parliamentary job, which is to serve as a willing minority that, when added to a minority even smaller, like former Premier Henri Queuille's Radical-Socialist Party, tots up (with a little extra help) to a working majority by which France can be governed. Georges Bidault's Popular Republican Party (M.R.P.), second in size, has been unable to get minority help, because it is considered too pro-Church. The Communists, who are the leading party, have also been unable to get minority aid, for reasons too many to enumerate. France has therefore been governed by minorities, elected by a minority of her citizens. Those who lost the elections have been running the country. When this anomaly blows up, as it just has, it takes time for it to be put together again. —GENÊT

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT
(RETURN OF CONFIDENCE DIVISION)

[*A directive distributed in the R.K.O. offices*]

To: ALL RKO SECRETARIES
From: John A. Farmer

The new slogan of our industry is—

HOLLYWOOD'S CLICKING!

As Chairman of the motion picture industry's conference committee, which has suggested to all companies and exhibitors that they use this slogan wherever possible, Mr. Depinet believes it would be helpful if it were to be placed at the close of all RKO letters.

There are several ways in which this slogan could be used. Please discuss this with your superior who should decide.

HOLLYWOOD'S CLICKING!

might be the last sentence, or the last paragraph of the letter.

HOLLYWOOD'S CLICKING!

might be used instead of "Sincerely yours."

HOLLYWOOD'S CLICKING!

might be written in caps at the bottom of the letter.

It is requested that this slogan in some way be used from now until further notice. Thank you for your cooperation.

JOHN A. FARMER

persian lamb processed by
HAMMER BRAND
...the finest in every price range

You can be sure of quality when you see the famous HAMMER BRAND trademark on the back of a Persian Lamb skin . . . that's the symbol of fine craftsmanship, of processing so expert that every skin is soft, lustrous and beautiful, worthy of the skill of important high fashion designers and furriers.

Coat by Fredrica
Hat from Alfreda

HERMAN BASCH & CO., INC., New York
World's Largest and Oldest Processors of Persian Lamb and Broadtail

From
the
heart of
Paris!...

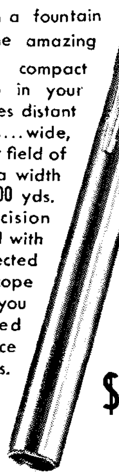
parfums de RENOIR
FUTUR DE RENOIR
PARIS

Futur, Messager, Grande Époque, Gambade... four imported fragrances, created, bottled and sealed in France.
Parfums Renoir,
120 W. 42nd St., New York.

FANTASTIC

POCKET TELESCOPE

No bigger than a fountain pen . . . the amazing PENSCOPE . . compact enough to clip in your pocket. Magnifies distant views by 6 times... wide, sharp and clear field of vision covering a width of 315 ft. at 1000 yds. 6 coated precision lenses, combined with a perfectly corrected terrestrial telescope system giving you the unsurpassed optical excellence of fine binoculars.



315′ FIELD
6 POWER

$10.00 POST PAID
NO TAX

Shown ½ Actual Size
Money Back Guarantee
Send Check or Money Order to:
J. M. SCHMID & SON
SINCE 1857
Dept. C
137 MATHEWSON ST., PROV. 3, R. I.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Chopin, Kell, Fonteyn

THE tangential phenomena that developed here last week out of the hundredth anniversary of Chopin's death were at least marked by commendable enthusiasm. On the exact anniversary, October 17th, no fewer than three famous pianists—Artur Rubinstein, Vladimir Horowitz, and Frank Sheridan—were busy in as many concert halls giving New Yorkers the largest simultaneous dose of polonaises, mazurkas, and nocturnes in local history. Two nights later, the Polish delegation to the United Nations held its own Chopin Centennial Festival, in Carnegie Hall. Afire with the commemorative spirit, the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, in addition to honoring Chopin, decided to commemorate the death of Richard Strauss with a performance of his "Death and Transfiguration." Not content with that, the Philharmonic went on to commemorate the centenary of the death of Johann Strauss with, of all things, the "Blue Danube" waltz. Here there was a slight hitch. The Philharmonic's advance announcements of the waltz had carried the sobering line "In memoriam Johann Strauss, died Sept. 25, 1849." But by the beginning of the week somebody must have called its attention to the fact that it was celebrating the death of the wrong composer—that Johann Strauss, Sr., the Strauss who died in 1849, was not the man who wrote the "Blue Danube" waltz. This might have been embarrassing had not the Philharmonic's able research specialists discovered just in time that the author of the "Blue Danube," Johann Strauss, Jr., had fortunately died exactly fifty years after his father. Happy in the thought that it now had the right composer, plus a genuine anniversary, even though it was merely a fifty-year one, the Philharmonic made suitable changes in its announcements and the "Blue Danube," resolutely conducted by Leopold Stokowski, sounded fully as pretty as if its composer had died in just any old year.

These somewhat confusing memorial efforts were accompanied by the appearance of a number of books about Chopin. One, called "Notes on Chopin" (Philosophical Library), is by André Gide, whose refined intellect has evidently reached the point at which its most trivial emanations are cherished like precious relics. A collection of somewhat absent-minded and crotchety observations that tell more about Gide's prejudices than they do about Chopin's music, it would probably not have seen publication if anybody else had written it. Another, "Frédéric Chopin 1810-1849," edited by Stephen P. Mizwa (Macmillan), is mainly an anthology of encomiums by such dignitaries as Paderewski and Olin Downes, and is embellished with a horrifying cover portrait, "by the distinguished Polish miniature portraitist Zygmunt Sowa," that makes Chopin look like a mentally unstable Barnard girl dressed for Commencement exercises. The tribute offered in Casimir Wierzynski's "The Life and Death of Chopin" (Simon & Schuster) is more impressive. This is a very readable biography, which conveys vividly the atmosphere of nineteenth-century Poland and Paris, and the complex and absorbing character of Chopin. This volume and Mr. Mizwa's both contain numerous quotations from the recently unearthed cache of love letters that Chopin wrote to Delphine Potocka, a beautiful and rather racy Polish lady who was his mistress in Paris in the early eighteen-thirties, long before he met George Sand. These letters show that Chopin, far from resembling a Barnard girl, had his moments of lusty passion and was capable of expressing himself quite gamily about the grosser aspects of love. In fact, many of the Chopin-Potocka letters are too frank for publication, and Mr. Wierzynski and Mr. Mizwa have had to content themselves with printing sedate excerpts.

THE week's most interesting concert was presented at Town Hall on Saturday afternoon by the Chamber Art Society, under the conductorship of Robert Craft. Much of its interest was documentary rather than purely musical, since a large part of the program consisted of seldom performed items. Of these, two were early works of Stravinsky—the Suite No. 1 for Small Orchestra, dating from 1921, and the cantata "Renard," dating from 1917. Both are stale and heavy-handed witticisms of the period when making a concert orchestra sound as much as possible like a Salvation Army band was regarded as the last word in pixy humor. These were followed by an almost unendurably tedious Duo for Violin and Piano by Arthur Berger, who seems to have been monotonously preoccupied with the unrewarding task of putting the rhetoric of César Franck and Gabriel Fauré through an atonal meat grinder borrowed from Arnold Schoenberg.

But the Chamber Art Society's program did contain one great surprise, and that was Mozart's A-Major Clarinet Concerto as performed by the famous British clarinettist Reginald Kell. By its nature, the clarinet is a very fluent and pliant instrument, whose possibilities for lush tone, sensational fadeouts, and rippling scales are easily exploited by hundreds of average musicians. Kell is not an average musician. He uses his clarinet with fastidious reserve, making it the disciplined tool of one of the most truly musical minds I have come across among players of any instrument. His playing of Mozart's exacting phrases was correct without a trace of pedantry, and dashingly vital without a trace of questionable taste. This subtle balance of qualities is something I have long and unsuccessfully been looking for among contemporary violinists, and it takes me, in search of comparisons, back to the aristocratic cello-playing of Pablo Casals.

THE Sadler's Wells Ballet last week added to its repertoire, at the Metropolitan Opera House, "Cinderella," with music by Prokofiev, and "Le Lac des Cygnes," with music by Tchaikovsky, in its first full-length performance in America. "Cinderella" seemed to me to be the victim of a pedestrian score, commonplace choreography, and an ambiguity of mood, which oscillated between fantasy and circus clowning. "Le Lac des Cygnes," however, I can recommend as the most beautiful and most entirely satisfying of the company's productions to date. The four-act version gives Margot Fonteyn an opportunity to play two emotionally contrasting roles that have never before been seen here in juxtaposition, and this she did with all the dramatic force that a fine ballerina can get into the flick of a toe or the graceful crook of an arm. The work of the supporting dancers was nearly flawless, and the adagios of the second act and the "black swan" sequences of the third were as moving as anything done here in ballet in some years. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

I.E.

Id est; viz.,
That is.
—EDWIN WM. KEIL

Notice to all Scotch drinkers

Because of the war, aged Scotch is rare on today's market. We are pleased to announce, therefore, that our supply of fine 8-year-old Scottish Cream whisky has recently been augmented from the distiller's own reserves in Scotland.

COSTS NO MORE!

Every drop of Scottish Cream has lain for
EIGHT YEARS
mellowing & maturing in oaken casks before being bottled

YET YOU PAY NO PREMIUM PRICE FOR ITS EXTRA AGE!

8
Scottish Cream
Blended Scotch Whisky
EIGHT YEARS OLD

Scottish Cream

Eight-Year-Old Blended Scotch Whisky

ON SALE AT BETTER CLUBS AND STORES

IMPORTED BY
AMERICAN WINE COMPANY
IMPORT DIVISION, NEW YORK, LOS ANGELES,
ST. LOUIS • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR U. S. A.,
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF
Copyright 1949, American Wine Company,
Import Division

the Wedgwood Room the Wedgwood Room the Wedgwood Room the Wedgwood Room the Wedgwood Room the Wedgwood Room the Wedgwood Room the Wedgwood Room

STARTING OCTOBER 28

The Wedgwood Room

Dinner-dancing 7:30-9:00 P.M.
Continuous Music for Supper-dancing 9:00 P.M. until closing

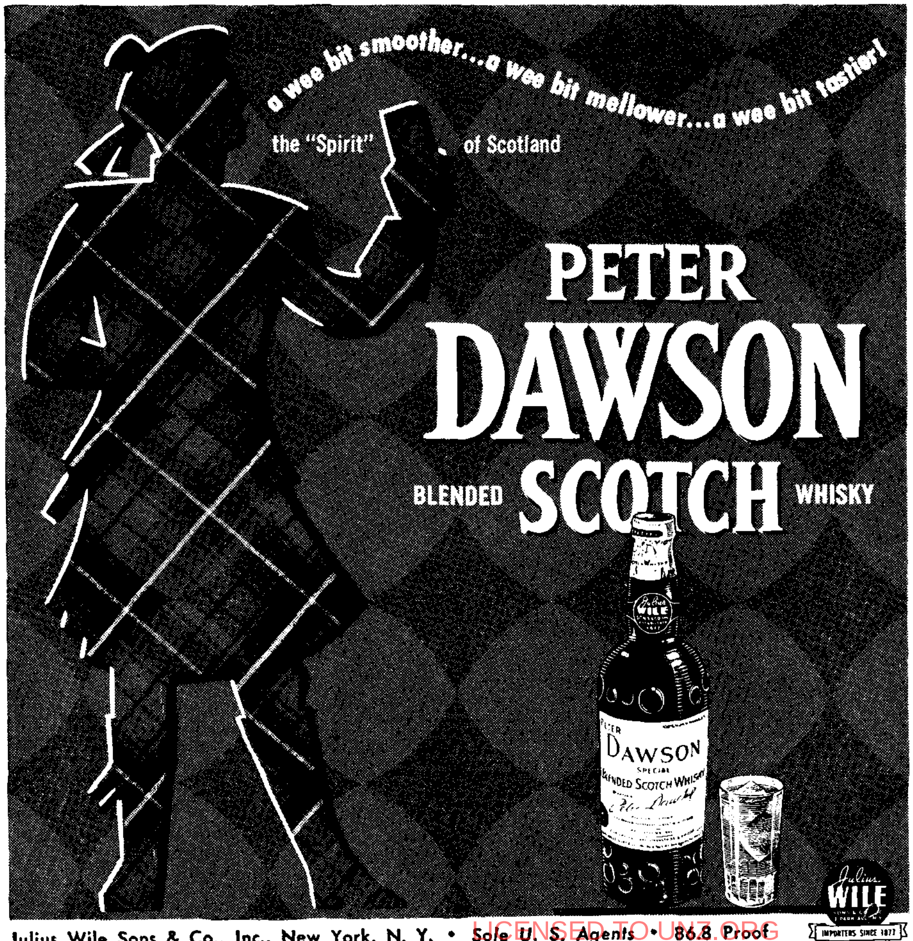
DINNER AND SUPPER
EDDY DUCHIN
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

AT SUPPER
PETER LIND HAYES
AND MARY HEALY

MISCHA BORR
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
alternating at Supper
Cover from 10:30, $2

SUNDAY DINNER-DANCE
(no cover)
Mischa Borr and his Orchestra
Selective Dinners and à la carte

The Waldorf-Astoria
Park Avenue at 50th Street


a wee bit smoother...a wee bit mellower...a wee bit tastier!
the "Spirit" of Scotland
PETER DAWSON
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Peter Dawson Special Blended Scotch Whisky
Julius Wile

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., New York, N. Y. • Sole U. S. Agents • 86.8 Proof
IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

OF ALL THINGS

OUR lawmakers can take a recess without causing the country much suffering. On the other hand, a recess by coal miners and steelworkers can be a very painful affair.

•

The laying of the cornerstone for the United Nations' permanent headquarters has given our citizens renewed faith in the future of that organization. New Yorkers believe that the way to solve problems is to put them in skyscrapers.

•

The *Herald Tribune* reveals a growing sentiment for the installation of electric voting machines in the House of Representatives. The day may come when a congressman sitting at his desk can press a button and vote a billion dollars for the farmers.

•

It is a well-known fact that once a man has lived in Washington, he is never satisfied away from there. Pleasant returns to that city are about to be enjoyed by Mon C. Wallgren, James M. Mead, and Bucky Harris.

•

Political-minded people agree that the senatorial contest in New York is the most important election of the year. The opponents are Herbert Lehman, who, in the big leagues, has won four and lost one, and John Foster Dulles, whose record is 0–0.

•

New York voters, who have to bother their heads about vital problems, can envy the carefree lot of their neighbors across the river. The big issue confronting Jerseyites seems to be Bingo.

•

The Russians are indignant over the trial and conviction of the American Communist leaders. In their enlightened country, subversive characters are never subjected to the torture of a nine-month trial.

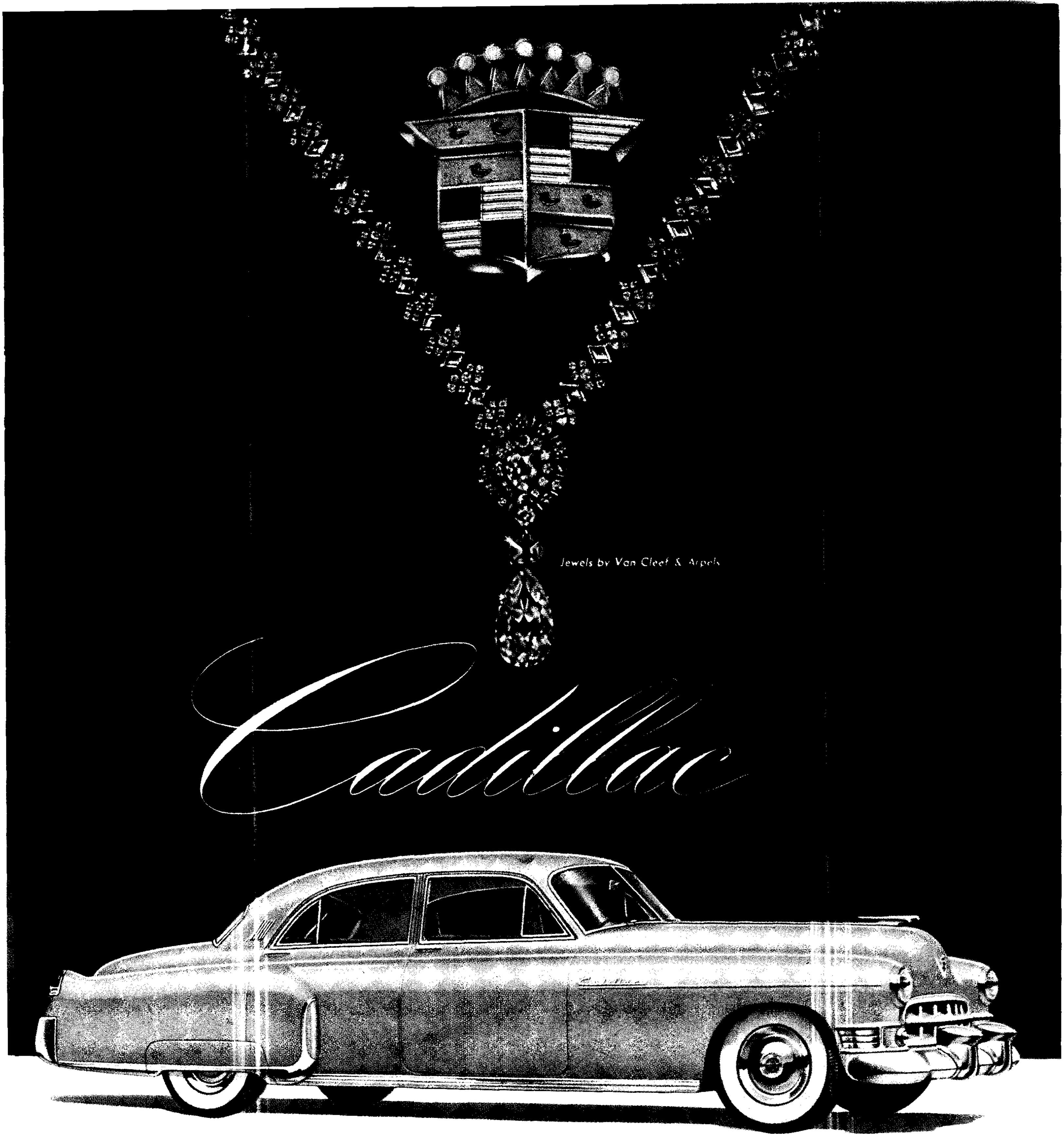
•

In United Nations circles, everybody is talking about the remarkable social success of Marshal Tito. He has lost all the friends he came in with, but he has picked up an entirely new set.

•

Many Americans paused last week to do honor to John Dewey, the eminent philosopher. It is encouraging to know that a man can think hard for ninety years without doing himself any harm.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER


Jewels by Van Cleef & Arpels
Cadillac

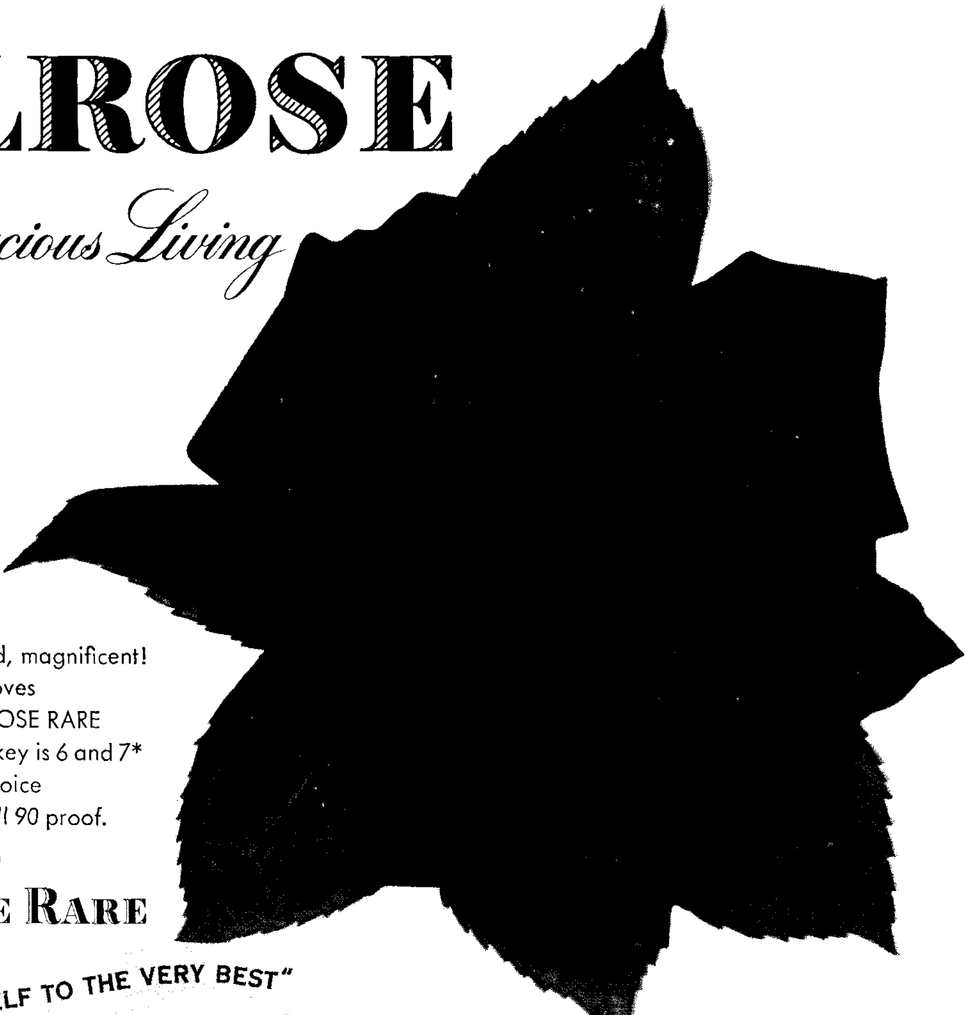
THOSE WHO are accustomed to choosing their possessions for rare beauty and luxurious quality, have long since made Cadillac their overwhelming choice as a personal motor car. Likewise, there is no challenge to Cadillac for its popularity among those who seek the ultimate in performance. But the beautiful 1949 Cadillacs are spotlighting a Cadillac attribute which has not been so widely recognized in the past—that of true, long-range economy. It is becoming increasingly apparent that the satisfaction of owning and driving a Cadillac costs no more—over the years—than the ownership of many cars that offer far, far less. It costs no more for gasoline; it costs no more for upkeep; and it costs no more for depreciation, when measured over its whole long life. If you have not studied the story of Cadillac for 1949—you should do so soon. It will give you a new appreciation of what an automobile can bring to you.

★ CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION ★ GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION ★

The Perfect Rose to Remember...

MELROSE

Symbol of Gracious Living



MELROSE RARE: Mellow, mild, magnificent! Perfect smoothness proves perfect quality—for in MELROSE RARE *alone* every drop of whiskey is 6 and 7* years old . . . blended with choice grain neutral spirits. Full 90 proof.

No drink can compare with

MELROSE RARE

"TREAT YOURSELF TO THE VERY BEST"

MELROSE
Ninety 90 Proof
Melrose and Company, Inc.
EST'D. 1885
MELROSE
RARE
Blended Whiskey
MELROSE EXPORT
MELROSE
MELROSE

MELROSE EXPORT

EXclusive but not EXpensive.

The unusual dimple decanter bottle is your guide to superb value. The quality *in* the bottle is your guide to whiskey enjoyment! For superb flavor and bouquet, **EXperts call for EXport!**

Melrose and Company, Inc., Cedarhurst, Md.
Successors to Records and Goldsborough • Established 1885

*MELROSE RARE BLENDED WHISKEY. 90 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 6 years or more old. 40% straight whiskey, 60% grain neutral spirits. 15% straight whiskey 6 years old, 25% straight whiskey 7 years old. MELROSE EXPORT BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 Proof. 35% straight whiskey, 65% grain neutral spirits. Melrose and Company, Inc., Cedarhurst, Maryland.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

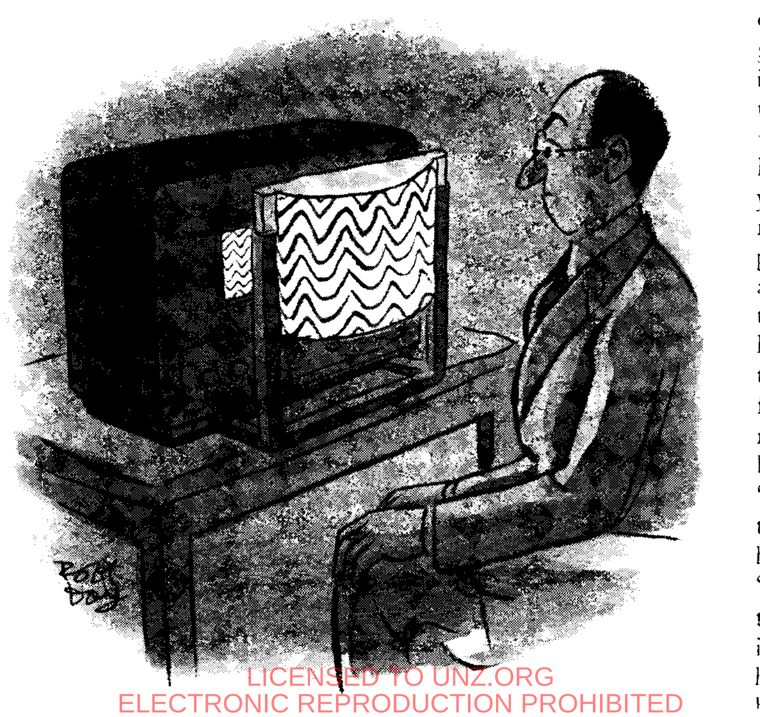
LINE AND TREE

SOME time ago, I went to a coon-dog field trial in rural Connecticut as the guest of Mike Izzo, a neighborhood grocer in New Haven who owns a notable dog named Indiana Trigger. Mr. Izzo's dog has a statewide fame among coon-dog-trial fans, and last year won about five hundred dollars in prizes for his owner, which is a lot, considering the size of the purses run for in Connecticut. (The biggest and richest coon-dog trials are held in the Midwest.) *Procyon lotor*, the raccoon, is an omnivorous, courageous, and highly adaptable arboreal mammal found in every part of the North American continent, from Alaska to Mexico (a man trapped one in Brooklyn last spring), but the fact that he is almost completely nocturnal curtails his role in coon-dog trials, which are held by day, so that people can watch them. Coonhunting is at least as old as the rifle (about two hundred years), but field trials, which are a combination of a drag hunt and a race, have been in favor only since around 1925. Their increasing popularity has brought about a bifurcation in the coon-dog business, much like the one that occurred, by slow stages, in the barber-surgeon's trade in the late Middle Ages, when practitioners who lacked fluency in conversation or a light hand at shaving turned to what seemed a less exacting specialty. "Night dogs," those used in the darkling pursuit of the wild raccoon, are often not much good at field trials. Many of the best field-trial dogs have never been hunted in the woods at night, and never will be, because they might there develop habits of ponderation that would unfit them for their purpose, which is the rapid pursuit of the obvious.

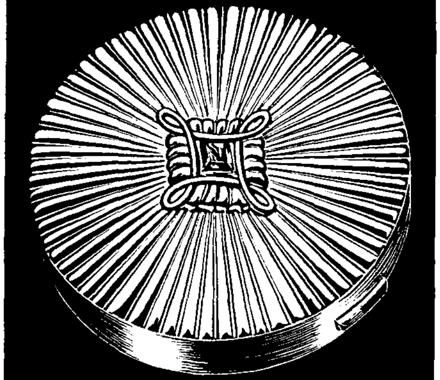
In a coon-dog trial, a sack filled with litter from a captive raccoon's kennel is dragged over a cross-country course a couple of miles long, ending at a tree in the upper branches of which a live raccoon in a cage has been placed. The dogs are usually let loose ten at a time at the starting line. A hundred and fifty feet from the tree with the raccoon in it, the course passes between a pair of flags, customarily nothing more than white rags tied to saplings, seventy-five feet apart. The first dog to pass between the flags is said to win "line," and the next dog "second line." Dogs that run outside the flags are disqualified. The first dog to spot the raccoon up the tree and bark at him as if he means it wins "tree." There are generally about a dozen qualifying heats in trials of the size that are run in Connecticut, and after the last one the winners compete in a tree final, a line final, and a second-line final. The finals are run on other courses than the heats, so the dogs won't be aided by memory. The bag of litter is hauled over the track after each heat, so the scent will not go cold. Consequently, night-dog men say, a dog doesn't need much of a nose to follow it. In a real night hunt, a dog must sometimes follow a trail several hours old. On the other hand, a trial dog needs a lot more speed than a straight cooner. The publics for the two forms of the sport are separate but overlap. A man putting a dog in a trial pays an entry fee, usually three dollars, and all the prizes come out of the pooled fees. When a hundred dogs are entered, the finals for line and tree are worth about fifty dollars apiece.

ALTHOUGH an urban, nonarboreal mammal myself, I got so interested in field trials after attending several last fall that I subscribed to a remarkable monthly called *Full Cry*, published in Sedalia, Missouri, which carries a schedule of trials as long as the list of books in the Fall Announcement number of *Publishers' Weekly*. It was from *Full Cry* that I learned about the field trial I attended with Mr. Izzo, at Southington, about twenty miles from New Haven. Mr. Izzo's acquaintance I made a year ago, at a trial near Baltic, a mill town not far from Norwich. (One of the minor advantages of following coon-dog trials is that you get to know geography in detail.) I arrived at Mr. Izzo's house, in New Haven, at five minutes to ten on a Sunday morning, and found him already in an aged two-door sedan, with three dogs loaded in a low trailer hitched on behind. Mr. Izzo is a stocky, sallow man in his late forties, who has a heavy, Roman-legionary jaw and wears steel-rimmed spectacles. The other human members of our party were Mrs. Izzo, a tiny, lively woman wearing slacks and high-heeled shoes; a coon-dog fancier named Jack Galligan, who works for the New Haven Bridge Department; and a twelve-year-old boy whom Izzo introduced as Mrs. Izzo's nephew, Junior Matrianno. Mr. Galligan, who looks like a ruddier, jowlier version of Al Smith, is one of those Irishmen who go in for mock solemnity, mock ferocity, and slow, reassuring winks. He has been a coon-dog man for nearly forty years, but he finds cooning at night a bit too rough for him now, and so sticks to trials. Last year, when I first met him, he had no trial dog, but he now informed me that he had acquired one, and that it was in the trailer with Indiana Trigger and another belonging to Izzo.

After we had all fitted ourselves into the car, we started out, the three dogs barking as if the sedan were a coon and they had hopes of catching it. "Trigger and Jiggs start barking as soon as they see the trailer," said Izzo, who was driving. Jiggs is his second-string dog, a youngster he got for nothing out of a dog pound a year and a half ago. (There is no such thing as a pure coonhound breed; any dog that will hunt coon or follow a trail with acumen and enthusiasm can be called a coonhound.) "My dog is the one with the beautiful voice on him," Galligan said. "He's a registered bluetick, but the man down in Tennessee that sold him to the fellow I bought



The Magnificent NEW EVANS POWDER BOXES



THE SOLITAIRE
$5 Plus Tax

Prized and Proudly Used by Fastidious Women Everywhere

FLUTED DESIGN WITH BEAUTIFUL FACETED STONE IN CAPTIVE SETTING. INSIDE — EVANS EXCLUSIVE LEAKPROOF SIFTER, DOUBLE VELOUR PUFF, CLEAR GLASS MIRROR.

OTHER MODELS FROM $1.95 MANY TAX FREE

® Evans is elegance

EVANS CASE CO.... No. Attleboro, Mass.

CREATORS OF FITTED HANDBAGS AND POWDER BOXES

GIVE YOUR FRIENDS THIS LIFETIME GIFT

Men's Extra Wide Coat Hangers Imported from Sweden

Deluxe clear lacquered Swedish modern finish. Full 20" wide. Selected wood. Nickel plated hook. Extra length trouser rod. "World's finest hanger". 3 for $5 ☐ 6 for $9 ☐ postpaid.

NATIONAL HANGER CO., INC.
253 W. 26th St., N. Y. 1, N. Y.
ALgonquin 5-1194

Shrimps a la creme

"A gem from our unique, superb cuisine."

Copain YOUR VERY BEST FRIEND

Luncheon 12:30 — 3

Complete Dinners from $2.25

50th Street & First Ave. • PL 8-0554

let go of the papers. The only thing I don't know is what will he do. He's never run in a trial before." A bluetick is predominantly white but flecked and mottled with a smoky blue. A setter with this marking is known, I believe, as a belton, and a horse as a blue roan.

There had been rain earlier in the morning, and the air was warm and moist. "The scent will be plain today," Galligan said. "No breeze to turn over the leaves." When the air is moist, the scent lies close to the ground and lasts longer. After we had gone about ten miles, Izzo drove into a large field by the side of a wood and we let the dogs out for a breather. Indiana Trigger, whom I had seen run twice before, is a small, compact black hound, with tan on face and breast. He hasn't the long, drooping ears of the classic black-and-tan type, but he is recognizably a hound dog. Galligan told me that Trigger had been whelped somewhere in the South and had been sold for ten dollars by the man who bred him, and then had passed through the hands of a dozen owners on his way North, each selling him at a profit. When he got to Indiana, a man paid a hundred and twenty-five dollars for him and then sold him to Izzo for two hundred and fifty, after he had failed to win anything with the dog. "He's been running better for Mike than he ever did for anybody else," Galligan said. "He run maybe thirty times last year and was only beaten before the finals twice. That's the way with dogs. Sometimes they improve with a change of owners and sometimes they go sour." Galligan's Blue, the putative bluetick, also looked like a hound. But Jiggs, a long-legged dog with medium-length reddish hair, was simply and happily a cur. Junior Matrianno, speaking as a loyal friend of Jiggs', told me the dog was "shepherd and bull." Izzo said, more dispassionately, "He could be anything." The ability to follow a trail by scent is a hound characteristic, but dogs like Jiggs, with forthright native talent, keep coon-dog trials a highly democratic sport. After the dogs had taken their ease for a few minutes, Izzo called them. Jiggs and Trigger came lolloping back and hopped into the trailer. Blue was a bit hesitant.

Soon after we had passed through Cheshire, which is not far from Southington, we began to look for road signs that would indicate the way to the field trial. Trials are always held in thinly settled sections of townships, because the dogs need a lot of ground to run over. The routes leading to them are posted with cardboard signs bearing red arrows and the name of a dog-food company, which distributes them, on request, to field-trial sponsors. Sometimes the dog-food people give a free sack of food to every dog entered. We soon picked up the arrows, and after passing a couple of dairy farms that Galligan said belonged to famous coon-hunters we turned off the highway and onto a gravel road that led up the side of a long hill covered with spruce, hemlock, and hardwood trees. The top of the hill was a plateau, and ten or fifteen automobiles were already parked on it, most of them with dogs tethered to their bumpers. Other dogs were tied to trees, just out of reach of one another, and still others were being walked on leashes. Most of them howled in greeting as we arrived with our trailer, and Izzo, steering a course neatly among them, drove to a vacant spot near a tree, where we climbed out and disembarked our three dogs.

Galligan put a leash on Blue, and he and I took a walk around while Izzo moored Jiggs and Trigger. Blue stopped in front of a large, gaunt, anxious-looking, biscuit-colored middle-aged hound that was holding one forepaw off the ground. Galligan, carefully keeping Blue out of the old dog's reach, said to me, "There's a dog that win some of the biggest races in the East a couple of years ago, but he hurt his foot, and he's an adder now." "What's an adder?" I asked, as I was expected to, and Galligan said, "Puts down three and carries one." At that moment, the adder's owner, a very fat man in a green shirt, came up and shouted to Galligan, "Well, well, ain't seen you since what you done in Dalton, Mass.!" "What did he do in Dalton, Mass.?" I asked, since I was plainly supposed to play straight man. "Went into a strange church and passed the basket!" the fat man shouted, and immediately burst into loud laughter. "Never mind," said Galligan. "I never picked up no butts from the ground, like I seen you do." "I was just picking them up for you—get more flavor that way," his friend came back. Galligan laughed hard. "He's a witty fellow, that Warren," he said to me as we walked away. "Hell of a witty fellow."

Cars were arriving on the plateau in a steady stream now, and the majority of them were towing dog trailers. Most of the dogs looked like hounds, but usually like hounds with traces of sheep dog, bull terrier, or whippet. There was one coarse collie that showed no trace of anything else, and a number of sheep dogs and unclassifiable curs that might possibly have had a recessive dash of hound. The fastest pure-strain dogs—greyhounds and whippets—are no good for trials, because their instinct is to run with their heads high and their eyes on the quarry, making no effort to use their noses. These traits, the product of centuries of breeding, cannot be altered by any simple attempt at reëducation. Crosses between greyhounds or whippets and proved coonhounds—the result of one-generation attempts to combine a nose and speed—are seen at tracks, but they seldom work out; the dogs seem to be torn between conflicting inherited aptitudes. "I still think a hound with a good cat foot—a dog that stands high on his toes—is fast enough to beat any of them crosses," Galligan said. "The crosses run wide on the turns and have to wait for the dogs with noses to pick up the scent again. Look at the feet on Blue, now. I think he's got a future."

THE Southington Sportsmen's Club which owns the hillside over which the dogs were to run, is a member of the United Raccoon Hunters Field Trial and Protective Association of Connecticut. The Association makes up a regular schedule of trials, each of the member clubs holding one meet a year. A field trial gives the host club a chance to pick up a bit of cash for its treasury, the money coming from the sale of refreshments and a thirty-per-cent cut of auction pools on the dogs, the standard form of betting on coon-dog trials. The members' wives in charge of the feeding arrangements remind one of the committeewomen at any church clambake; in fact, they *are* the women who run the church clambake when that event comes along. A field trial combines aspects of a church affair and of a very small race meeting, but it has an entirely individual sound accompaniment—the continual howls, barks, and snarls of the parliament of coon dogs. Coon-dog men, incidentally, pay much attention to the noise their dogs make, and speak learnedly of "bawl-and-chops," "squall-and-chops," "long bawls," "short bawls," and "long bass bugles." Some dogs, known as silent trailers, steal up on a raccoon and give tongue only after they have treed him. They are deprecated by coonhunting aesthetes.

For silent dogs don't give a thrill:
With them it's two barks, then a kill,

a poet wrote in *Full Cry*. I attended a meet last year with a man who bought a dog on the spot for no other reason than that it had a beautiful baritone

BY APPOINTMENT
WINE MERCHANTS
TO H. M.
KING GEORGE VI
HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S
CHOICEST FULL PALE
BRISTOL CREAM
SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP.
PRODUCE OF SPAIN

The World's Most Famous Sherry Trio

HARVEY'S
BRISTOL CREAM

A rare *oloroso,* acknowledged as the *greatest* of the world's luxury sherries. It is full pale, rich, soft and mellow.

HARVEY'S
BRISTOL MILK

A superb deep-golden *oloroso,* not quite as full-bodied as *Bristol Cream,* but of the same mellowness and character.

HARVEY'S
BRISTOL DRY

The finest premium dry sherry in the world. A magnificent *fino* of just the right dryness and with a delightful after-taste.

Serve Harvey's Sherries—*proudly.*

HARVEY'S
IMPORTED
Sherries & Ports
SINCE 1796

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK

NORWAY SWEDEN
DENMARK FINLAND

Twin triumph in
SWEDISH GLASS

The quiet, fluid grace of these two Twin Decanters shows good Swedish design at its famed best. Faintest tint of water-blue, so pale it can be barely seen; slim and subtle in line. **The Pair—$25 ($12.50 each).**

BONNIERS
605 madison ave., new york 22
PL. 9-7985 *Send for catalog.*

YOUR MOST DISTINGUISHED ADDRESS
HOTELS
AMBASSADOR
CHICAGO

The Pump Room

★ THE BUTTERY
★ THE PARADE
★ The unusual SARAH SIDDONS WALK

Ernest Byfield, Pres.
Frank Bering, Chmn.
James A. Hart, Mng. Dir.

NORTH STATE PARKWAY AT GOETHE
Chicago 10, Illinois

voice. It turned out that its gifts were exclusively vocal, so my friend sold it as a foxhound. "I didn't know but what he might be," he told me. "He certainly wasn't interested in coon."

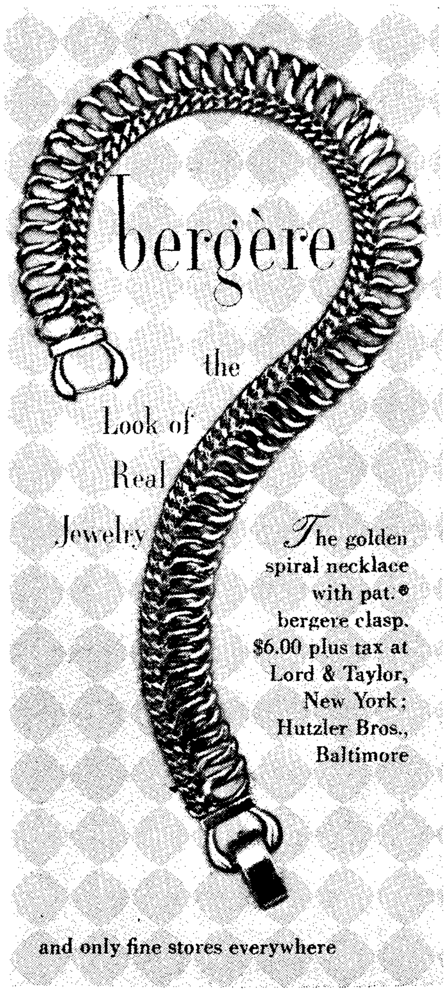
The Southington clubhouse is a one-room structure, built of gray concrete blocks, on the slope of the hill just below the edge of the plateau. Under the downhill side of the clubhouse, there is an open basement, which serves as a restaurant, selling hamburgers, hot dogs, steamed clams, clam chowder, clam broth, raw onions, apples, pickles, coffee, birch beer, root beer, home-baked pies, a meat-loaf dinner for a dollar, and a number of other items that I forget. There was a beer bar outside. Hard liquor is sold at some trials, but none was evident at Southington, except in the gaits of a few of the sportsmen.

AS it got on toward twelve o'clock, the members of the committee running the trial began to appeal to owners over a public-address system to get their entries in. The entry lists had been open since ten o'clock, the grounds were packed with dogs, but only a few owners had paid their three dollars and put down their dogs' names. "Hanging back to see if they can get in a soft heat," Izzo said to me. "They want to wait until all the hot dogs are drawn." I asked him if he had entered Jiggs and Trigger yet, and he said he hadn't—he wanted to have a look at the lists first.

While the dog-owners were outwaiting one another, I stopped at the lunch counter for a moment to deal with a bottle of birch beer, a hamburger with raw onion, and a portion of steamed clams, and then went to look at the finish line of the course, in a field bounded by a low stone wall halfway down the hill. The starting line was about two miles away somewhere; the dogs in each heat would be taken to it in a pickup truck. A dog running through the flags of the finish line and continuing straight on could hardly fail, it would seem, to come right up against the coon tree, a tall walnut, alone amid low spruce. The coon, in his cage, was already up in the crotch of a limb, about thirty feet above the ground, and the countryman who had put him there, probably a veteran bird's-nester, was already down. "I hope the boys get a lighter coon next time they hold a race," he said to me. "Nearly ruptured myself lugging him up there." As we talked, the track-layers, a couple of boys in their early teens, came into view, walking cater-cornered through the field, dragging the sack of coon litter behind them. They were completing a sidehill scramble through briars and over fences, across pasture land and wood lots. On their way, they had marked their course by tying rags to trees, so that the sack could be hauled over the same trail after each heat. The boys walked across the line midway between the flags and then marched up to the tree in which the coon was perched. They smacked the bag vigorously against the trunk several times, then held it clear of the ground and walked over to us. They said they expected to go over the course a couple more times during the afternoon; other pairs of boys would spell them. "In some Western states, they allow you to drag a live coon along the trail in a wet bag," the tree-climber said, "but here the Humane Society won't let you. It doesn't make much difference, because even if you *had* a live coon, a good coondog could smell that there had been a man along there—man scent and coon scent all mixed together for two miles. He would know it wasn't on the level. You ask me, there are mighty few of these dogs that are fooled into thinking they're hunting a coon. They know it's just a race."

I climbed back up the hill and found that a set of dogs had at last been drawn for the first heat. Each dog is given a number when he is entered, and white clay marbles bearing corresponding numbers are put in a wire basket, from which ten at a time are rolled out to determine the starters in each heat. Galligan's Blue and Izzo's Jiggs had both been drawn for the first heat.

Dan Cole, a familiar figure at Connecticut field trials, was mounting a sort of stage near the clubhouse to run the first auction pool. Cole, an extremely fat man with a handsome, incongruously young face, was wearing a pale-gray sombrero and a flame-red cotton shirt. He lives in Shelton, not far from Southington, and spends every Sunday (and a good many Saturdays) auctioning pools at Connecticut meets. Once a year, he runs a trial of his own, near Shelton. He is a prosperous farmer and is said to own a number of highly talented gamecocks. He sometimes gets a fee from the clubs for whom he officiates as auctioneer, but often waives it when a trial doesn't draw well. Mostly, I suspect, he likes the authority he feels when he stands on the rostrum and wheedles the crowd into betting its money. His chief rival in this section is a fellow named Shorty Griffen, a railroad freight clerk from Poughkeepsie, whose style is modelled on that of the tobacco auctioneers on


bergère
the Look of Real Jewelry

The golden spiral necklace with pat.® bergere clasp. $6.00 plus tax at Lord & Taylor, New York; Hutzler Bros., Baltimore

and only fine stores everywhere

AN UNUSUAL HOLIDAY GIFT

Delicious ARAWAN FRESH DATES

5 lb. Redwood Gift Box

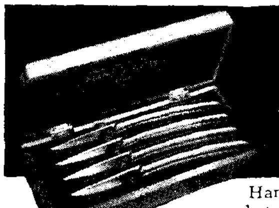
$5.85 Prepaid in U.S.

Perfect for Thanksgiving and Christmas. Large, luscious, tree-ripened Arawan Fresh Dates—vitamin-rich and delicious—an unusual and delightful gift. Send us your gift list with check to cover—and don't forget your own family. Fully guaranteed.

Also in 2-lb. Gift Box—$3.95

Gilliland Groves Dept. N Phoenix, Ariz.

SENT DIRECT FROM SUNNY ARIZONA


STEAK KNIVES
hand-forged
BY MURPHY OF OREGON

Hand-forged from high speed steel, these nicely balanced steak knives will keep their razor-edge for years. Each knife is hand-ground, hand-polished, hand-honed. Beautiful simplicity marks the design. Handsomely packaged in Western style hardwood case. An impressive Christmas or wedding present. Order direct. Send list. *4 Blade Steak Knife Set* (P.P. prepaid) $16.00

FRONTIER TRADING CO., Oswego, Oregon DEPT. NY
Please ship as directed on attached sheet.
☐ 4 Blade Steak Knife Sets @ $16.00
Name
Address
City Zone State

the radio. He chants more than Cole and wisecracks less.

The principle of an auction pool is simple: If you fancy a dog's chances, you try to "buy" him, and if there are others of the same opinion, they bid against you. The high bidder pays his money and gets a ticket. If there are ten dogs in a heat and they are bid in for a total of twenty dollars on tree, say, the holder of the ticket on the winning dog gets the pool (minus the sponsoring club's thirty-per-cent cut), or fourteen dollars. Trial running isn't really a big-money sport, but since there are separate pools for tree, line, and second line in each heat, the home club may turn a profit of several hundred dollars during the afternoon if bidding is lively. The heaviest pools are those on the finals. In the preliminaries, the bidding sometimes starts at half a dollar, and not infrequently stops there. In such cases, it is always the owner who puts up the fifty cents. It is a point of honor to have four bits' worth of faith in your own dog. Favored dogs sometimes sell for seven or eight dollars, but anything over five dollars is considered a stiff bid. In finals, dogs are occasionally bid in for as much as fifteen dollars.

Each time Cole called out the name and number of a dog, a man with a dog on leash would step out of the crowd and come up to the platform. Sometimes the dog would jump up on the platform (this usually indicates an experienced trial dog), and the man would stand beside it while Dan made his spiel. At other times, the owner would have to lift the dog onto the platform and sit with him, stroking him or clasping a fraternal arm about him to keep him calm. "Fred Clark's Rosie dog, one of the fastest track dogs in the East," Dan began. "Here's a dog that can really pour it on, gentlemen. Don't let her run in on you and then come around and say you weren't looking or that I didn't give you fair warning. Who'll start her at four dollars? Three I've got over there—three. Who'll say a half? . . ." The next dog was a tall, gangling newcomer, and Dan said, "Here's a good tree dog, gentlemen. I can see it. If he runs in, he can *look* into that cage. . . ." Later, confronted with a grizzled shepherd, plainly nine or ten years old, he began, "*Don't* be influenced by the dog's appearance, friends. He's had *experience*. His owner lives just over the hill—had him over the course six times last night. The owner says half a dollar. Hello, Pete, you old chicken fighter [to a friend whom he sees studying the dog with

Now Yours . . . this wondrous
"GUEST COFFEE"

● It was once the private coffee of the world's greatest coffee merchant — blended from his fragrant treasury of rare and marvelous coffees.

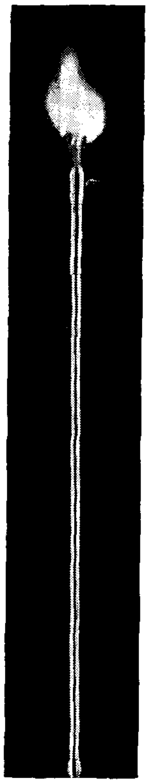
But eloquent and delighted guests who tasted it finally persuaded him to put this wondrous coffee on the market — that is how *Yuban* came to be.

Today, as then, Yuban is made from rare and costly coffees — and word of its marvelous goodness still goes round.

YUBAN
The Guest Coffee

Available at better stores everywhere. Regular, Drip or Pulverized Grind.

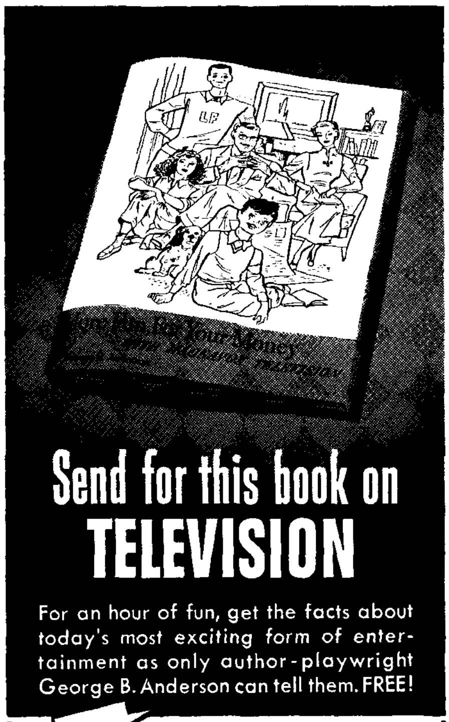
YUBAN
COFFEE



New,
Improved
Indoor-Outdoor
Fireplace
Fire-Works
$10

The year 'round, individual or family gift that makes matches obsolete. Solid brass, 30″ long for long-distance firing. Works like a dream with fluid and flint. 1950's improvements: four-ounce fluid-capacity that will burn for months without refilling, an everlasting asbestos wick, a safety cap to defeat any little arsonist in the home. Order now for your own chill-chasing needs and it's anything but early for gathering your Christmas cheer. Add 50c for handling beyond our delivery area.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET



Send for this book on
TELEVISION

For an hour of fun, get the facts about today's most exciting form of entertainment as only author-playwright George B. Anderson can tell them. FREE!

THE MAGNAVOX COMPANY
2177 Bueter Road
Fort Wayne 4, Indiana

Without obligation please send me George B. Anderson's new book on television.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________Zone_____State______

a speculative expression]. I want you to get back the money you lost on them chickens last week—say a dollar . . ."

A colored man named Yager, who lives in Poughkeepsie, turns up at almost all the Connecticut meets with a trailer full of dogs as well as with a whole bunch of sons and daughters—his dog-handlers. He is very serious about the business, and last year told me that he had just given up a good house in Poughkeepsie because it was too near the center of town for his dogs. He had moved to an isolated farm on a dirt road, where he could exercise them behind the family car every day without fear of having them run over. In "roading" dogs, a trainer keeps his car at about twenty miles an hour, occasionally speeding up to thirty or thirty-two for a short stretch. Yager had a bitch at Southington that Cole had never seen before, and when she was brought up to the platform, Dan asked, "Will she tree?" (Some young dogs who have learned enough to race for line think the event is over when they have crossed it.) "She have," Yager answered noncommittally. A coon-dog man named Ham Fish, a dairy farmer who keeps a big string of night dogs and trial dogs, next appeared, with a new dog that had a scarred head. "Will that dog fight?" Cole asked. "Might," said Fish, who looks like a robust version of Ernie Pyle. A fighting dog is, of course, a poor betting proposition, since he may stop racing and start fighting. Most fights, however, occur under the tree, and a man who knows he has a fighter sometimes lets him run only for line, and then rushes out and hauls him in before he can get into trouble. The best way to take a dog out of a fight, I am informed (I have no intention of trying it), is to grab him and press with your thumbs at the rear of his jaws, against his back teeth. A patient man named Porter, whom I have seen at several trials, once told me that he had lost nine thumbnails on one talented but pugnacious dog. "He couldn't help it," Porter said. "He had a bull cross."

When the last dog in the first heat had been auctioned, the crowd started down toward the coon tree and the finish line. There were almost as many women as men, most of them wearing slacks and shirts, and there seemed to be more children than adults, but this may have been an illusion caused by their greater mobility. A couple of boys were already engaged in retrieving abandoned beer bottles, which they would turn in for the two-cent deposit. They tacked about the grounds as if they, too, were trailing, and I half expected them to bawl and chop whenever they detected an empty Budweiser bottle under a bush. As the spectators trudged downhill, the voice of a club official came over the loudspeaker. "Al Rambeau," the voice said, "catch that big white hound of yours before he gets on the track. We can't run the heat while he is out there on the track." A maliciously delighted dog and an unhappy human figure raced each other through the field. While this was going on, the pickup truck, with the dogs and their owners in it, set out for the starting line, heading down the hill road to the main highway. By the time we had got to the finish line, we could see the truck well along the highway; then it turned off on another side road, leading uphill.

The course is customarily laid out so that while the dogs are making a wide-arced sweep across country, the truck can double back to the finish on a more direct line by road. As soon as the dogs have started, the men jump into the truck, which then takes off at a reckless clip to get to the finishing point before the dogs. The truck stops about a hundred feet back of the coon tree, and the men hop out. The dogs are usually in sight, or at least audible, by the time the truck arrives. The owners, leashes in hand, stand ready to grab their dogs as soon as the heat has been decided, but they are not allowed to crowd the tree, because a smart dog would then run straight to his owner and bark, thus achieving a cheap victory.

At the starting point, the men lead their dogs up to the beginning of the track and let them nose around a bit. Then they unleash them, and each man hangs on to his dog by the collar or shoulder harness while the starter lines them up. Just before the start, some of the men cradle their dogs in their arms. At the whistle, these men throw their dogs forward on the trail (which can't really help them much in a two-mile race), while others hold their dogs back for an instant. These last are the owners of young dogs who, if they got in front, might miss the track. Such dogs simply trail the seniors until they are near the line, where, stimulated by the shouts of the crowd, they sometimes run in ahead of their preceptors.

THE first trial on this particular day resulted in a dead heat, a term that in this sport means mass disqualification. We could hear the dogs and then see them coming toward the finish, but about fifty yards from the line the leaders swerved, and the others followed them outside the farther flag. They ran off into the brush and then straggled back toward the crowd singly or in twos, looking for their masters. "Rabbit!" a man next to me said disgustedly. "Cottontail must have run across the course, and those so-called coon dogs took its trail." "Did not, either," another man said. "Too many people standing that side of the course. Fool dog ran toward the people and t'others followed him. They should get the people back of that line." Events indicated that he was probably right. In the later heats, the judges made the crowd stand back of the line, and only one or two dogs ran out during the rest of the day. Some of the owners of dogs in the first heat were wrathy, arguing that they ought to get their entry money back, inasmuch as the crowd should not have been there to distract their dogs. (In a dead heat, the auction-pool money goes to the club fund.) The official contention was that if the dogs had been following the trail by nose, as they were supposed to do, they wouldn't have allowed themselves to be distracted. Neither Jiggs nor Blue had been among the leading dogs, so Izzo and Galligan would have lost their entry money even if the heat had been a proper one.

Before the auction for the next heat, Izzo came over to me and said in a confidential tone that a dog named Dick, a black-and-white animal that looked more like a smooth collie than anything else, was a good bet, and that he would go halves with me if I bid him in for line and tree. "A great tree dog, a great line dog. Looka those legs!" Dan Cole began when Dick's owner, a red-faced man from Worcester, conducted him to the platform. "You know the boys didn't bring him all the way from Massachusetts just for the ride. Four dollars. Have I got four dollars for tree?" Nobody spoke until Dan asked for a dollar; then somebody bid, and the bidding rose by bold, one-dollar leaps until four was reached, when I said, "And a half." There was silence for a moment, and then Dan said, "Four and a half once, four and a half twice, and sold to the new convert for four and a half. Now how about line? This dog might lose tree once in a while—once in a *long* while—but when it comes to line, he can really fly!" I got Dick for line for five dollars.

This time, when the dogs came in sight of the finish, they were running true, headed straight for the midway point between the flags, but Dick was third as he crossed the line, with a red

"THIS PICTURE OF US, WHITEY, IS VERY FAMILIAR TO ALL OUR FRIENDS"

"IT SHOULD BE, BLACKIE—IT'S ON EVERY BOTTLE OF BLACK & WHITE"

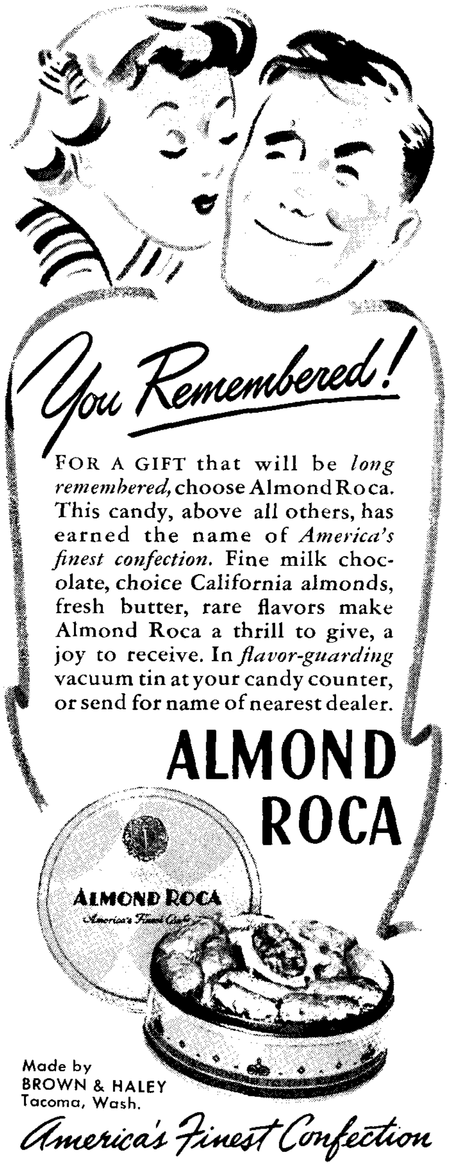
Scotch
Black & White
James Buchanan & Co.
Glasgow, Scotland
By appointment to H.M. the King
Product of Scotland
"Black & White"
Blended Scotch Whisky
100% Scotch Whiskies
James Buchanan & Co.
Scotch Whisky Distillers, Glasgow, Scotland
Sole distributors for U.S.A.
The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation
New York, N.Y.

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS


You Remembered!

FOR A GIFT that will be *long remembered,* choose Almond Roca. This candy, above all others, has earned the name of *America's finest confection.* Fine milk chocolate, choice California almonds, fresh butter, rare flavors make Almond Roca a thrill to give, a joy to receive. In *flavor-guarding* vacuum tin at your candy counter, or send for name of nearest dealer.

ALMOND ROCA

Made by
BROWN & HALEY
Tacoma, Wash.

America's Finest Confection
ALMOND ROCA
America's Finest Confection

HOW TO ENJOY FRIENDS AND ENTERTAIN PEOPLE

(Write this letter or a reasonable facsimile thereof)

Dear Marshall and Marian—We are staying at the New Boston Inn. Suggest you join us for the weekend. Frank and Florence arrive for dinner Friday, Charles and Cynthia are coming after the game. A corking chance to catch up on our conversation, contract and canasta. "Tristan and *Isolde*" fix *fabulous food* in the kitchen, and "Casanova" concocts colossal cocktails behind the bar. Call us to-night so we can reserve your room. Affectionately (signed) Sumner and Sidney.

NEW BOSTON INN
(Home of the New Boston Music Festival)
NEW BOSTON, MASS.
65 miles north of Merritt Parkway
on route 8. Tel. 2284J2
RUSSELL and ROSAMOND CHAPIN, Props.
Best Food West of Cherbourg
Best Hot-Buttered Rum South of Baffin Bay

RUSSIAN TEA ROOM
150
WEST 57 ST.
"Where Russian Food
Is a Fine Art"
(Advertisement)

dog and a white one ahead of him. Having passed the line, the red dog began walking about rather aimlessly, as if he thought his work done. The white dog began investigating a small hemlock that even a fool should have realized wasn't big enough to hold a cage with a coon in it. I could see a couple of men with leashes jumping about in high excitement, and guessed that they were the owners of the first two dogs. In such circumstances, an owner can rely only on telepathy to tell his dog which tree the coon is in. Last fall, I saw a French-Canadian mill hand stand by in mute despair during a final while a dog of his scratched his back against the coon tree and then walked away. By raising his head and barking, the dog could have earned fifty dollars for his owner. Meanwhile, Dick came loping in, ran to the foot of the walnut, jumped as high as he could against the tree, and bayed. He stayed by the tree, making a noise—I don't know whether he was chopping or bawling—until the head tree judge blew a whistle. There are two line judges and three tree judges. Sometimes two dogs tree at almost the same time, and then a two-out-of-three vote decides. This time, however, there was no doubt. The red dog had won line and the white dog second line, but Dick had got tree. Mike and I collected $14.35 for our $9.50. We felt that we had put across a sleeper.

Before the heat Indiana Trigger was to run in, Mike came to me and said that he never liked to bet on Trigger, because when he did, the dog lost. "There's only one in this heat I'm afraid of," he said. "He's a very fast line dog, but he isn't much on tree, and if Trigger is anywhere near him, Trigger will tree first." I bid in Trigger for tree, on my own account, and did not buy him for line. However, he fooled Mike. He was first across the line, but the second dog barked tree before he did. This contretemps cost me my winnings on Dick, plus $2.57½. The remaining heats were anticlimactic, since neither Mike nor Galligan had entries in any of them and advised no further investments. We had to stay, though, because Indiana Trigger had qualified for the line final. He had earned five dollars by winning line in his heat. Mike calculated that the prize for the final might be as much as seventy dollars.

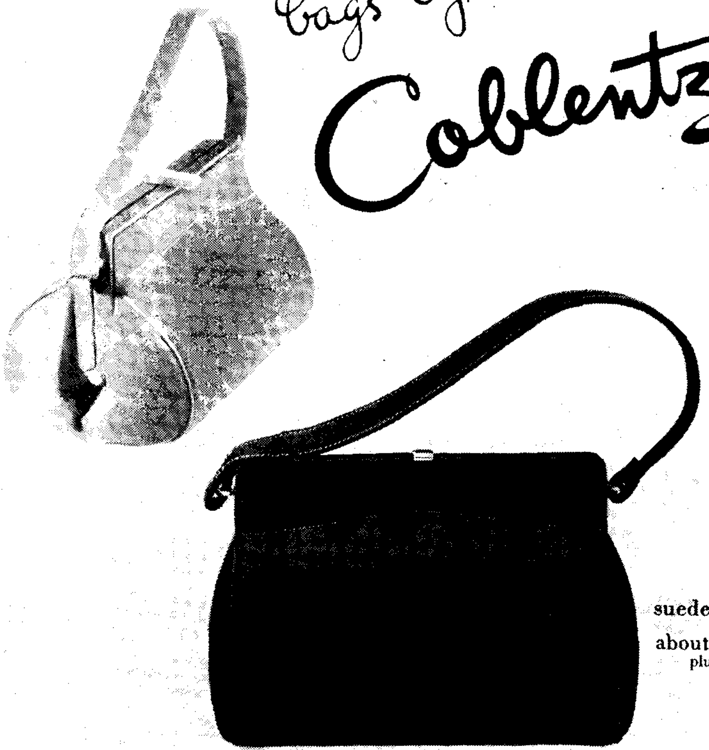
The Izzos and Junior and I continued to walk up the hill after every heat and down the hill after every auction, but Galligan parked himself on a boulder near the finish line and remained there, talking to a couple of other sages. Blue was by this time back in the trailer, fast asleep. "He might be more of a woods dog, at that," Galligan said. "He throws up his head every now and then and sniffs around, as if he would take an air scent. I think he might be a very good deerhound, or a fine dog after mountain lion. I think I'll put an ad in *Full Cry* or the *American Cooner* offering him on trial." On one of my uphill trips, I bought a dog named King Cotton, a July hound, for tree. A July is a small white hound with tan ears, looking like a straight-legged beagle or a long-eared smooth fox terrier. "This dog has never been wrong on tree in his life," Dan said in auctioning him. King Cotton wasn't wrong this time, either. When he got to the tree, he barked right at it. The trouble was that five or six dogs had got there before him, and at least four of them had barked on arrival. After that, I decided that it was cheaper, as well as more restful, to sit with Galligan. The sky had cleared toward noon, and the early afternoon had been hot, with swarms of little flies and gnats settling on dogs and spectators alike, but as night drew on, the air grew cooler. By the finish of the tenth heat (two more to go), it was hard to tell the dogs apart, and it was evident that the finals would have to be run in the dark.

Running trials in the dark is something that dog-owners, spectators, and particularly judges dislike, but it has come up at every meet I've been to. It is the subject of a long and pithy essay in an issue of the *American Cooner* of a few months back, by a man named Sam Hankins, a great owner of racing dogs and promoter of field trials at Hyde Park, New York. Mr. Hankins attributes the chronic lateness of dogmen at field trials principally to two causes—vice and virtue. There is one type of dogman, he says, who stays up late Saturday night drinking, always has a hangover Sunday morning, and doesn't begin to pull himself together until noontime, after which he loads his dogs and drives fifty or a hundred miles to a trial, stopping on the way to get some breakfast and a few cans of beer. The other type likes to take his wife and children to church and then walk them home and have Sunday dinner with them. The outcome is the same, Mr. Hankins says; both types arrive at the trial at about two in the afternoon, and then they stall around waiting for the fast dogs to be drawn before they make their entries. He does not indicate whether the fellows from church are more or less ethical about this last procrastination than the boys from the tavern. There are also, Mr. Hankins says, a couple of fellows at every meet who have real night dogs that are pretty good trial dogs, too; naturally, these men try to delay matters, figuring that their dogs will have an advantage after dark. They are happy to see the meet lag and the finals run under such conditions that nobody can see what is going on. Then, Mr. Hankins continues, there are some fellows who will let their dogs go in the dark before the starting signal, meanwhile slapping their pants and whining like hounds to make the starter think they still have their dogs in hand. The most exasperating thing about late heats is that the judges are likely to call the wrong dog at the finish line, since they cannot have any lights brighter than flashlights—car headlights, for instance, would frighten the dogs back into the woods. And dog-owners are afraid that their dogs will run into trees, get hung up in fences, or start down a wrong trail and wander off, to be stolen or run over before they can be found.

IT was completely dark even before the start of the last heat, and Izzo said there would be no sense watching it; the thing for us to do was to load the dogs, get into the car, and drive down to the foot of the hill. It was so late that there were to be no auction pools on the finals. The line final was to be run across woods and pastures in the valley, ending at the highway. If we parked beside the highway, the truck going out to the start would have to pass us, and Mike could stop it and get on with Trigger. We did as he suggested, and when we had parked by the dark highway, Mike began to complain about late starts and said that he had half a mind to go home rather than risk his dog. I had once seen Trigger win a line final in the dark, so I knew Mike was not serious. He got out and took Trigger from the trailer on a leash, and we all stood in the road. I asked Junior if he had done his homework, and he said "Naw!" and walked as far from me as he could get. Pretty soon we could see the lights of the dog truck coming down the hill and hear the eleven dogs in it trying to fight with each other, and their owners cursing. Mike hailed the truck and climbed aboard with Trigger. Mrs. Izzo said that there was a black dog named Cinders in the line final that seemed to be in form, and that he was an awful fast dog. A couple of minutes after the truck had gone on, we all walked over into the pasture next to the road and stood as near the finish line

BRONZINI
15 East 53rd St., New York
"A shop for men"

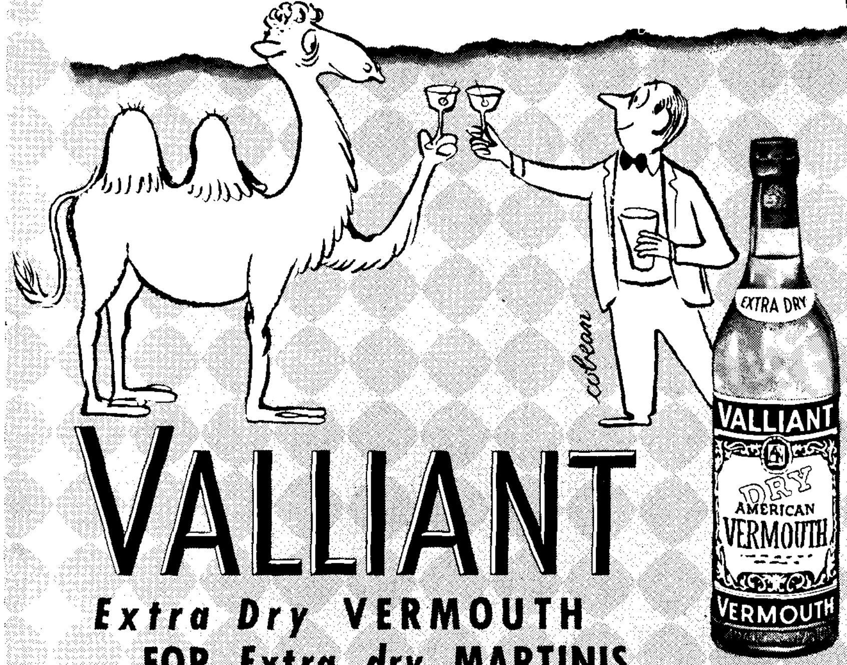
'Pulse Warmers'—hand knit wristlets of fine Shetland wool, fur lined in nutria—covering the end of your glove to check cold drafts . . . for motoring, sportswear, etc.
in natural, navy, grey, scarlet
9.50
RAWLINGS



bags by Coblentz
suede or calf
about $25.00
plus Fed. tax
at better stores everywhere

HOW DRY?

How dry should an extra dry Martini be? They're always right when you mix 'em 3 to 1 or *even* 2 to 1 with Valliant Extra Dry Vermouth. Try it.



VALLIANT

Extra Dry VERMOUTH
FOR Extra dry MARTINIS

For better Manhattans—Valliant Sweet Vermouth. At your favorite bar or store.
W. A. Taylor & Company, New York City, Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.

THIS CHRISTMAS GIVE THE WORLD'S FINEST FRUIT!

Little Chief
ONLY
$3.25
EXPRESS PREPAID
Approx. Weight 10 lbs.
Grown in the Wonder Orchards of Wenatchee
Regal Red

EXTRA-SELECT APPLES

What finer choice for your personal gifts this Christmas! Little Chief's *selected* Regal Red Delicious Apples are the finest grown! *So* good they can't be compared with any others!

3 package sizes: The PAPOOSE, (above) ideal individual gift of these extra-large, extra-fancy apples. The LITTLE CHIEF, wt. about 24 lbs., perfect choice for a family gift, only $5.95 prepaid. The BIG CHIEF, wt. about 52 lbs., designed for the large family, the office and other special gifts, just $9.85 prepaid.

Inquire about Little Chief's Fruit Clubs, which also include Cherries, Peaches, Pears and Plums! Enjoy this famous fruit all year long!

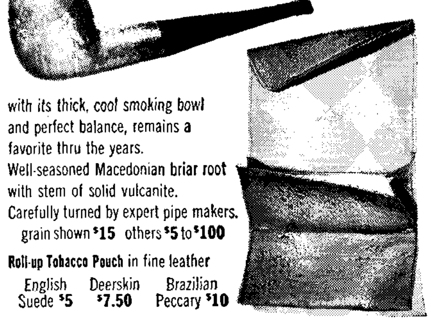
WENATCHEE CHIEF ORCHARDS
Dept. J, Box 1091, Wenatchee, Wash.
Delivered prepaid in continental U. S. within express

for a perfect fall holiday

SEDGEFIELD INN

GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA
Wonderful GOLF • Lovely ROOMS
Delicious FOOD • Bracing, Piney AIR
English MANOR Inn • MODERATE Prices
Single from $4 – Double from $6
Come by AIR, RAIL or MOTOR
Reservations: Travel Agent or write Inn
Ask for booklet U. A Roger Smith Hotel
N. Y. OFFICE: 151 E. 50th ST. • PLaza 5-5390

the apple shape



with its thick, cool smoking bowl and perfect balance, remains a favorite thru the years.
Well-seasoned Macedonian briar root with stem of solid vulcanite.
Carefully turned by expert pipe makers.
grain shown $15 others $5 to $100

Roll-up Tobacco Pouch in fine leather
English Suede $5 Deerskin $7.50 Brazilian Peccary $10

Send for catalog N

wilke pipe shop Established 1872
[illegible] AVENUE [illegible] NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

as a state trooper and the local town constable would let us. We could see the white flags marking the finish in the dark, but people and trees, even those within a few feet of us, were only vague masses. We knew that the line judges, one at each flag, would turn their flashlights on the first dog they saw or heard going over the line. They would hear the dogs barking as they drew near. The danger was that if the leading dog was a dark color and momentarily silent, he might sneak in on them. I stayed close by Mrs. Izzo as we stumbled through the dark. "I know Trigger's voice when I hear it," she said. "I'll be able to hear him coming." In what seemed a very short time, we heard the truck on its way back. It turned into the field and rolled in among the spectators. There were no casualties, or if there were, the victims died without a moan.

Then flashlights gleamed, and the dog-owners came rushing down off the truck. "Out with them lights!" the town constable yelled. "You want to scare them dogs back to the start?" The lights went out, and in another minute we heard the music of the dogs coming toward us in the dark. The owners were practically on the finish line this time. It didn't make any difference now, since the dogs couldn't see them. Someone yelled, "Here they be!" (In a lifetime of watching sporting events, I have never been the first spectator to see anything.) Then two thin beams of light shot out from the judges' flashlights, crossing on the form of a black dog traversing the line. It was Cinders. Two dogs followed close behind him, one of whom was Trigger.

"It was a good try anyway," Mike said after he had caught his dog. When we had got back in the car, Mrs. Izzo said, "I could tell from his bark he wasn't in front." Mike said, "Well, it wasn't such a bad day. I put in six dollars in entry fees, and the Trigger win five back in heat money, but I also won two-forty betting, so I made one-forty on the day." Junior said, "I bet Trigger will beat that Cinders by daylight." Jack Galligan said, "I met a man here today that says he knows where there is a wonderful dog. A great big hound with claws like a cat. I bet he would make a wonderful trial dog."

—A. J. LIEBLING

•

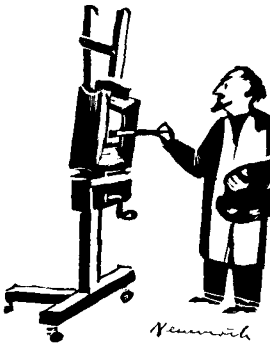
Within these fashion brackets . . . are the new evening and dinner dresses that reach from just above the ankle to mid-calf.—*The World-Telegram.*

What a winter this is going to be!

THE ART GALLERIES

The Artist's Life

I NEVER saw the Museum of Modern Art's van Gogh exhibition, back in 1935, so I'm not prepared to compare it with the even bigger one now on at the Metropolitan, but it is hard to see how this one could have been improved on. Got together in conjunction with the Art Institute of Chicago, where it will be shown later, it includes over a hundred and fifty paintings, drawings, and water colors, the great majority of them loans from abroad, and both selection and arrangement have been brilliantly contrived to give a lucid and logical exposition of the main phases of the artist's career, from his dark, early studies of Dutch farmers and working people, through his Paris period, to his last years, in the Midi, and his death, at Auvers.



Because they are least collected, and hence least known, in this country, I particularly enjoyed seeing the earlier pieces. Millet fascinated van Gogh at the start, and though he never quite lost his admiration for that artist (see the beautifully handled little green-and-white improvisation on a theme of Millet's, "The First Steps," done in 1890, the year of van Gogh's death), it is most vivid in his youthful pictures, in such paintings as "A Fisherman on the Beach," done when he was only twenty-nine, and the slightly later "Potato-Planting" and "A Woman in a Red Bonnet." These are all done in sombre browns and greens and blacks, perhaps reflecting the dark religiosity of van Gogh's mind, which had led him to consider becoming a preacher or a missionary worker. It was not till he went to Paris, in 1886, and came in contact with Seurat, Gauguin, Pissarro, and other Neo-Impressionists, that his palette lightened and his drawing, which had been deliberately crude, became crisper and more animated. That was the beginning of the van Gogh of popular legend, as the painter of sunflowers, sunlight, and Provençal wheatfields and as the madman who cut off his ear and then shot himself. Though the Paris paintings—"A Restaurant at Asnières," "A View of the Butte Montmartre," the oddly tender "A Woman at the Café du Tambourin," and the dreamy, green "Fishing in the Spring," for instance—are a bit cool and northern in their coloration, one can sense the start of that pursuit of pure light, the brighter and yellower the better, that was to parallel his descent into madness, as if the deeper he went into darkness in his personal life the more desperately he aspired, in his painting, to the sun.

The show covers this period expertly, without overemphasis anywhere and with a just regard for van Gogh's various artistic activities. There are the lovely "An Orchard in Bloom" and "Irises" to show his virtuosity in dealing with flower subjects, and the handsome green "The Enclosed Field," a "Tree Trunks" that is remarkable for its effective use of chalky whites, and the well-known "The Road-Menders" to display his skill at landscape, while his ability at portraiture is demonstrated by a series of excellent studies, among them his portraits of Lieutenant Milliet and Dr. Gachet and the many he did, through the years, of himself. The show, because of its completeness, tends to make one revise a few widely accepted notions about van Gogh and his career.

It is always, I believe, a mistake to consider any misfortune "good for" an artist, yet van Gogh's legend is so dramatic that we're tempted to do so. If it was madness that enabled him to paint something like the very late "Cypresses," we are apt to say welcome to madness, for it made a greater painter of him. The evidence of the show, however, is against this point of view. It reveals that van Gogh was a far better natural draftsman than he is generally credited with being, and that his technical skill reached its peak just before his collapse, in such paintings as "The Drawbridge" and "Fishing Boats on the Beach at Saintes-Maries." Since his color sense, too, was at its best at this period, one feels a definite decline in most of the pictures that came afterward. This is not to say that the later paintings are bad, though I do think that some of the "maddest" of them are, such as "The Starry Night," "The Ravine," and the much admired "Cypresses." The fact is that there are an

Schulz watches

Estb. 1924
304 East 45th St.
New York 17, N. Y.

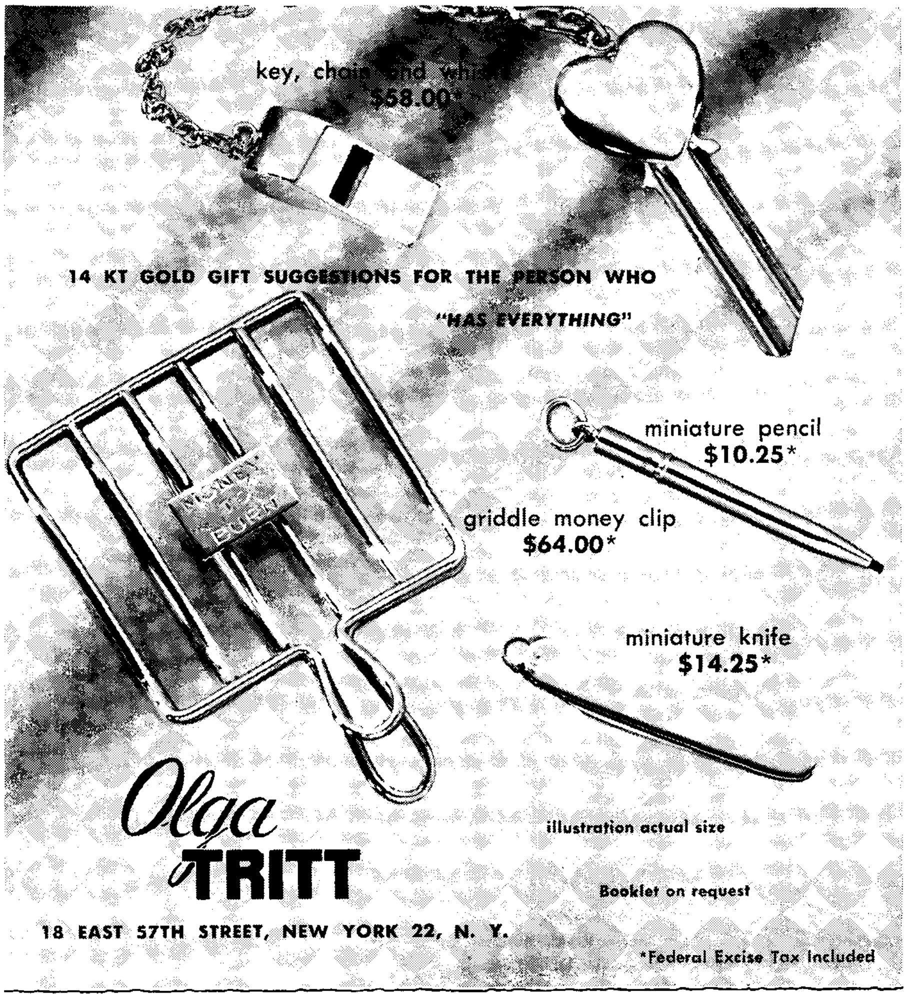
TRADE JSch MARK

Jeweled shell bracelet in yellow gold and platinum with concealed watch and photo locket $1600.00

Write for name of jeweler nearest you.

Over and over I kept telling her . . .
"More bitters in the Old Fashioneds!"

ANGOSTURA®
AROMATIC BITTERS



key, chain and whistle $58.00*

14 KT GOLD GIFT SUGGESTIONS FOR THE PERSON WHO "HAS EVERYTHING"

miniature pencil $10.25*

griddle money clip $64.00*

miniature knife $14.25*

Olga TRITT

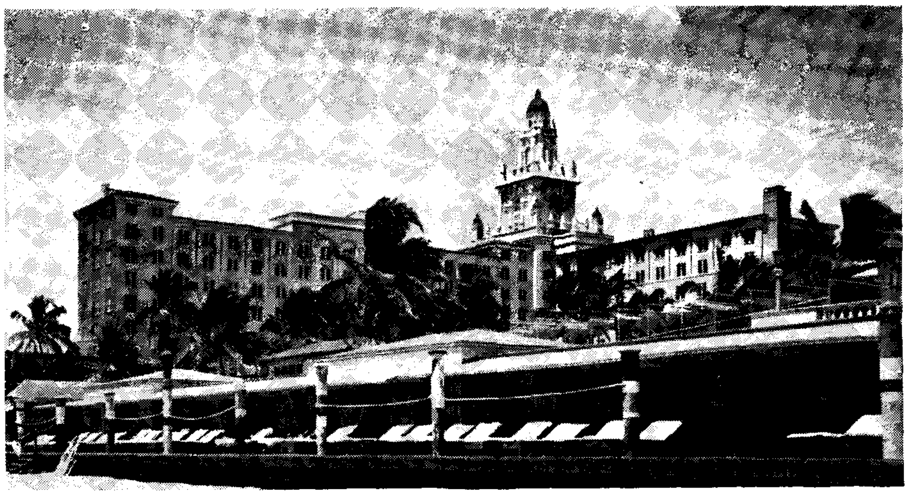
illustration actual size

Booklet on request

18 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

*Federal Excise Tax Included

"Like a Private Estate" the Roney Plaza at Miami Beach



Six sun-drenched acres of privacy at the Roney.

In the center of Miami Beach, stroll through lush tropical gardens, shop, swim or play in spacious privacy.

3 blocks of private beach, cabanas, boardwalk! Olympic Pool, tennis, putting green, dancing, and shopping with pleasant privacy!

American or European plan. Opening November 12th. For reservations, address The Roney Plaza, Miami Beach, Florida, or New York office, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York

The RONEY PLAZA Miami Beach

intensity of feeling and a wild innocence of expression about most of the others that give them a unique power. It is power, however, of a limited and rather febrile nature, and I feel that if van Gogh had continued a whole man, in full use of his perceptions and the technical skill he had been developing, these paintings, or whatever others he might have undertaken, would have been all the richer and greater. Madness, the show indicates, didn't "make" van Gogh; it unmade him, and I suspect that the poverty and loneliness he suffered so long helped, too. I can't help feeling that an artist, like anyone else, works at least as well when he's moderately happy as when he is miserable.

I HAVE long been an admirer of Loren MacIver, whose paintings are at the Pierre Matisse through this Saturday, but in the past few years a few doubts had arisen. Her skill is her ability to find beauty and surprise in the commonplace—a child's hopscotch design on a sidewalk, a clothesline of wash—and while such subjects demand subtlety and finesse, they also offer hazards, the most important being the danger of sliding off into finickingness and whimsey. If Miss MacIver has shown occasional signs of leaning in that direction, she has now righted herself, and her new exhibition—her first big one in five years—is an exceptionally fine and full-bodied one. Her capricious and whimsical viewpoint is still in evidence, but now she applies it to more complex subjects, and the show represents a considerable advance in her progress as an artist. I liked especially the large but absorbing "Venice," the adroitly conceived pseudo-panorama called "Paris," the blue "Window Shade," and the daringly red "The Fratellini." Only in such pieces as "Cathedral," an essay in abstraction, and the rather contrived portrait study of Greta Garbo does she reveal any thinning out of ideas or weakness of perception.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

Q. Please explain what is meant by "alibi."—C. H.

A. It's the abbreviation of the Latin phrase ad libitum, meaning, "at pleasure, at liberty." Among musicians and show people, "ad lib" means "to insert a passage or remark that departs from or is in addition to the written part."

Comedians, such as Fred Allen and Bob Hope, who are adept at extemporaneous witticisms, are known in show business as expert "ad libbers."—*Miami Daily News.*

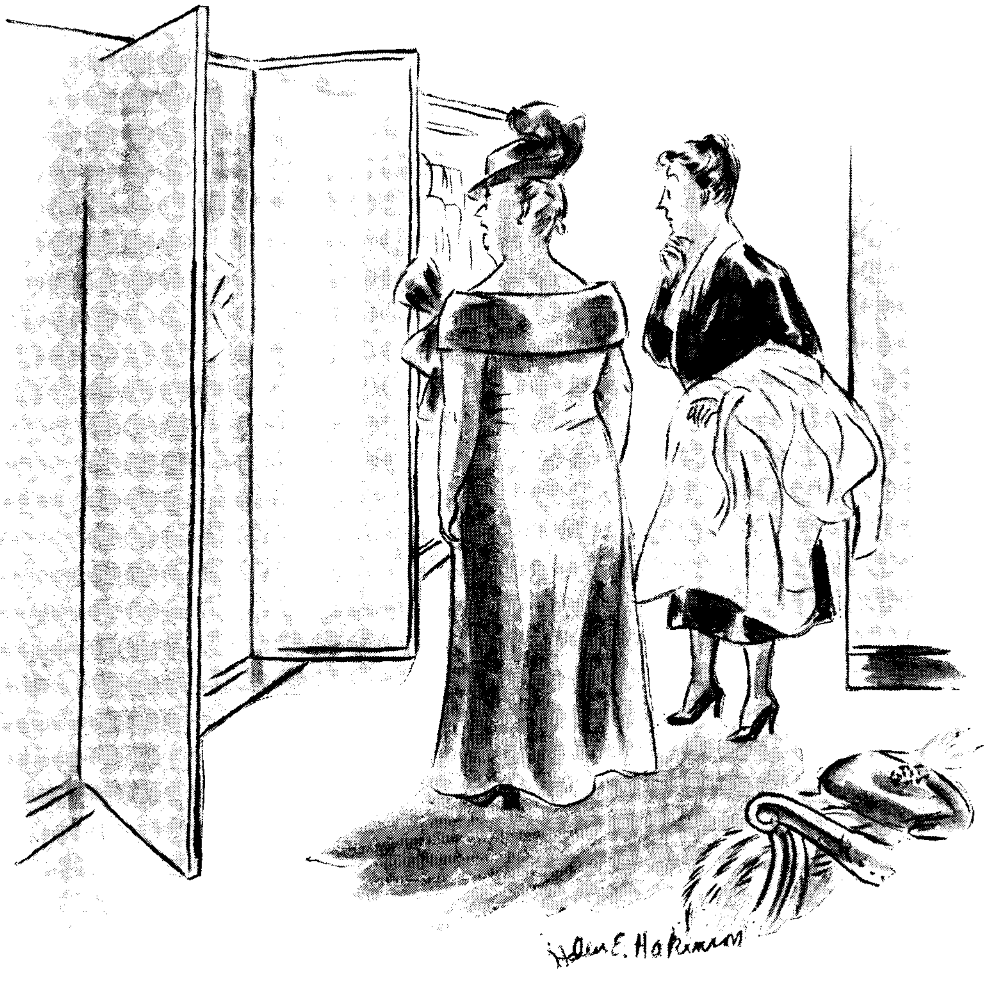
Next question.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

HIGH-STYLE furs are always a problem. First of all, they are a substantial item in anyone's budget. Moreover, a too conservative coat or jacket is apt to pall before the end of its first season, and an extreme one requires the expense of remodelling. But the things the custom furriers are presenting this fall seem to have neatly avoided both these difficulties. Furs have been worked as trickily as though they were cloth, and even a nutria greatcoat (at Esther Dorothy) that is wide and full in back hangs in soft folds and can be belted in without looking clumsy on all but stocky women. Fitted coats in important furs are supple and deceptively slender. Bendel uses the finest mink in a coat with moderate sleeves and collar, a nipped waist, and vertical side pleats all around below the hips, giving the effect of box pleats when you move. Revillon Frères show a black Persian-lamb princesse coat with slashed side pockets that employs box pleating to produce three fin flares below the waist in back. Its deep shawl collar, of beaver, is tangible proof of the revival of contrasting fur trim. Another instance is the sable that bands the collar, makes the cuffs, and edges the two front apron panels of a fitted Russian-broadtail coat at Hermé. Alfred Rainer's magnificent waist-length evening jacket of black Russian broadtail uses white mink to make a small shawl collar and elbow cuffs. His fitted black Russian-broadtail coat with padded hips is for the woman who already has everything; more practical, in Persian or river otter, is a perfect street reefer. It has hip flaps to make a sort of peplum, an inverted pleat low in back, a winged collar, flaring cuffs, and a suède belt. The collar can be contrasting if you choose. The slender bloused-and-belted silhouette is all over town, and there are also lots of casual loose jackets with big pockets and flaring backs, hip length or longer, in anything from the darkest and wildest of mink to muskrat or mole. A favorite everywhere, and particularly at Maximilian and Bergdorf Goodman, is a jacket with a deep cape back. Huge cuffs encircle the elbows, and the front is either trim and waist length or tapers off into long stole ends, to belt the jacket in or to be flung about as you choose. It is usually done in a soft fur, such as mink or ermine, and it is ideal for daytime between seasons or for evening the year around. The huge sleeve is ubiquitous, and the modest, set-in one is in the minority, so all but tall and slender women should insist on a full-length mirror and a knowing friend's opinion before making up their minds. Cuffs, too, are vast, sometimes encircling the elbow in evening coats, sometimes just above the wrist, and sometimes at the wrist, but designed so they can be pushed up or turned back. In fact, Gunther-Jaeckel have a jacket, loose astern and made of silver-blue mink, whose cuffs can be turned back all the way to the shoulders, so help me.

The familiar furs are still with us, though Somali leopard is scarce and expensive. Alaska seal is abundant, sometimes in coats (in all sorts of lengths) whose little shawl collars and cuffs are decorated with jet and passementerie embroidery—a trick that is popular with Bergdorf and Maximilian customers. Maximilian uses a burnt-sugar Persian to construct a good-looking below-hip-length Chesterfield coat with six double-breasted buttons and slanting pockets; $780. In a lighter, caramel color, there's a full-length sports coat with vertical slot pockets on the chest, buttons down the front, and a separate band collar. Dark-blue furs, among them Russian and American broadtail and Persian, are around in quantity for the first time, and they are blacker than black at night, as the cads who outshine other men by wearing dark-blue dinner jackets may know. Even well-dressed women are cheerfully wearing them with their black clothes, which may look dusty by contrast. Gaiety is provided by red mole, to which its Scotch purveyors do something that makes it durable. Rainer's river otter, a short, sleek, sturdy, warm-brown waterproof fur, gets superb tailoring from him in the street reefer I mentioned and in more


Helen E. Hokinson

"I can't understand it. It looked [illegible]

Know your Scotch

It is the still-master who, in the last analysis, determines the character of the whisky produced at the Teacher's Distillery. Once the still is in operation, he sits in front of the spirits safe—a big, transparent valve—checking his instruments and watching the flow of newborn whisky from the spirit still. His judgment, born of years of experience, determines the precise moment when the whisky is at its best.

No. 8 in a series of informative advertisements.

"It's the Flavour"

TEACHER'S

HIGHLAND CREAM

HIGHLAND CREAM
BOTTLED BY
Wm Teacher
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended
Scotch Whisky
Wm TEACHER & SONS LTD
GLASGOW
SCOTLAND
TO OPEN TURN ROUND

The Scotch you know is always right

Blended Scotch Whisky...86 Proof • Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

New York • Importers since 1794

casual, flare-backed sports jackets. Stoles are still very much in business, but they are likely to be more modest in size and to have some ingenious way of anchoring at least one end in place. And before I forget, all prices mentioned include the federal tax.

But let's get down to cases, into which I've slipped some frisky and fairly inexpensive items that are just right for women who like to do their Christmas hinting early.

REVILLON'S pretty new salon, at 11 West 57th Street, has things in fur that rival the décor, some of them designed by the firm in Paris. For sports, this establishment likes a full-length ocelot coat with a deep back, set-in sleeves, and a tuxedo front fastened back in the hollows of the shoulders by bone buttons that match those on the flaring cuffs. For all day long, there's a coat of Alaska seal whose bone buttons are almost obscured by two front panels that give you double warmth. A job in gray Russian squirrel has nice inverted Vs down the back and the almost inevitable slanting pockets and big cuffs. Hudson seal makes an impressive greatcoat, with a belt over an inverted pleat in back, huge pockets ahead of the hipbones, and huge revers above the double-breasted closing. The blouse silhouette, belted and slender, appears in a coat of Hudson seal, with flaring cuffs on moderate sleeves, and another of Persian, with an inverted pleat down the back. Revillon is proud of the lavishly fur-trimmed coats that the firm will do in Paris from muslins fitted here. One model, full length, is shown in orange. The lining is of black Persian, which also makes the shawl-cape collar and sleeves that start below the cloth shoulders. And there are tan or gray herringbone-tweed greatcoats, for the country or for travelling, with big beaver shawl collars—classic in origin, but with a difference.

AT Bergdorf Goodman, the passion to have jackets look like capes, and vice versa (combining the best features of each), reaches its peak in a mink jacket with a turnover collar and tie and moderate sleeves. Deep slings, one on each side of the closing, conceal the sleeves when your arms are at your sides, and make like a muff when the weather drops to zero. Bergdorf's pet mink jacket, hip length, is one of those deft things that look slender at rest but enormous when the wearer's arms are extended. Bergdorf loves capes that are all horizontal tiers of fur attached, along their top edge, to a crêpe or chiffon base. A magnificent three-tiered cape stole appears in black mink (this fur seems like nothing at first glance but becomes more fascinating with every look), and a royal pastel mink cape has four rippled tiers going as far down as the waist in back, and two vertical panels of fur in front to give a waist-length, jacket effect. It looks like an old-fashioned pelerine. American broadtail makes a longish tailored jacket, at $600, that can flare out over cocktail and dinner clothes or be belted in to produce a peplum over your day things. And the Russian sables here are simply superb. You can get two-skin scarves, fluffy beyond your dreams, for $288; at $1,080, there is Dior's three-skin arrangement called Love Birds—two little sable heads nuzzling behind one shoulder.

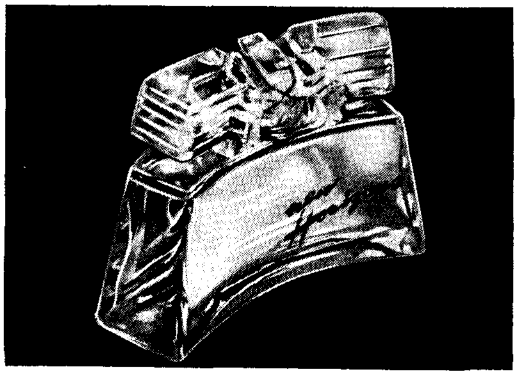
WHEN Gunther-Jaeckel go in for daytime tailored jackets, you can be sure that they are severe indeed. Black, brown, caramel, or blue Persian makes a below-hip-length Chesterfield, for instance, with black velvet or black seal across the back of the neck, four buttons down the front, and vents at the sides and back. There are also literal copies of fishing jackets in nutria or black Persian, belted and bloused and pocketed, with a fold down the front concealing the fastening. When furs are combined, you get bloused and belted styles, such as a coat of black broadtail Persian with a small turnover collar and wide mink cuffs curling around the arms just below the elbow. The most enticing cape-and-coat combination on the premises is of black Alaska seal with leopard revers. The back is a full-length, swashbuckling cape; the front is two panels belted in. And for that Christmas-hinting list, you might consider a small ranch-mink cape-shawl with a two-loop fastening; $714.

MAXIMILIAN's minks have a subtle shoulder treatment—in front, bands of mink at the top of the shoulders imply set-in sleeves; in back, sunburst treatment, small at the nape of the neck, spreads out over the arms, and it is obvious that the sleeves, which are actually dolman, are in one piece with the coat. Big cuffs are here, as elsewhere, but Maximilian often keeps the sleeves quite narrow to the middle of the forearm, where they taper a bit beneath the turned-back cuff, so that there won't be too much bulk next to your ribs

FOR WHOM DO YOU WEAR PERFUME?

■ *For yourself, we hope!* For perfume was intended primarily to please the wearer . . . to give her the self assurance that she is lovely . . . perfectly groomed. When perfume does this for you, you needn't worry about the way the fragrance you've chosen affects others. *You'll do all right!* Just be sure you make a selection from quality perfumes . . . and then let your nose be your guide.

■ And you'll probably be drawn to Ciro's New Horizons. It's a quality extract, admired in Paris, Rio and here. A fragrance with a decided lift that carries you on and on.



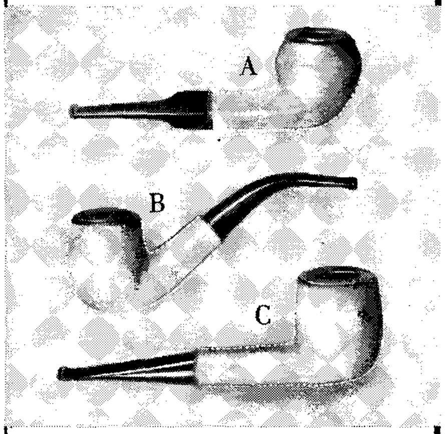
Lovely women consider New Horizons as necessary a part of good grooming as gloves, jewels and lipstick. They find it's so nice to make New Horizons their nicest daily habit . . . *and you will, too!*

■ There's a new $4.50 size. Also at $7.50, $12.50 and $35. Ciro's other greatly loved perfumes include DANGER (now at $7.50 and up) . . . REFLEXIONS and SURRENDER . . . both from $5.50 to $35.

PARFUMS CIRO

prices plus taxes

MARK CROSS
Fifth Avenue at 55th



LEATHER COVERED PIPES $10

Mark Cross excitement for pipe smokers. Finest Algerian briars covered with tan hide, hand-sewn. Vulcanized hard rubber stems. 12 shapes to choose from. From France, for Mark Cross alone!

Mail and Telephone Orders Filled
ENdicott 2-7000
Postage prepaid anywhere in U.S.A.

Exquisite Imported
LINENS

EST 1861

GRANDE MAISON DE BLANC
745 Fifth Avenue, New York
Suite 300

● *Come in—or write for latest illustrated booklet*

TEAR OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON AND $1.50 FOR EACH SET TO KNITMARK, DEPT. N, PRINCETON, N.J.

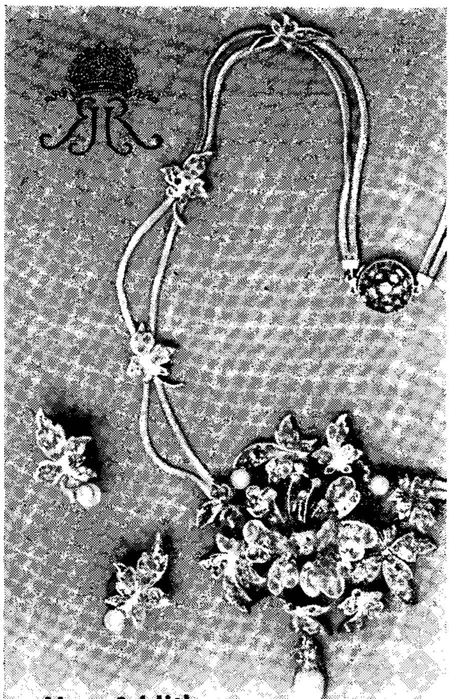
NO TAPE-MEASURE NEEDED FOR
KNITMARK
Crystal or Emerald, inch-marked Knitting needles in crystal cases initialed to order. In sizes of 2, 3, or 4 for Sock sets and 2, 3, 4, 5, or 8 for Sweater sets

NAME

STREET

when your arms are down. A handsome small ermine cape, in which the skins have been worked horizontally, has pointed ends that you can cross on the chest or loop over, Ascot style; another has a deep cape back, big cuffs at the elbows, and stole ends that cross to make a diamond below the waistline when they are belted in. If you feel prankish, there's a stole about a foot wide that is curved and gathered at the center, so that it can be worn as a hood, in which case the ends wrap around your throat. It's $360 in Russian broadtail lined with bright velvet, and comes in velvet-lined ermine as well.

FITTED full-skirted, full-length coats with deep cape-shawl collars are on everyone's agenda; Bendel's, which looks very Molyneux, is of black Russian broadtail, and the slender sleeves are quite a relief. A stunt that requires expert furriers is a source of particular Bendel pride—a rolled edge that looks padded (and maybe is), used even with furs as heavy as nutria (in a three-quarter coat with a full back). The shop sees no reason Russian broadtail can't have a young aspect; hence a hip-length jacket with scalloped detail on the cuffs. The Bendel version of the full cape that acts like a jacket is shown in Persian lamb, below-hip length and blooming into a big semicircle when the arms are extended. There's a sling panel at each side of the front. This creation can be worn as a full cape, as a sling cape, or, after turning the skirt back upon itself from the hem (there are hooks to hold it in place), as a jacket with cape sleeves. Don't ask me how. If I could fathom such things, I'd be designing myself. Patou is the inspiration of a blue-fox cape that has three loose tiers across the back and curves up in front to a hook at the throat below an ear-hugging collar; $570. Another Patou idea is a mink scarf about eight inches wide, and involving no head or paws or tails. This has a loop at each end for anchoring; it's $474, in ranch mink. Bendel admires Ascots that are wide and long enough so that you can wrap them around your neck and still have enough left over to make a sort of sailor collar; nutria ones are $108, ocelot $138, and ranch mink $150. Bendel's Young-Timers' shop (for the moment, we're among the ready-to-wears) has unaffected short casual jackets, below-hip length and equipped with up-and-down reefer pockets. They're of muskrat in a pale-wheat beige or a pale gray.



New Additions To Our Antique Collection

This antique French necklace and earring set is from a group recently added to our fine collection of beautiful old jewelry. Rose cut diamonds and oriental pearls combine to make this delicately jeweled set truly beautiful, 2500.00.

PRICE INCLUDES FEDERAL TAX

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Avenue at 53rd St., New York 22

the peak of Antiques and Decoration

JAMES AMSTER

215 EAST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK 17 • PLAZA 8-1866

Sending a food Parcel to Britain?

DO IT THIS BETTER WAY . . .

Gives More Food per Dollar

You save trouble (all you do is send us check) . . . *your friends select the foods they want.* Parcels are packed and mailed *in Britain,* where *devaluation* results in more food per dollar. Send now for Order Blanks and Descriptive Folder.

Piccadilly Parcels, Ltd. Dept. N

480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
PLaza 3-5416
Suzanne DePinna, American Director

Old-Timers will want one to throw over their suits between seasons and to wear everywhere on those chilly evenings down South; they're an incredible $330.

THE woman who *thinks* she has everything will change her mind when she sees Esther Dorothy's black or navy Russian-broadtail straight-hanging jacket with a small turnover collar, round white pearl buttons part way down the front, and a deep slash at each side—an obvious adaptation of a man's shirt. Blue American broadtail produces a garment exactly like a man's velvet smoking jacket, with velveteen facing on the shawl collar and cuffs and velveteen edging on the pockets. A cheery little cardigan of red mole with red belting edging (others besides people who are forever skiing will love this one) is $714. Esther Dorothy uses mole, in blue, red, or bronze-green, to make a stunning greatcoat gathered on a deep yoke in smock style, with enormous sleeves, enormous double cuffs, and a self belt to hug it in like a polo coat. She also makes this coat (and other, shorter flareback models) in clipped fox, which looks like a deep, fleecy wool and feels as soft as mole. It is dyed off-white, elephant gray, mint green (a deep, bluish cast), or navy, and you can't imagine anything livelier for sports coats. Knee-length coats of it are $834, to give you an idea.

HERMÉ's most beloved jacket (new last year and still going strong) has a waist-length bolero front and a flaring cape back, and is made in a combination of furs—black Hudson seal with an edging of ocelot, for instance. This, with a round muff to match, is $650. He likes, too, the early-twenties dolman coat, absolutely form-fitting amidships and wrapped high in front. His version is $850, in Alaska seal. Dior's very circular flaring hip-length jacket, with a deep tuck all the way around above the hem to make the big flare still more noticeable, and other tucks encircling the bell sleeves well above the wrist, is here in gray American broadtail; $800. Hermé is also fond of a full-length Russian-broadtail coat that is particularly good for small women, that neglected race. There's an inverted pleat down the back and a drawstring treatment underneath that will nip it in at the waist precisely as you like it. Gimmick: A white mink Ascot, lined with black satin and having black satin across the back of the neck, is $150, and would dress up just about

FOR 100 YEARS

America's Finest Champagne

COOK'S *Imperial*

The Champagne Love Toast

No champagne in the world is made with more patience and skill than Cook's Imperial. As many as 220 hand operations, over a period of years, are performed on *each bottle*. It is this painstaking care that makes Cook's champagne so wonderfully delicious.

America's Oldest Champagne Maker

THE AMERICAN WINE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI. Send 10¢ in stamps or coin for Cook's famous party and wedding booklet, *Bubbling Over With Ideas*. Address Hostess Department, American Wine Company, 321-G South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

"La Minaudière"
by
Van Cleef &
Arpels

*Woven gold with ruby and diamond clasp . . . . $3000.**

Pat. D. 153096

Our designers attained their own perfection standard of French art in modern jewelry when they created for milady's evening dress beauteous "La Minaudière." It is a slender smart case in gold or lacquer and precious stones, which when opened reveals a large fixed mirror and exquisite compartments for lipstick, powder, cigarettes, cards and coins . . . from $750.*

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS

World famous designers of precious jewelry

744 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK · PARIS · LONDON · PALM BEACH

*Prices subject to Fed. Tax

JEWELS OF BEAUTY...
Alexandrite and Diamond Ring...**$12,000.**
Ruby and Diamond Ring...**$4,850.**
Diamond and Platinum Ring...**$3,125.**
Oriental Black Pearl Ring with Baguette Diamonds...**$1,250.**

Federal Tax Included • Shown Actual Size

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.
EAST ORANGE MANHASSET WHITE PLAINS

BOAC OFFERS A 25% FARE CUT!

SPEEDBIRD SPECIAL

NEW WINTER RATES FOR 60-DAY ROUND TRIPS TO BRITAIN AND BEYOND (100 Destinations to Europe, Asia, Africa)

Plan your trip now and SAVE as much as 25%, with the new 60-Day Round Trip Fares! Book NOW to go when the crowds have gone, and every aspect of travel is easier. Your dollar buys more in Britain.

INFORMATION AND RESERVATIONS AT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or BOAC, 420 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. (Tel.: PLaza 5-5960.) Offices in Los Angeles, Chicago, San Francisco, Washington, D.C., Montreal and Toronto.

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

anything. Hermé, by the way, is at 37 West 57th Street.

Alfred Rainer shows one treasure after another. One is a double-breasted coachman's coat of Alaska seal, whose double collar is lined with heavy silk; the upper collar can be busy keeping your ears warm while the other acts as a shoulder cape. Another is one of the most engaging casual jackets in town—his top-of-the-hip-length small-boy tailored jacket in Persian. There's also a suit jacket in Russian broadtail, with tiny revers, a belt, a back bloused above the belt, and a peplum flaring outward below it. A tight little mink jacket has a short, flaring peplum and sleeves with barrel cuffs; a waist-length Russian-broadtail one is lovely for both slender and bouffant dinner dresses, or with a dinner skirt. Gray Russian broadtail makes one of those very full short capes with sides that can be folded back from the hem and tied to form cape sleeves. Another cape, with a Queen Anne collar flaring backward from the neck in the favorite Rainer fashion, is of Hudson seal. The front has five pearl buttons in pyramid formation. Lovers of nonsense may well fall for a silver-fox stole with a black velvet lining. It is shown with the animal's head (at one end) firmly gripping the side of your collar, and a scarf, quite Fath in mood, winding spirally around the body. Ranch mink is the basis of a modest stole with a pocket at one end, which is to be anchored under your belt; $850. (Furriers have finally found out that few women can handle a free-flying stole and a handbag at the same time.) Finally, a single skin of Russian sable tied with a taffeta bow is $175. It, too, would look very pretty under a Christmas tree. —L. L.

•

Early in the war-shadow of 1940 they toured Holland at almost the very moment the Wehrmacht decided to invade. The Company escaped narrowly, suffering the loss of scenery and music scores. Undaunted, they returned to London only to be driven by enemy action to go on tour later that year.—*From the program of the Sadler's Wells Ballet.*

Enemy didn't go for their stuff?

•

YELLS WE DOUBT EVER GOT YELLED

[*From an adv. in Field & Stream*]

"Spot had jumped a thieving wolverine wading into Jack's provisions. Old Carcajou took a mean swipe at Spot. 'Here,' I yelled. 'Take these Peters "High Veloc-

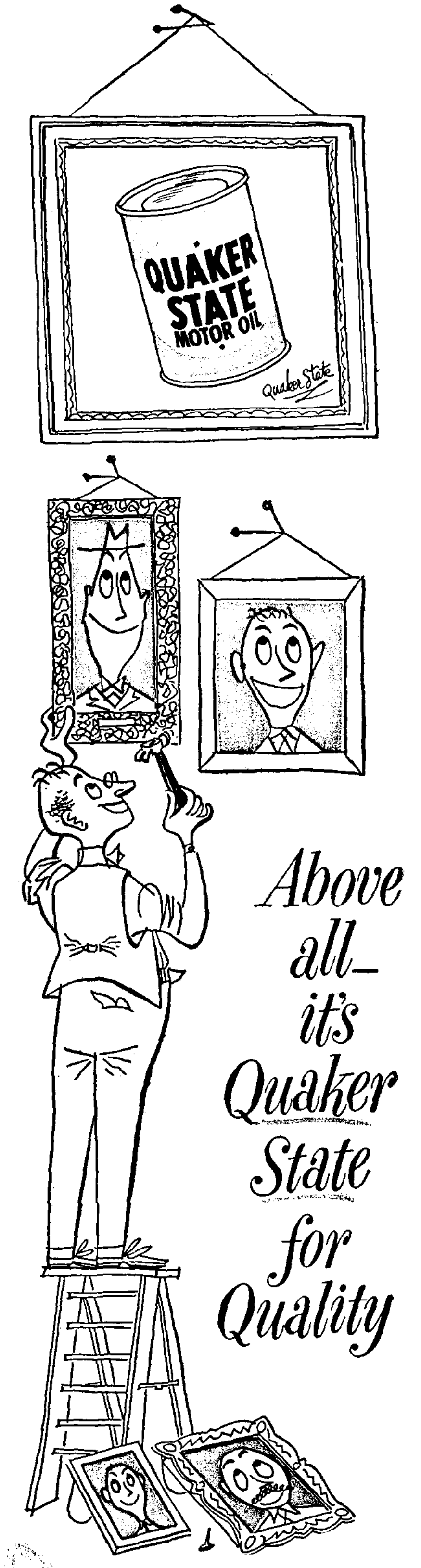
TELEVISION

The World of Milton Berle

WHEN the history of the early days of commercial television is eventually written, several chapters will no doubt be devoted to the strange art of Milton Berle. In my book, they will be dark and bloodcurdling pages. According to reliable authorities (assuming for a moment that there *are* reliable authorities in the television world), Mr. Berle, known along video row as Mr. Television, is a phenomenon of massive proportions. His programs are said to have so powerful a hold upon the television public that shopkeepers who would ordinarily be open for business between eight and nine on Tuesday evenings now close down their stores for lack of customers. Where are the customers? They are watching Mr. Berle. Where are the shopkeepers? They are doing likewise. All over town during the Berle program, in taverns equipped with what the industry refers to as "the magic, kaleidoscopic eye of TV," people are reported to be standing four deep at the bar, laughing, nudging one another, and neglecting their warm beers. A traffic problem of sorts has been created in front of television stores, where crowds gather to watch Berle as people once clustered at the doorways of radio stores, a generation ago, when Amos 'n' Andy were getting under way.

What is Mr. Berle doing to produce so favorable a climate for his antics? It's possible that he is doing nothing that is not being done in third-rate night clubs and second-class summer hotels. One of Mr. Berle's most recent variety programs is a case in point. He made his first appearance as an acutely repulsive cupid, clad in long white bunny-type drawers. In one hand was, of course, a cupid's arrow. He jumped up and down, delivered a few fast "jokes," declared that his entire program "depends upon safety pins" (a sensible remark), and, trying to recapture some of the faded glory of vaudeville, kidded with the orchestra leader and jumped over the footlights (his program looks as if it's televised from what used to be known as a "theatre") to snip off the necktie of an unsuspecting member of the audience. "I'll buy you a new tie!" cried the funny man. "You should live so long!" In his capacity of master of ceremonies, Mr. Berle briefly and glowingly introduced the next act, then disappeared, and the curtains parted to reveal a papier-mâché forest. Unicyclists appeared. When all is said and done, unicyclists are unicyclists, and they can go just so far on their unicycles and no farther. Generally, when unicyclists finish going around and around, all but one discard their machines and climb up on the shoulders of the mounted unicyclist. This is precisely what happened the other evening, and it was at this juncture that the program ran into camera trouble. The cameraman photographing the act had difficulty capturing the full scope of the unicyclists' talents. One would be high on the shoulders of another before the camera seemed to be aware that he had left the ground. This sort of thing is unfair to unicyclists.

The unicyclists finally descended and departed, and, after a brief and glowing introduction by Mr. Berle, two comedians, the Messrs. Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, came on. It is just possible that they represent a trend in television, so they are worth consideration. At any rate, they represent something in television, since obviously somebody has told them that their audience is not a radio audience—that they are being observed as well as being listened to. For the most part, their humor consisted of behaving like delinquent children: poking their fingers in each other's eyes, putting their hands in each other's mouths, and, in the classic tradition, insulting each other. Basically, they were a watered-down and devitaminized version of Ted Healy's memorable stooges, lacking both their physical strength and their total abandon. Mr. Berle joined them, and by his presence made them look like genuine comics. Berle was at his best—or worst—with Martin and Lewis. He demonstrated a few sorry tricks that may conceivably be the real reason for his television success. No. 1, he puts *his* hand in somebody's mouth. No. 2, he crooks his elbow and simultaneously bends his fingers in a clawlike gesture that gives him the air of a singularly distressed primate. No. 3, he twists his mouth and reveals his teeth in an exertion that, at least to me, signifies nothing. Mr. Berle and his two accomplices pretended to be symphonic conductors, and, inevitably wearing outrageous wigs (as music-lovers well know, no local sym-


QUAKER STATE MOTOR OIL
Quaker State
Above all— it's Quaker State for Quality

Quaker State Motor Oil is made from 100% pure Pennsylvania grade crude oil. It is refined with the most modern processing equipment and technical skill unexcelled in the industry. It is the finest motor oil, we believe, produced anywhere in the world.

40¢ per U. S. Quart including Federal Lubricating Oil Tax

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORP., OIL CITY, PA.

O'Keefe's
Extra Old Stock Ale
Imported from Canada
O'Keefe's Brewing Company
Toronto · Canada

O'Keefe's

ALE • STOUT • BEER

IMPORTED FROM CANADA

A product of Canada's Largest Brewers

IMPORTED BY O'KEEFE'S, INC. • BUFFALO, N. Y.

WISCONSIN CHEESE

"THE SHOWCASE OF WISCONSIN CHEESE" —A beautiful gift-wrapped box containing seven well-aged varieties of Wisconsin's Famous Natural Cheese. Includes Cheddar, Swiss, Bleu, Brick, Smoked, Roanne and Gouda. A real pleasure to give and to receive. Ship. wt. approx. 4 lbs. Delivered to any U.S. address **$3.90. (Ten or more $3.70 ea.)**

LUXURY PACK—Our choice selection of eight varieties of natural Wisconsin cheese in attractive gift-wrapped box. Ship. wt. approx. 6 lbs. Postpaid anywhere in U.S. **$5.95. (Ten or more $5.65 ea.)** Please specify whether you want your order shipped immediately or at Christmas time. Unless specified we ship at once.

We specialize in gift mailings for industrial lists. Write for circular.

SAK'S CHEESE HOUSE
MIDDLETON 2, WISCONSIN

ACADEMY AWARD WINNER!
"Best Picture!"
"Best Actor!"

MATINEE PRICES FOR LATE SHOW EVERY SAT. EVE. AT 11:30

2nd YEAR
RESERVED SEATS

LAURENCE OLIVIER presents
"HAMLET"

Mats Daily at 2:30
Evenings at 8:30
Extra Mats Sat. Sun.
& Holidays at 5:30

AIR CONDITIONED
PARK AVENUE Theatre
Park Ave. at 59th St.•PL.9-7242

phonic conductor, with the possible exception of Leopold Stokowski, wears a wig), they leaped into the orchestra pit and had a squalid time conducting the orchestra. Once again, not only the comedy but the camera work was faulty. There were shrieks of laughter from the studio audience, who presumably witnessed everything, but the all-electronic audience was treated only to glimpses of the principal parties—a flying wig here, a broken baton there, a mad figure zooming across the screen.

Well, Berle's program went on and on. A woman dressed in a leopard-skin ensemble danced one of those tortured dances with a man wearing shorts. There was a skit involving people dressed up as Buck Rogers, Flash Gordon, and Superman, and there was Miss Ethel Merman, who seemed so discouraged by the prevailing humidity that she didn't halfway achieve her customary glorious form. I must confess that the arrival of Miss Merman brought me up with a start. Here, I said to myself, is a lady of the theatre who can surmount any obstacle. She sang a group of songs, the titles of which all cleverly contained the word "smile"—"Smile, Darn Ya, Smile," "Smiles," "When You're Smiling"—but her heart clearly was not in her work. I think that we can put it down as a rule that when Ethel Merman is defeated by a program, something is wrong with the program. Perhaps it should have come as no surprise to me that as Mr. Berle's hour drew to a close he appeared as a cowpuncher riding an electric horse and, as a clincher, a manful and bewildered little group of American Indians performed a ceremonial dance.

Goodbye, Mr. Television.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

LOUISVILLE, KY.—(UP)—Have no fear of becoming an old maid school teacher.

Dean L. D. Haskew, University of Texas College of Education, Austin, says a girl's chances of getting married are "great" if she becomes a school teacher. But private secretaries have a better chance.

If You Want The Fastest Results, Use Want Ads In The Chicago Daily News
—*Chicago Daily News.*

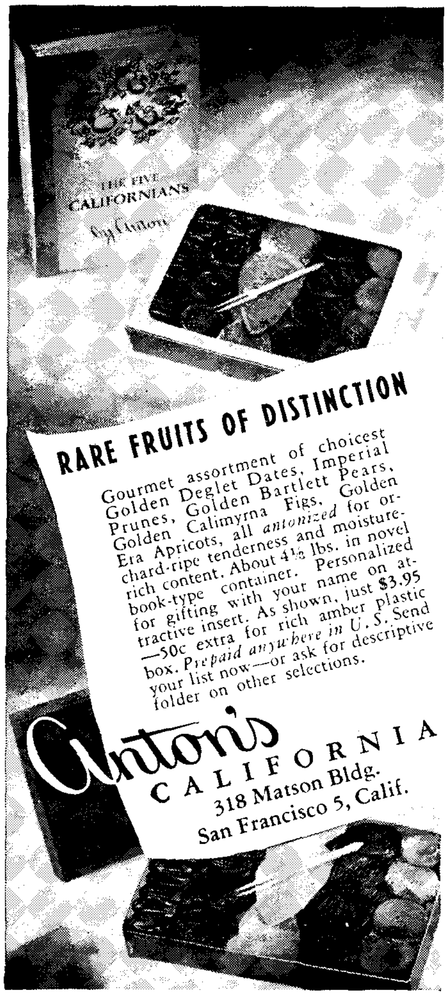
And that just about covers it.

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*Arthur Henderson, British Air Secretary, quoted in the Times*]

There's all the difference in the world between an exercise and real battle.



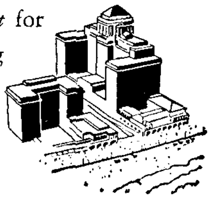
RARE FRUITS OF DISTINCTION

Gourmet assortment of choicest Golden Deglet Dates, Imperial Prunes, Golden Bartlett Pears, Golden Calimyrna Figs, Golden Era Apricots, all *antonized* for orchard-ripe tenderness and moisture-rich content. About 4½ lbs. in novel book-type container. Personalized for gifting with your name on attractive insert. As shown, just $3.95 —50c extra for rich amber plastic box. *Prepaid anywhere in U. S.* Send your list now—or ask for descriptive folder on other selections.

Anton's
CALIFORNIA
318 Matson Bldg.
San Francisco 5, Calif.

WINTER SPORTS

Skiing fascinates our winter guests. They *sit* for hours watching sports shorts in our cozy theatre.



CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
1128 Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Leeds and Lippincott Company
Ownership-Management for more than 50 years

VB
Old Fashioned Apple Sauce

In Greek and Roman Days...

Apples won fame in folklore and legend. Today, apples win great acclaim as delicious VB Old Fashioned Apple Sauce.

Old Fashioned
APPLE SAUCE

Packed by
Lyndonville Canning Co., Inc.
Lyndonville, New York

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Paul Massé of Manhattan's **La Chaumiere,** 163 E. 56 St., El 5-9210 *(closed Sun.)* is host at **Massé Croton Falls,** N. Y. (tel. 960), on Rt. 100 at junction 22 & 202. French Provincial atmosphere. A la carte *Closed Tues* Rather Expensive.

FOOTBALL

Credit Where Credit Is Due

NOT often, in this part of the world, do the college football teams divide themselves up so early in the season into the haves and the have-nots. In the first classification, we find Army, Cornell, and Penn, probably ranking in the order named. In the second classification, we find everyone else, without any discernible ranking at all. Army, Cornell, and Penn, whatever the tactical situation in a game, can always lead from strength; all the others suffer from a shortage of manpower, a shortage of skill, or a shortage of luck, or a combination of these factors.

Of the have-nots, the least to be pitied is Princeton, which needs only a kicker of points after touchdowns to put it in the first rank. Princeton lost to Penn, 14–13, because of this need; Princeton beat Brown, 27–14, but kicked only one point in four tries; then, last Saturday, Princeton lost to Cornell, 14–12, because of the same deficiency. Three weeks earlier, Princeton, losing to Navy, 28–7, looked green and disconnected and occasionally dim-witted; Navy, playing a winning game for the first time in nearly two years, looked sort of wonderful now and then. In the intervening weeks, Princeton has played first-rate football, while Navy, attempting a Notre Dame kind of schedule with only a Navy kind of student body, has found the going harder and harder.

Last Saturday, Princeton was the toughest playmate Cornell has encountered this season, while Navy was almost entirely confined to the cramped hollow of Penn's hand. Penn won, 28–7, without perceptible trouble. Navy exhibited great determination and courage, but also a vast innocence in the face of Penn's passing attack, and, in addition, it was the victim of an extensive series of annoying accidents. One Navy man, away for a long run, dropped the ball in midflight, though not so much as a jarring finger had been laid upon him; another Navy man, reaching for an important pass that was his by right and by design, knocked it into the hands of a Penn man; a complicated Navy passing play was a complete success except for the fact that Navy lost six yards on it; a truly handsome Navy punt was run back seventy-four yards for a Penn touchdown. That made it three times in four games that Penn has done this sort of

(*Advertisement*)

by **CEDRIC ADAMS**

MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

LITTLE THINGS IN LIFE: There's one advantage in being a little balmy; The mentally ill do not generally suffer from hay fever . . . Victims of what is called very commonly "brandy nose" are not necessarily heavy drinkers. The red beak can be brought on by acute emotional crises involving either guilt or indignation. There's another way to acquire a red nose innocently, says Dr. G. Hendrickson of Crookston, Minn. A peculiar formation of blood vessels where spectacles rest on the side of the nose will cause constriction very much like a rubber band placed tightly around a finger. The remedy: place the weight of the glasses across the bridge of the nose . . . Straight from the Horse's Mouth: The granddaughter of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow says the Longfellow family always gave Hiawatha the "Hee-a-watha" pronunciation . . .

★

JUST DISCOVERED WHAT dried beef is. In case you have been as ignorant about it as I've been, it's round steak beef that has been kept in a brine of salt and sugar or molasses. Two days for each pound of weight, then slowly dried and lightly smoked . . . Sometime next year a new type telephone instrument will make its debut and what a boon it will be to householders. The instrument will be lighter, handsomer and equipped with a little button to turn so the bell will ring at a desired volume—a soft ring if the youngsters are napping, a loud jingle when you're down slaving over the steaming tubs. The numbers will be outside the dial to make for easier reading and won't be obscured by a dialing finger . . . Billy Hamm, St. Paul brewer, cuts every cigarette in two before he smokes it.

★

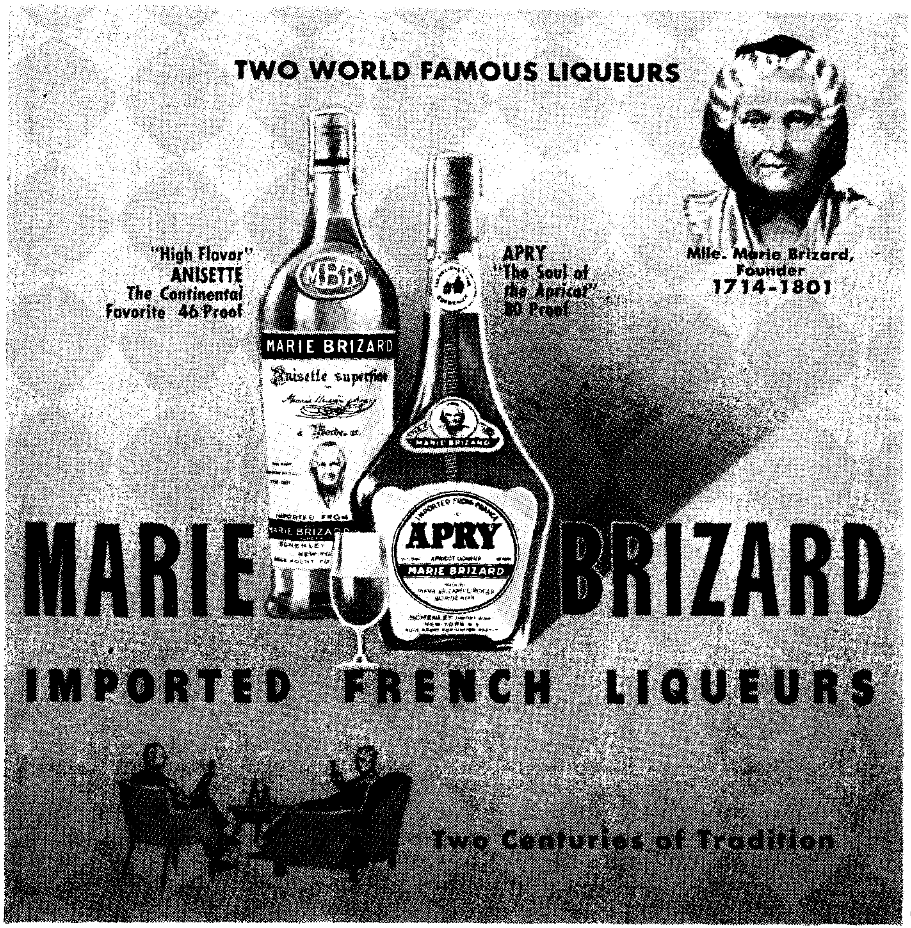
SIGN IN A BARBER SHOP: "A good haircut or your hair refunded" . . . Don't tell him I told you but the World Book is recommending nasturtium leaves as tasty sandwich fillings and the green seed pods may be pickled and eaten as a substitute for capers . . . In case you missed this Christian Dior prediction, let me repeat it for you: No more buxom women says he. The 1950 middle-of-the-century belle will be casual, daring, and boyish, like the heroines of the silent movies. No hips, no bosoms, a close-cropped hurricane hair cut. She'll wear a sheath slip up to the knees . . . Take a bow gents: A famed illustrator says that men are endowed with better eyelashes, better eyebrows, and better complexions than women . . .

★

IN CASE YOU CARE: The fig is predominately female . . . Peanut butter now has competition. New varieties are almond, filbert, pecan, black walnut and brazil nut butters . . . Scientists still don't know what makes rubber bounce . . . Don't worry about your pooch or kitty ever being bothered by poison ivy. Animals are never affected by it . . . Icelanders read more books per person than any other nationality . . . Newborn whales are larger than full grown elephants . . .

★

NOW ALL I ASK is that you read right on through the "sales pitch" about America's Upper Midwest. In the first place, there are 225 counties (240,000 square miles) in the vast area, comprising Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota and western Wisconsin. The 1,145,000 Upper Midwest families spent more than $4½ billion in retail stores in 1948—which gives you some idea of the region's prosperity . . . And you can bet it's no secret out here that the best-read, best-liked newspapers in the Upper Midwest are **The Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 470,000) and **The Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: more than 590,000).


TWO WORLD FAMOUS LIQUEURS

"High Flavor"
ANISETTE
The Continental
Favorite 46 Proof

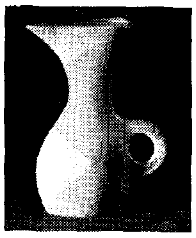
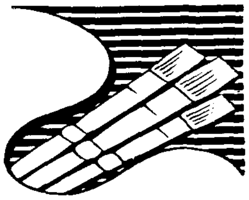
APRY
"The Soul of
the Apricot"
60 Proof

Mlle. Marie Brizard,
Founder
1714-1801

MARIE BRIZARD
IMPORTED FRENCH LIQUEURS

Two Centuries of Tradition

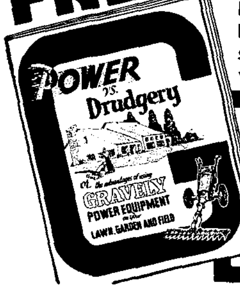
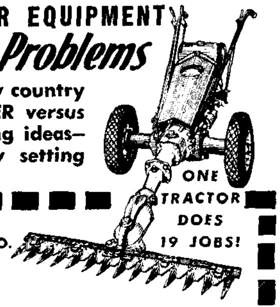
SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.



"UBANGI"
Pitcher-Vase by Gwen Lux. 9½" high. In Ox-Blood Red, Persian Blue, Golden Yellow or Earth Brown. $14.50

Exclusively Yours!

Our new Collection of original Ceramics is creating quite a stir among the town's harder-to-please citizens. Here, *and only here*, at prices as low as $3.50, are some of the loveliest, most unusual and brilliantly colorful vases, ash trays, cigarette boxes, plates, tiles, and figurines, produced individually in our own Studio workshops. Each is an original design created *for us* by one of America's great artists. Marvelous as gifts; wonderful to grace your own home. Come in and see them today, or write or phone now for our special Catalogue C.

ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS
711 Fifth Ave. Galleries at 55th St.
Telephone PLaza 5-0711



NEW BOOKLET TELLS HOW GRAVELY POWER EQUIPMENT
FREE! Solves Upkeep & Gardening Problems
Give yourself the leisure to really enjoy country living! This big Free Booklet – "POWER versus DRUDGERY"–is chock full of labor-saving ideas–shows how to give your home a lovely setting without long hours, hard work!
MAIL TODAY!
ONE TRACTOR DOES 19 JOBS!
GRAVELY MOTOR PLOW & CULTIVATOR CO.
BOX 1085 DUNBAR, WEST VA.
NAME ______
ADDRESS ______
CITY ______ STATE ______

thing. It's part of the shock treatment the three haves use to break up the enemy. It took the moral wind out of Navy, just as Cain's touchdown run of ninety-four yards against Columbia on Saturday, in an exhibition won by Army, 63–6, seared Columbia's spirit, and just as Babula's touchdown run of seventy-six yards showed Princeton the sort of stuff Cornell is made of.

The major news for Penn partisans, though, is not that Penn won last weekend but that Deuber, who started off this fall with a dullish performance against Dartmouth on the team's opening day, is back in the old Deuber form. Dooney, the first-string Penn fullback, had been the squad's most reliable ball-carrier this season, but on Saturday Deuber was whisking through the Navy line and tossing passes more often than any of his teammates. Navy got its shock in the first quarter—that long Penn touchdown run. Penn got a surprise in the fourth quarter, when the game was in the bag anyway: On the second play of that quarter, Dooney carried the ball and was stopped without gain; two plays later, he was thrown for a loss of four yards. This may have happened before, but it's hard to say when. The silence in the Penn stands was as enormous as if a four-letter word had come over the public-address system.

THIS department, by the way, likes to comment from time to time on the ideas the Penn coaching staff thinks up or resurrects. (Football being an ancient sport, it is not always easy to tell which is the proper verb.) One of the many defensive functions of a team's two ends is to streak downfield when the ball has been punted or kicked off and nail the opponent who is running back with it. Ends spend hours drilling for this job. When Penn was kicking off to Navy on Saturday, at the start of the game, there were three Penn ends on the team; later in the afternoon, on another kickoff, there were four Penn ends on the team. Each time, naturally, other players were momentarily withdrawn to make room for the extra ends. If anything is ever going to break Penn of its habit of running back kicks for touchdowns, this trick may be the answer. —J. W. L.

•

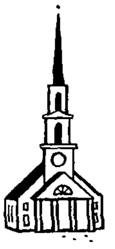
3 MAYORS COOPERATE
TO COMFORT GANGSTERS
—*Headline in the Rochester Democrat & Chronicle.*

Wholeheartedly, we trust.

DÉBUT

MY Uncle Frank was a stagehand at the Grand Theatre in Cincinnati during the early nineteen-twenties, and the intense interest he took in plays and actors was viewed with a mixture of amusement, bewilderment, and distrust by his colleagues. They seemed to feel that there was something more or less unprofessional about his custom of watching at least one complete performance of every road show, even when not required by his duties to do so. Whenever they were not occupied with the mechanics of a production, they would rush to an unused dressing room for a session of poker, and the stage manager would send a messenger to rout them out for scene changes. Uncle Frank tried with missionary fervor to convert them into admirers of the drama, but he never succeeded. Their only theatrical heroes were the producers of one-set plays, and Uncle Frank's more complex values struck them as capricious. I don't think he ever talked even one of them into voluntarily watching a performance. He was a powerful man who could move the heaviest scenery with dispatch, work high in the flies without the slightest touch of acrophobia, and double as stage carpenter and electrician, so he never lost his colleagues' respect, but whenever he attempted to discuss the merits of plays or performers with them, they would charge him with acting ambitions, their final insult.

It was Uncle Frank's crusading spirit that was responsible for my introduction to the drama, in the fall of 1922. I was ten, and Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson, and Buck Jones were filling all my need for theatre—a situation my uncle viewed with considerable disapproval. He said my heroes belonged to the saddle-sore school of acting and weren't fit to carry greasepaint for the lowliest legitimate performer.



He and my aunt lived next door to my family, and there was a good deal of visiting back and forth. "You ought to send him to some plays," he told my parents one evening. "He thinks the ultimate in acting is shooting an Indian in the belly."

"At a dollar and a half for the cheapest seat in the balcony, his culture can wither for a while," my father said placidly.

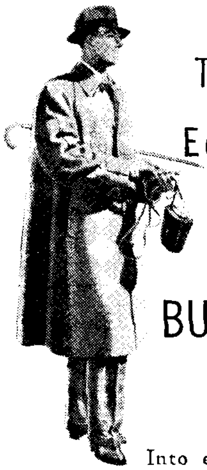
Uncle Frank was not to be put off by this consideration. A few days later, he dropped over to say that he had made arrangements with the Grand's stage manager for me to watch the opening performance of each production from the wings. Most shows opened on Sunday nights, and my parents didn't like the idea of my staying up late the night before a school day. Uncle Frank proposed that I take a nap in the afternoon, and my parents consented on that condition. I agreed to the nap also, although I had no other interest in the project than to escape the Sunday-night curfew. "You'll like this first play," my uncle said enthusiastically when the matter was settled. "Frank McGlynn is playing in Drinkwater's 'Abraham Lincoln.' "

MY knees went weak when I arrived at the theatre for the first time and saw the vantage point Uncle Frank had selected for me. As we threaded our way across the stage, between pieces of scenery and sweating stagehands, he said, pointing to a narrow iron catwalk high up on one side wall, "That's where you'll sit. You can see everything from the fly gallery."

With Uncle Frank close behind me, the climb up the vertical ladder and the walk along the grilled gallery was not as frightening as I had expected. We found a place from which I could see the whole stage, and Uncle Frank had me sit down on the grille with my arms hanging over the guardrail and my feet dangling in space. He took a rope from his pocket, passed it around my waist like a safety belt, and tied the ends to the grating of the catwalk floor behind me. "You can't fall now," he said.

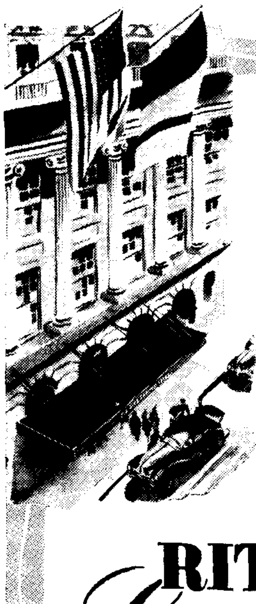
He went off to work, and I watched the activity below me. Scenery was still being put into place, and a man was checking the position of furniture on the stage; men on ladders were arranging lights, and others came up to the catwalk from time to time and pulled on various ropes that hung down the wall behind me. Finally, everything seemed to be in order, and actors in Civil War costume started to assemble in the wings. I could hear the murmur of the audience through the heavy plush curtain. Then the orchestra in the pit tuned up, and the hubbub diminished.

The overture began. Below me I heard someone call "Places!," and two bewhiskered actors took positions on the stage. When the music stopped, a man at the switchboard slowly moved a lever, and through the space between the end of the curtain and the side of the proscenium arch, I could see the house lights dim and go out. He pulled other switches, and suddenly the stage



Into every Burberry overcoat and weatherproof is woven famous and faultless Burberry quality. That is why purchasing a Burberry is the wisest kind of economy—for Burberrys are manufactured up to a standard of perfection—never down to a price. When you buy a Burberry, you invest in long, satisfying wear . . . masculine, comfortable styling. Make your next a Burberry—the most economical coat a man can own. Write for the name of the Burberry dealer nearest you—we'll gladly send it to you.

BURBERRYS, LTD.
12 East 38th St., New York 16, N. Y.
BURBERRYS
of London



RITZ Carlton
NEW YORK

A visit to the *Ritz* is an adventure in good living . . . with the finest traditions of Continental service still maintained!
A minute from Grand Central and the Airlines Terminal.

MADISON AVENUE AT 46th STREET
Frank L. Swadley, General Manager

Sulka Gloves for
The New Season

All selected skins. *From top:* Rich grey mocha—velvety soft, finely hand stitched—slip-on or button model, **$11.50** . . . The New Brown Mocha from England—finest quality, hand sewn. An outstanding glove! Button model only, **$12.50** . . . Russet—Sulka's newest fall color in *imported wild hog—hand sewn, slip-on* style, **$10.50**. . . . ***Wonderful Gifts!***

Selection sent on request — just state size

A. Sulka & Company
661 Fifth Avenue—at 52 Street—New York 22
2 South Michigan Avenue at Madison, Chicago 3

London 1742
WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE
BREWED & BOTTLED BY
ESTD 1742

Finest English Ale

The product of over 200 years' brewing experience

An ale of quality and distinction in which you taste the goodness of the finest British Malt and the appetizing tang of the finest Kentish hops.

Famous all over the World

Whitbread's Pale Ale

Brewed and bottled in England by
WHITBREAD & CO., Ltd.
Brewers since 1742
General U. S. Importers
VAN MUNCHING & CO., INC., NEW YORK

bathed in brilliant light and faint blue bulbs lighted the wings. I was conscious of a curious shortness of breath when I looked across the stage and saw Uncle Frank begin to pull on a heavy rope. Majestically, the curtain rose toward the blackness of the flies.

I found the play tremendously exciting, and on the way home with Uncle Frank that evening I asked dozens of questions. He answered them all with the calm authority of a man who has just demonstrated a successful invention and went on to give me a lecture on plays, acting, and theatrical production in general. Most of what he said meant little or nothing to me, but his enthusiasm was contagious. When we parted, he put a warning hand on my shoulder. "I wouldn't tell your mother and father *exactly* where you were sitting," he said.

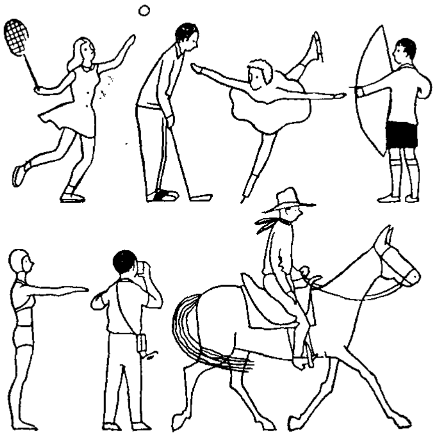
IN the weeks that followed, I usually went to the theatre early on Sunday afternoon, with Uncle Frank, so that I could watch everything, from the arrival of the scenery to the end of the performance. (I had rid myself of the obligation to take a nap by agreeing to go to bed an hour earlier than usual on Monday nights.) The stagehands were all friendly, and when they weren't too busy would explain the equipment and show me how it worked. Uncle Frank continued to expound the loftier aspects of the drama, delivering most of his lectures early on Sunday evenings, while we ate the sandwiches my aunt had made for us.

I have long since forgotten most of the plays and musicals I saw during that season, but I remember well a few of them. Ed Wynn, in "The Perfect Fool," nearly cost me some broken bones when he played the Grand. I laughed so hard I almost slid through my safety belt. From my high perch, I began long-range love affairs with Helen Hayes, Irene Bordoni, and Lynn Fontanne when they played in "To the Ladies," "The French Doll," and "Dulcy," respectively.

It was, however, an obscure repertory company, which came toward the end of the season, that provided the background for what seemed to me the year's dramatic highlight. The troupe was to open with Sardou's play "La Tosca," a dull, windy affair. There was quite a lot of confusion backstage at curtain time. Some of the scenery had been damaged in transit, there was a short in one of the light circuits, and several important props had been mislaid. Everything was behind schedule, and the company manager was frantic.

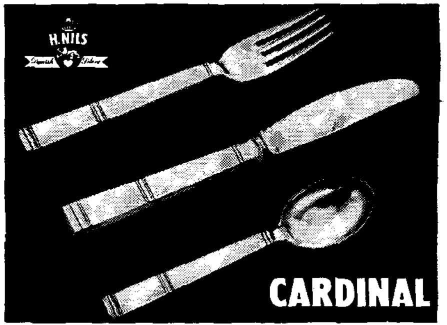
The first act of "La Tosca" is laid in

Vacation paradise
THE YEAR AROUND



THE **Broadmoor hotel**
COLORADO SPRINGS
COLORADO

He's Back!
JOE E. LEWIS
(AUSTIN MACK at the Piano)
IN THE COPA'S NEW FALL REVUE WITH
BILL NORVAS
and The UPSTARTS
For Dinner at 8 • Then at 12 • Again at 2
MONTE PROSER'S
COPACABANA
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0949
DINNER $2.50



From Denmark. One of our four plain designs in sterling table silver. Available in complete sets at new lowered prices. 6-piece place-setting (dinner size) with monogram and tarnish-proof bags: "Classic" $44, "Cardinal" $48, "Bell" and "Ripple" $51. Federal Tax included. Write for new gift folder.

H. NILS HANDWROUGHT DANISH SILVER
1 East 58 St., New York City. *At the Savoy-Plaza.*

a church, and a huge altar occupied stage center. Just before the curtain was, finally, about to rise, Uncle Frank began to light the candles on the altar with a long taper. Two actors stood in the wings, ready to make their entrance. The orchestra was desperately playing a musical-comedy song in the hope of quieting the restive audience. When it came to the end of the chorus, the stage manager signalled the electrician to darken the house lights. Then, without checking the playing area, he said "Curtain!"

Even if Uncle Frank had heard the order—he said afterward that he hadn't—he wouldn't have had time to get off the stage without being seen by the audience. As the curtain began to rise, he cast a frantic glance over his shoulder and then returned to the job of lighting the last three candles.

There was a slight murmur from the audience at the sight of Uncle Frank in his blue overalls, but no laughter. The stage manager heard the hum, looked out on the stage, and gave a moan audible even to me, in the fly gallery. He had enough presence of mind, however, to stop the two actors from entering.

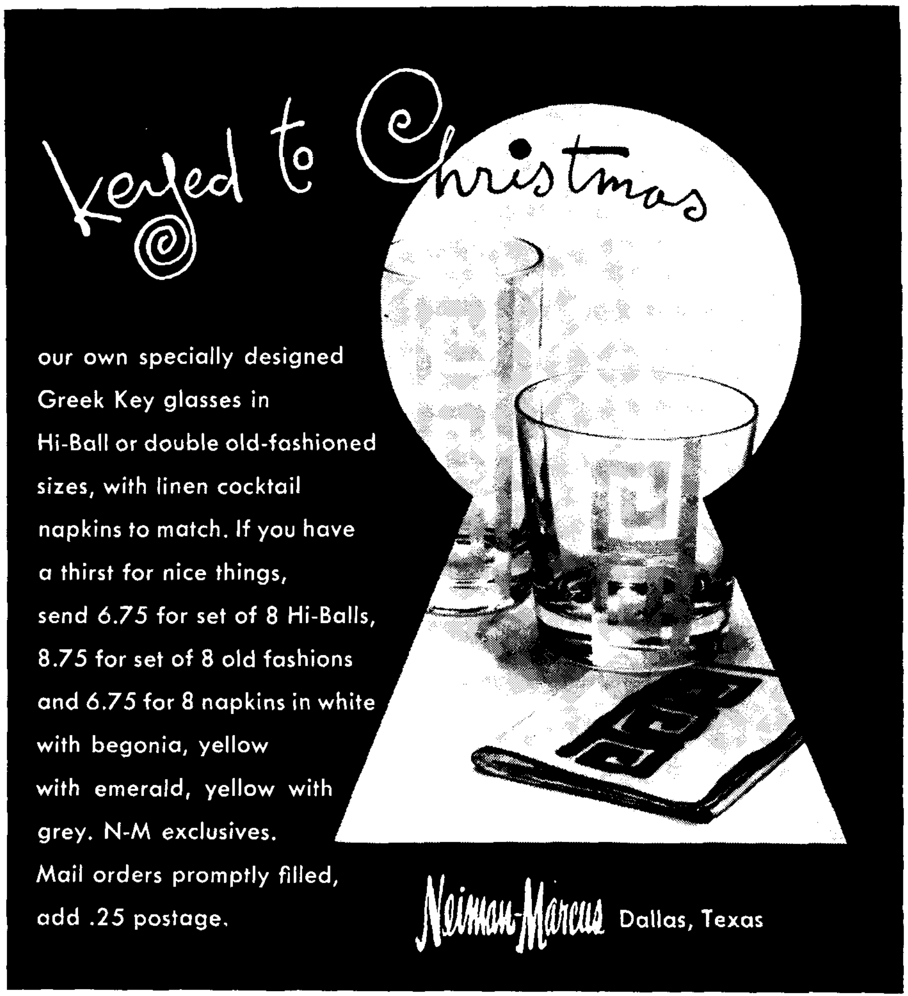
Uncle Frank unhurriedly finished his task and walked down the steps of the altar. At the bottom, he hesitated and, driven by God knows how many repressed desires, turned back toward the altar and genuflected. With complete self-possession he left the stage. As soon as he was off, the actors made their entrance.

I was dry-mouthed with fear. I thought Uncle Frank would be fired, or even arrested. He must have shared my apprehension, at least in part, because he disappeared and I didn't see him again until the end of the show.

Usually, when Uncle Frank came up to the catwalk to get me after a performance, he was still in his overalls, but that night he was in street clothes. I hadn't seen him cross the stage, so I knew he had walked behind the scenery that was stacked along the back wall. He untied my rope hastily, and we climbed down the ladder. I was certain he was planning to slip away without being seen, but when we got to the bottom, the company manager was waiting for him. To my amazement, the manager was smiling broadly. "Mister," he said, "I've been looking all over hell for you. I want to thank you for keeping your head out there tonight."

Uncle Frank swallowed hard. "You're welcome," he said in a strained voice.

"My own damned fault," the man-



our own specially designed Greek Key glasses in Hi-Ball or double old-fashioned sizes, with linen cocktail napkins to match. If you have a thirst for nice things, send 6.75 for set of 8 Hi-Balls, 8.75 for set of 8 old fashions and 6.75 for 8 napkins in white with begonia, yellow with emerald, yellow with grey. N-M exclusives. Mail orders promptly filled, add .25 postage.

Neiman-Marcus Dallas, Texas

TELEVISION
DID HE SAY SCOTCH?
NO HE SAID MARTIN'S VVO SCOTCH!
O. SOGLOW
MARTIN'S ORIGINAL V.V.O. BRAND SPECIAL LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY ALL EXTRA QUALITY
86.8 Proof
MARTIN'S ORIGINAL V.V.O. BRAND
Blended Scotch Whisky

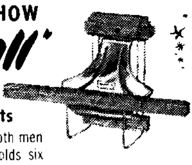
IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

WHAT'S IN A BOTTLE?

IF IT'S A BOTTLE OF
SOUTHERN COMFORT
ALL THIS
Delicious Manhattan
Delightful Daiquiri
Wondrous Sour
Perfect Old Fashioned
HIGHBALL
STRAIGHT
MINT JULEP
COLLINS
SCARLETT O'HARA
PLUS...A NEW
SOUTHERN COMFORT FAVORITE

THE MISSOURI MULE
Southern Comfort and Crown Colony
Ginger Beer—Cubed ice—¼ Lime
SOUTHERN COMFORT CORP., ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

IT BEATS ALL HOW
HangZall
HOLDS SIX PAIRS
Trousers Slacks Skirts



The brand new gift for both men and women. HangZall holds six pairs of trousers, slacks or six skirts in perfect press. Ideal for children, too. Saves closet space. HangZall hangs everything
- Hang clothes quickly and easily with one hand
- Remove any pair with ease

Made of finely finished hardwood with polished chrome and nickeled fittings. Colorful gift package.
At your department store or men's store—only $1.95. It's a wonderful gift.
* KIT MANUFACTURING CO. *
668 SOUTH CORONADO STREET • LOS ANGELES 5, CALIF.

LESSONS in MAGIC
Easy and Fascinating
write or call for particulars
the magic center
741 8th Av., N. Y. 19, N. Y.
(bet. 46th & 47th)
OPEN 10 A.M. TO 12 MIDNIGHT
JUdson 6-0408

FINE ITALIAN FOOD
For Over 50 Years
VILLA PENZA
198 Grand Street • Phone CA 6-8830

ager said. "If I'd have looked and yelled 'Clear!,' you wouldn't have been caught."

"I thought it was better not to make a break," Uncle Frank said, his voice growing stronger.

The manager nodded his head vigorously. "Hell," he said, "if you'd have run, they'd have laughed us out of town." He opened his billfold and handed Uncle Frank a dollar. "This is what the other extras got tonight," he said. "I think you earned yours."

Uncle Frank smiled for the first time during the conversation. "I've been watching actors for a long time," he said.

"I know," the manager said dryly. He took another dollar from his wallet and handed it to Uncle Frank, saying, "This is for the kneeling business." Uncle Frank looked at the two bills in his hand as though the manager had presented him with the Hope diamond.

On the trip home, he became philosophical. "You never can tell when knowledge you pick up will come in handy," he said. He enlarged on that theme for a while and then thought of something that worried him. "I wonder if the papers will slam the show because of that slipup."

THE next morning, when I started off to school, Uncle Frank called after me from a window, asking me to get the afternoon papers on my way home for lunch. As soon as school was dismissed that noon, I bought the *Times-Star* and the *Post* and hurried to my uncle's house. He greeted me happily at the door. "Not a word in the two morning papers," he said.

We went into the living room to look at the ones I had brought. There was no comment on Uncle Frank's performance in the *Post's* review of the show, but the critic of the *Times-Star* remarked, at the conclusion of his, "This is only a minor flaw, but it seems to me that a pair of overalls is hardly a suitable costume for an eighteenth-century church attendant."

Uncle Frank dropped the paper to the floor with disgust. "God-damned carper!" he said.

—JAMES A. MAXWELL

•

ONE WORLD DEPARTMENT

[*Adv. in the San Francisco Chronicle*]

SMORGASBORD
DINNERS
Featuring our Southern

Sea Island
...the luxury vacation spot!

Here, you find an atmosphere of quiet perfection and hospitality in luxurious surroundings. The sun, sand and sea are yours to enjoy the year around, together with sparkling entertainment and many outdoor sports facilities. Congenial guests. Reasonable American Plan Rates. Well appointed homes for lease.

THE CLOISTER
Sea Island, Georgia
Write direct for Booklet W, see travel agent or call New York Reservation Office, 630 5th Ave., CIrcle 5-8055.

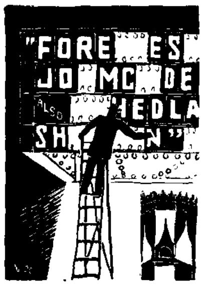
NEW YORK
CHANGES
Lüchow's
Restaurant
DOES NOT
FOOD AND SURROUNDINGS
UNCHANGED SINCE 1882
FINEST SELECTION
OF WINES & LIQUORS
110-112 EAST 14th STREET

LIFE SKETCH CLASS
Wed. 8-11 p.m.
"YOU TOO CAN PAINT" says Albert Pels. It's relaxing, inexpensive, it's fun. Figure, Still Life, Landscape. Morns—afts—eves. Write, phone, or just come to
$1.00
3 hrs.
THE ALBERT PELS SCHOOL OF ART
171 West 71 Street (at B'way) TR 3-4283

ALEXANDER
BENDER
PHOTOGRAPHER OF CHILDREN
126 E. 59th St. • PLaza 9-2261

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Bad, Bad Bette



IN "Beyond the Forest," Bette Davis portrays the wife of a doctor, and a very naughty wife she is. She is so discouraged about life in her small Middle Western community that she treats her husband abominably. She runs an untidy house, never has a hot meal ready for the good man when he comes in late from his rounds, and, every time she has a chance, surrenders herself with hysterical enthusiasm to the embraces of a self-made Chicago industrialist. Miss Davis's interpretation of this role involves more hip-shaking than I've seen since burlesque left Irving Place, and the use of a black wig of such formidable length that when she tosses her head about her features frequently become as blurred as those of a muzhik behind a hedge of whiskers. Miss Davis's obsession is to blow town and head for the home grounds of her lover, and every time she gets to revolving this problem in her mind, which is often, the sound track breaks out with variations on the hymn to the hog-and-corn metropolis that starts, "Chicago, Chicago, that toddling town."

Well, our heroine finally makes it to Chicago, and when she gets there she finds it isn't so hot after all. Not only does the amorous magnate inform her that he's about to marry a nice, refined girl but a clutch of low-lifers make suggestions to her that she finds intolerable—so intolerable, in fact, that she decides to return to the doc and home. Her husband takes her in, but we know that she isn't happy, because that "Chicago, Chicago" refrain keeps welling forth whenever she is sitting around brooding. Presently, to add to her miseries, she comes up pregnant. From this point on, "Beyond the Forest" really goes wild; the heroine is determined to get rid of her child in order to rejoin the industrialist, who has decided that he loves her after all, and the doctor is just as determined that she isn't going to do any such thing. In the course of the next few reels, Miss Davis is forced to shoot an old man who threatens to tell her Chicago pal that she's in no condition to run away with him, to plunge down a mountainside with the idea of bringing on a miscarriage, and to die within sight of the railway station just as the choo-choo (her term) pulls out for Chicago, Chicago, that toddling town.

The dialogue in this picture may not be the worst you've ever heard, since much of it rises to the level of humdrum, but some of the lines delivered by Miss Davis are as eerie as any that have come out of Hollywood in years. She is supported by Joseph Cotten, as the doctor; David Brian, as the hot-eyed industrialist; and Minor Watson, as the ancient who winds up dead.

"THE ADVENTURES OF ICHABOD AND MR. TOAD" is a Disney double bill made up of adaptations of Irving's "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and Kenneth Grahame's "The Wind in the Willows." Mr. Disney's treatment of the first has nothing to recommend it, but in the second he has managed to reproduce some mildly entertaining animal characters. Personally, I'd prefer any Mickey Mouse short to these protracted Disney numbers.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

NOTICE

The Rev. OSMOND OLIVER WOLFE, generally known and styled OSMAN OLIVER WOLFE, and infrequently addressed OSWALD OLIVER WOLFE, wishes to inform the general public that the right and proper spelling for his name, as indicated by his Birth Certificate HR 2715, is OSMOND OLIVER WOLFE and not OSMAN OLIVER, nor OSWALD OLIVER, frequently and infrequently used. And ask that all person or persons drafting legal documents, forms, cheques or bank drafts intending to refer to the said OSMOND OLIVER WOLFE use the right and proper spelling, OSMOND OLIVER WOLFE and not OSMAN OLIVER nor OSWALD OLIVER WOLFE.

(Sgd.) OSMOND OLIVER WOLFE.

25/9/48.

—*Kingston (Jamaica) Daily Gleaner.*

Must be a relief to get a thing like that out of one's system.

•

DEPT. OF HIGHER EDUCATION

[*From the Boston Herald*]

MIAMI, FLA., Oct. 3 (AP)—Carrying out his promise to eliminate all "dead weight," Coach Andy Gustafson today cut Fullback Andy Konovolchick from the University of Miami football squad.

Konovolchick, junior from Salem, Mass., was dismissed from the squad by Gustafson, who said he did not believe the 185-pound back showed the desire to go with his natural talent.

The former Massachusetts all-state star was given a plane ticket and left immediately for Salem.

Luxuria Cream can make you lovelier because

LUXURIA

is

Blended-by-Hand

Harriet Hubbard Ayer
LUXURIA
CLEANSING CREAM

It's a secret formula. Rare oils and other precious ingredients carefully blended-by-hand to a perfection never successfully copied! Only Harriet Hubbard Ayer has this treasured beauty secret.

The result is Luxuria. Slowly blended-by-hand to a pure, creamy richness, a flawless, satiny texture. Blended-by-hand for better, quicker cleansing . . . for lasting, romantic fragrance.

See the difference. See the smoother, prettier, more radiant complexion you have always wanted. Start *your* flawless complexion care today . . . with Luxuria, the cream that's blended-by-hand!

Luxuria Cleansing Cream 1.00, 2.00, 3.50 (PLUS TAX)

Harriet Hubbard Ayer
NEW YORK LONDON
PARIS

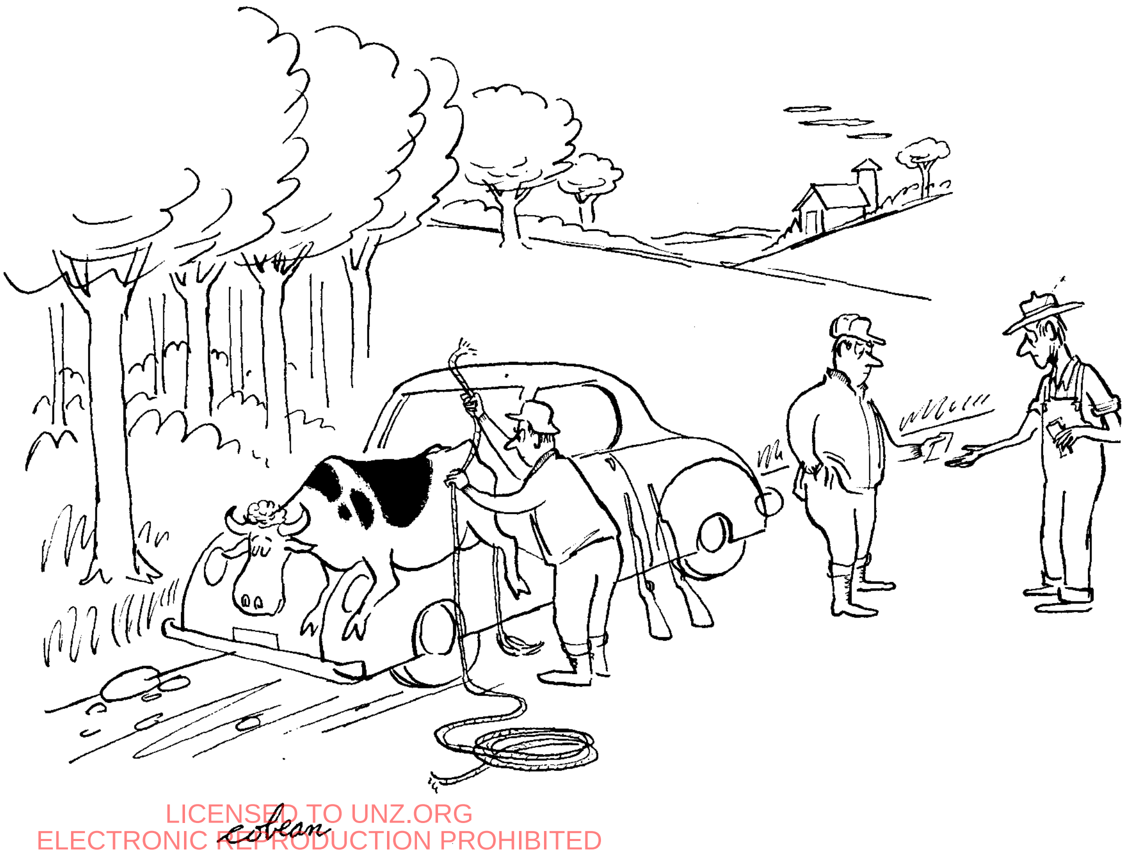
BOOKS

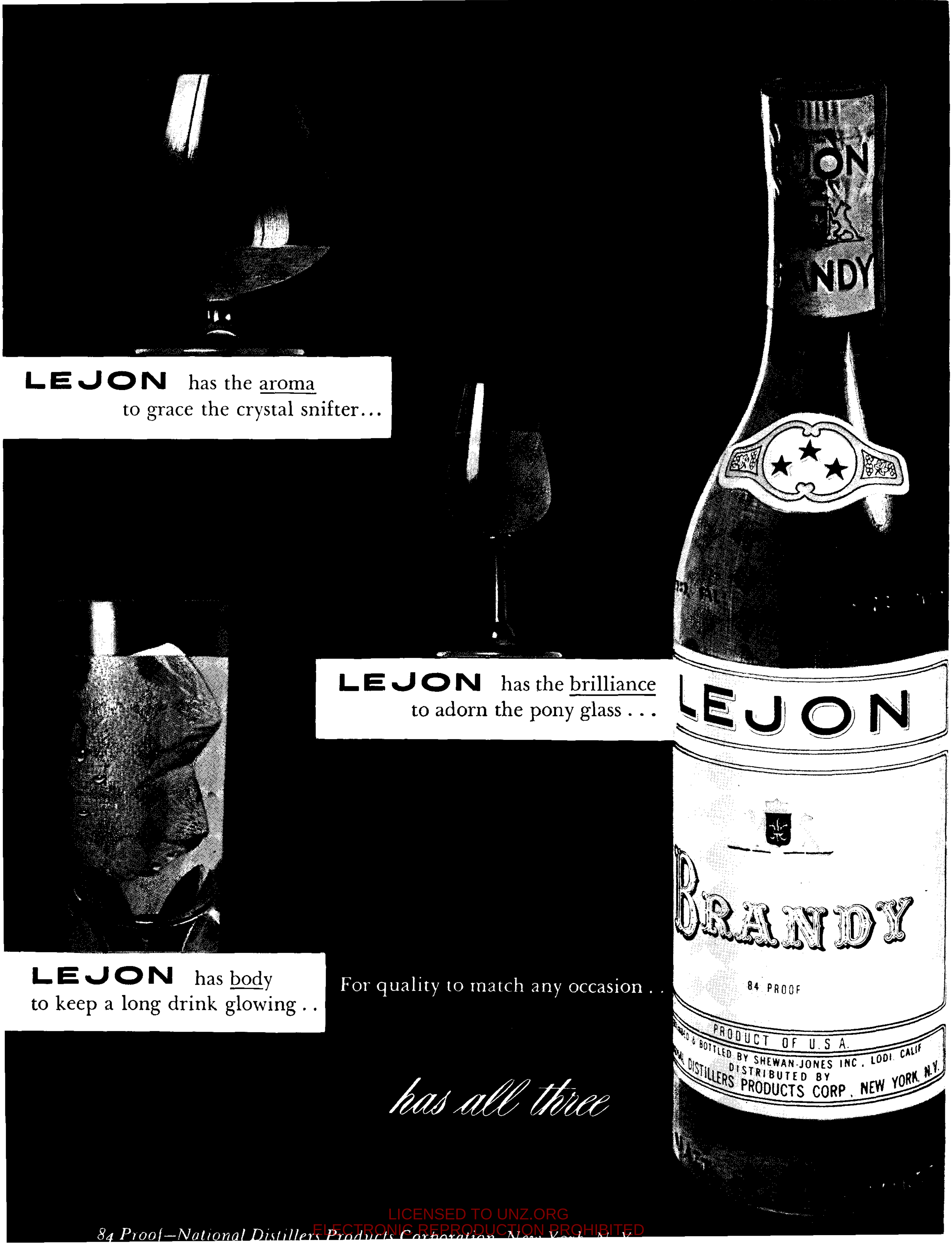
The Notes of a Popular Pessimist

IN the summer of 1908 there were four plays by W. Somerset Maugham running simultaneously in London. Nothing like that had ever happened before, and *Punch* published a cartoon showing four posters announcing the Maugham plays and, huddled before them, the figure of William Shakespeare, enviously scowling and biting his fingernails. When Maugham quit as a playwright, because, as he put it, he would no longer endure the "indignity" of the theatre, he was an immensely popular dramatist, played all over the world. Last year, at seventy-five, he saw his books, in English and in translation, sell two million copies. In addition to having a huge public in the United States, he is adored in France, in the Scandinavian countries, and in his own favorite country, Spain. Except by the critics, he is almost universally read. This unusual popularity is surprising, considering that Maugham's outlook—just as clearly expressed in his "A Writer's Notebook" (Doubleday) as it is in the earliest of his short stories—is profoundly pessimistic. Often in his "Notebook," which contains notes he has made over the past fifty-seven years, he complains of the authors—the Russians, especially—who have no sunshine in them. Yet there is no sunshine in Maugham; there is plenty of heat but no sunshine, in the sense in which he uses the word. There is a minimum of hope, no joie de vivre; the pervading tone is sardonic, fatalistic, sombre. His characters have almost no chance against fate. In his funny stories—and he has written some very funny ones—the tone is decidedly astringent. There is no "lift" in Maugham. With him, love is not an ecstasy; it's an agony, a humiliation, a penalty. It is rather paradoxical that a writer of whom these things may be said should have attained a popularity so staggering. I think the answer lies in the fact that his personality comes through in all his work and fascinates his readers, as it does those who have encountered it in person. It is a personality at once frankly revealed and withdrawn (he will tell you everything, up to a point); he manages to be at once candid and enigmatic. He is a patrician with a disdain for all forms of snobbery, remote from others in essence but close to them in common sense. Common sense is his fetish; in the "Notebook," he reproaches the French, whom he loves, and God, whom he does not love, for being deficient in it. As for his fame, he is perfectly willing, as an exemplar of common sense, to enjoy its emoluments to the full while deprecating the process that gave it to him as one of the blind and unpredictable forces that make up the sometimes entertaining but generally frustrating huggermugger of life. This subject furnishes one of the last of his notes:

> Gushing, she said to me: "What does it feel like to be famous?" I suppose I've been asked the question twenty times and I never could think how to answer, but today, *too* late, it suddenly occurred to me. "It's like having a string of pearls given you. It's nice, but after a while, if you think of it at all, it's only to wonder if they're real or cultured." And now that I have my reply ready I don't expect anyone will ever put the question to me again.

Maugham has come to treat his own personality and career as he does those of the characters in his stories—with humorous irony. "When my obituary notice at last appears in the *Times*, and they say: 'What! I thought he died years ago,' my ghost will gently chuckle," he writes. A Parisian painter engaged on a portrait of André Gide, who was living near Maugham's villa on the French Riviera, came to lunch with Maugham one day last spring. He asked Maugham if he knew Gide. Maugham said that he had never met him, although he had once shared a railway compartment with him on the Golden Arrow between London and Paris. The painter was surprised that Maugham had not introduced himself. "It might have been embarrassing!" said his host. "It might have run like this: 'M. Gide, I'm Somerset Maugham,' and M. Gide might well have asked, 'Who?' Wouldn't risk it." He risks it in his books, though, and countless readers have come to feel that in him they have an acquaintance who is somewhat off the beaten path. For the sophisticates of the international set he is, of course, one of themselves, but for the innumer-




LEJON
BRANDY
LEJON
BRANDY
84 PROOF
PRODUCT OF U.S.A.
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY SHEWAN-JONES INC., LODI, CALIF.
DISTRIBUTED BY
NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., NEW YORK, N.Y.

LEJON has the aroma
to grace the crystal snifter...

LEJON has the brilliance
to adorn the pony glass . . .

LEJON has body
to keep a long drink glowing . .

For quality to match any occasion . .

has all three

84 Proof—National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y.

NOW- WORLD FAMOUS Capehart TONE

BRINGS TELEVISION TO LIFE

Cowhide meets pigskin with a pistol crack! Cheers, songs and band music fill the stadium! The narrator announces the names and numbers! All of the familiar sounds that put you "on the 50 yard line" are yours with Capehart's unequalled tone. You hear everything with "life-like" clarity.

Capehart's exclusive Polatron* television tube brings pictures as brilliant and clear as Capehart tone! Glare and fuzziness are eliminated. Pictures have greater depth and detail in dark or daylight, with no adjustment required.

Truly Capehart television must be *heard* and *seen.* Be sure to do *both* before you buy. *You'll be surprised at the new price range starting as low as $269.50!*

All prices slightly higher in Far West.
**T. M. Reg. Available at slight extra cost.*

CAPEHART-FARNSWORTH CORPORATION, Fort Wayne, Indiana
An I T & T Associate

THE CAPEHART Overture—*with the famous Capehart tone.* Capehart's Regency styling for those who prefer modest size with luxurious cabinetry. Rock-steady pictures—brilliant and clear—plus unmatched fidelity of tone. Television and AM-FM service. Built-in antenna $489 50

THE CAPEHART Symphony—*with the famous Capehart tone.* For spacious homes Capehart provides the Symphony. Television with 16 inch picture, AM-FM radio and the Capehart record changer which plays all types of records automatically. Ample record storage space. Built-in antenna. $795.00

THE CAPEHART Serenade—*with the famous Capehart tone.* For the small home or apartment, this compact television receiver provides economy of space and investment—with a clear, brilliant image and tonal fidelity found in larger Capehart instruments. Built-in antenna. Bisque finish. $309.50

THE CAPEHART French Provincial—*with the famous Capehart tone.* Fashioned from cherry with fruitwood finish. Combines the charm of Old World cabinetry with the excellence of Capehart true timbre tone. Plays all types of records automatically. AM-FM radio. Record storage space. $385.

able others he is a close observer who travels everywhere, knows everybody, and could belong to the best clubs if he wanted to. He doesn't want to, because he realizes that the members are bores. This is a comfort to the millions whose exclusion is involuntary.

All this is very well, but it leaves out a major ingredient in Maugham's popularity—his remarkable storytelling gift. Storytelling is a firm and severe craft, and his "Notebook" gives some insight into its workings. Maugham is aware, without being too much disturbed by it, of the criticism that he has written too much. "The trouble is," he admits, without any apology, "that I could never write fast enough to get my ideas down." The "Notebook" contains outlines for at least twenty unwritten Maugham stories. (It would be interesting to see if anyone else could write them.) Those loathsome interstices "between ideas" that torture other writers seem never to have existed for Maugham; the "Notebook" is a repository of overflow. One may belong to the group of writers who think that he is the greatest master of the short story since Maupassant; one may belong to that other group of writers—Glenway Wescott wrote amusingly about them in an article entitled "Somerset Maugham and Posterity" (Mr. Wescott is much more sanguine about Maugham's chances with the unborn set than Maugham is)—who are driven crazy by his existence and by his sales; but if one is at all interested in fiction as a commodity that may have some intrinsic value even if it is salable, one may find out in Maugham's current volume of self-revelation a good deal about how it is produced. Since he doesn't intend to use it any more, he gives other writers the run of his workshop. His craft hints fall into three categories: notes from which he subsequently molded successful stories; stories that undoubtedly would have been successful had he found the time to write them; and, finally, stories that he didn't write because (a) he didn't know how to handle them or (b) they didn't fit his particular formula. In three notes written in Pago Pago in 1916, you find the raw material from which "Rain" was made; a short paragraph written in 1901 gave him "The Colonel's Lady" in 1941. But it is too late for authors in search of an idea to do anything about these; Maugham anticipated them. However, here is one of perhaps twenty or thirty stories in the book

Women Cherish Bachrach Portraits of Men

Bachrach

FABIAN BACHRACH
PHOTOGRAPHER OF MEN
54 EAST 52ND ST. PL 5-6233

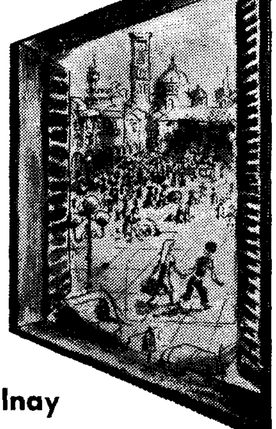
"This dry, realistic and sophisticated prose is the cleverest and most surprising possible approach to the story of the two war waifs who stepped 'out of the square' and into the luminous atmosphere of a miracle—a gay miracle—a witty miracle, a miracle with the exquisite simplicity and inevitability of a legend."—*Clare Boothe Luce.*

OUT OF THE SQUARE by Peter de Polnay

(author of *The Umbrella Thorn, The Moot Point,* etc.)

At your bookstore • 375 pages, $3.00

CREATIVE AGE PRESS



When impressions count . . . DINE AT THE Town House
LUNCHEON • DINNER • SUNDAY BRUNCH
BAR SERVICE to 2 A. M.
THE Town House 38th ST. E. of PARK AVE. NEW YORK

IN THE HEART OF TIMES SQUARE
JUST A FEW STEPS FROM EVERYWHERE
For Fine Food—Superb Drinks
VISIT THE FAMOUS WOODSTOCK
BAR & RESTAURANT
HOTEL Woodstock

FROM A GREAT VIKING FALL LIST

Bemelmans

His first novel since *Dirty Eddie* is "... absurd, poignant, unexpected, grotesque ... the most entertaining reading you can imagine."—DOROTHY CANFIELD, *BOMC News* $3.00

THE EYE OF GOD

Elmer Rice

"Altogether absorbing ... an intelligent and interesting novel for any reader; for everyone who knows and loves the theatre, it is a must."—EDMUND FULLER, *Saturday Review* 472 pages $3.50

THE SHOW MUST GO ON

Henry Green

". . . as light and round and flawless as a bubble ... It mirrors the world with a richness and fullness that dazzle the beholder."—BRENDAN GILL, *The New Yorker* $3.00

LOVING

Samuel Putnam's translation "... generally and authoritatively hailed as the finest yet done in English."—JOHN K. HUTCHENS, *Herald Tribune Book Review* *2 vols. boxed* $10.

DON QUIXOTE

At all booksellers
THE VIKING PRESS

to write and that writers with more leisure might take a fling at:

They're both dead now. They were brothers. One was a painter and the other a doctor. The painter was convinced that he had genius. He was arrogant, irascible, and vain, and he despised his brother as a philistine and a sentimentalist. But he earned practically nothing and would have starved except for the money his brother gave him. The strange thing was that though bearish and uncouth in manner and appearance he painted pretty-pretty pictures. Now and then he managed to have an exhibition and always sold a couple of canvases. Never more. At last the doctor grew conscious of the fact that his brother wasn't a genius after all, but only a second-rate painter. It was hard for him after all the sacrifices he'd made. He kept his discovery to himself. Then he died, leaving all he had to his brother. The painter found in the doctor's house all the pictures he had sold to unknown buyers for twenty-five years. At first he couldn't understand. After thinking it over he hit upon the explanation: the cunning fellow had wished to make a good investment.

Here is another, which Maugham didn't write because of his strong views on what a short story should be (his comment on why he didn't write it is interesting):

A week or two ago someone related an incident to me with the suggestion that I should write a story on it, and since then I have been thinking it over. I don't see what to do. The incident is as follows: Two young fellows were working on a tea plantation in the hills and the mail had to be fetched from a good way off, so that they only got it at rather long intervals. One of the young fellows, let us call him A., used to get a lot of letters by every mail, ten or twelve and sometimes more, but the other, B., never got one. He used to watch A. enviously as he took his bundle and started to read, he hankered to have a letter, just one letter, and one day, when they were expecting the mail, he said to A.: "Look here, you always have a packet of letters and I never get any. I'll give you five pounds if you'll let me have one of yours." "Right-ho," said A. and when the mail came in he handed B. his letters and said to him: "Take whichever you like." B. gave him a five-pound note, looked over the letters, chose one and returned the rest. In the evening, when they were having a whisky and soda after dinner, A. asked casually: "By the way, what was that letter about?" "I'm not going to tell you," said B. A., somewhat taken aback, said: "Well, who was it from?" "That's my business," answered B. They had a bit of an argument, but B. stood on his rights and refused to say anything about the letter that he had bought. A. began to fret, and as the weeks went by he did all he could to persuade B. to let him see the letter. B. continued to refuse. At length A., anxious, worried, curious, felt he couldn't bear it any longer, so he went to B. and said: "Look here, here's your five pounds, let me have my letter back again." "Not on your life," said B. "I bought and paid for it, it's my letter and I'm not going to give it up." the modern school of story writers, I should write it just as it is and leave it. It goes against the grain with me. I want a story to have form, and I don't see how you can give it that unless you can bring it to a conclusion that leaves no legitimate room for questioning. But even if you could bring yourself to leave the reader up in the air you don't want to leave yourself up in the air with him.

A GREAT part of "A Writer's Notebook" is concerned with philosophical and religious questions; Maugham has a teleological obsession. The abiding passion of his life, he says at the end, has been the study of philosophy. As an amateur philosopher, he has a certain status; an American professional, who was staying with him at his villa a few months ago, reports that a longish critique of Kant's "Critique," which Maugham wrote for his guest's scrutiny and edification, is, within its narrow limits, very original; it is a closely reasoned attempt to dig out of the Sage of Königsberg a code of life and thought that will meet Maugham's exiguous standards of common sense. The American professional has, on the strength of this essay, invited the British amateur to lecture here on Kant before a gathering of professional philosophers. Maugham discusses many abstruse questions, but never in language that is not easily comprehensible to any intelligent reader. Nor is he ever inhibited from setting down a thought by the reflection that others have had it before; his sole interest is the process by which he arrived at it. Oddly, there is something about his preoccupation with a personal God that gives this part of the book a faintly Victorian flavor. Maugham writes constantly about God as about someone he hasn't met and never expects to meet but dislikes intensely by reputation. Here is a characteristic passage, from near the end, about the soul:

But what is the soul? From Plato onwards many answers have been given to this question, and most of them are but modifications of his conjectures. We use the word constantly, and it must be presumed that we mean something by it. Christianity has accepted it as an article of faith that the soul is a simple spiritual substance created by God and immortal. One may not believe that and yet attach some signification to the word. When I ask myself what I mean by it I can only answer that I mean by it my consciousness of myself, the I in me, the personality which is me; and that personality is compounded of my thoughts, my feelings, my experiences, and the accidents of my body. I think many people shrink from the notion that the accidents of the body can have an effect on the constitution of the soul. There is nothing of which for my own part I am more assured. My soul would have been quite different if I had not stammered or if I had been four or five inches taller; I am slightly prognathous, in my childhood they did not know that this could be remedied by a gold band worn while the jaw is still malleable; if they had, my countenance would have borne a different cast, the reaction toward me of my fellows would have been different, and therefore my disposition, my attitude to them, would have been different too. But what sort of thing is this soul that can be modified by a dental apparatus? We all know how greatly changed our lives would have been if we had not by what seems mere chance met such and such a person or if we had not been at a particular moment at a particular place; and so our character, and so our soul, would have been other than they are.

In 1896, in a note set down in Capri, when he was twenty-two, Maugham wrote:

> I wander about alone, forever asking myself the same questions: What is the meaning of life? Has it any object or end? Is there such a thing as morality? How ought one to conduct oneself in life? What guide is there? Is there one road better than another? . . . I could make nothing out of it all; it seemed to me one big tangle. In desperation, I cried out: I can't understand it. I don't know, I don't know.

More than half a century later, in the lovely villa that, after long wandering, he has made his home and that is as carefully constructed for his way of life as are his best stories, he still queries and still discovers no answer. The price one has to pay for life is, for him, too high; the consolation others find in art, he denies himself: "Some have ascribed to art a value which is its own justification and persuaded themselves that the wretched lot of the common run of men was not too high a price to pay for the radiant productions of painter and poet. I look askance at such an attitude. . . . Art, unless it leads to right action, is no more than the opium of an intelligentsia." If there is any assuagement, Maugham finds it in the contemplation of heroic conduct—in "the defiant gesture of Paddy Finucane when, plunging to his death, he transmitted the message to the airmen in his squadron: 'This is it, chaps.'" It is characteristic that in this whole "Notebook" Maugham seldom mentions any of his celebrated friends. Innumerable famous people, from Kipling to Winston Churchill, have stayed at his villa, but Maugham is really interested in ordinary, rather than in what he calls "notorious," people. That Maugham's readers feel a personal relationship with him is attested by his fan mail, which, another recent visitor to his villa reports, is voluminous

The bonnie
BELL'S
of Scotland
BELL'S
Blended Scotch Whisky
SPECIAL RESERVE
BELL'S
ROYAL VAT
TWELVE YEARS OLD

They Always Ring True

Product of
Arthur Bell & Sons, Ltd.,
Perth, Scotland.
Established 1825.
Proprietors of
the Dufftown-Glenlivet,
Blair-Athol and
Inchgowers distilleries.

86 PROOF

BELL'S® SCOTCH WHISKY

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford 1, Conn.

Peter Lionel Stevenson thinks he knows all there is to know about women—and very nearly does, in **DOROTHY ERSKINE'S** wise and delicious novel about smalltown America —

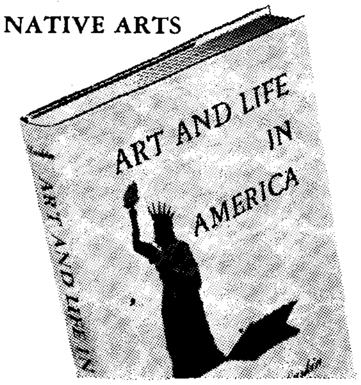
Miss Pettinger's **NIECE**

At all bookstores, $3.00

CREATIVE AGE PRESS

The Glorious Pageant that is America

PORTRAYED THROUGH HER NATIVE ARTS



By OLIVER W. LARKIN.
Professor of Art and Chairman of the Department of Art, Smith College

NEW AND DIFFERENT! A brilliant history — told and lavishly illustrated *in exciting terms* of architecture, painting, sculpture, and the minor arts. Over 400 magnificent pictures, 576 pages of fascinating facts about artists and their work — McIntire, Roebling, West, Wright, Sloan, O'Keeffe. The perfect answer for Christmas gifts. Ideal for artists and art lovers! An encyclopedic reference book for the intelligent reader. *Bibliography, index.* $7.95

At all bookstores or

RINEHART & COMPANY, N.Y. 16

and incessant, and comes from all over the world. Maugham thinks that the reason people take the trouble to write him is that they are lonely. He answers all except the unanswerable. A lady wrote from Cleveland to confide in him that she was in love, that she wondered how she could get her man, and, even more, how if she got him, she could hold him. Maugham answered crisply, "*The way to get a man is to be sexually* attractive; the way to hold him is to be sexually satisfactory."

THIS "Notebook" is, in a sense, Maugham's valedictory. He summarizes the advantages of old age, but he admits they are cold comfort. This is his last word:

> I am like a passenger waiting for his ship at a wartime port. I do not know on which day it will sail, but I am ready to embark at a moment's notice. I leave the sights of the city unvisited. I do not want to see the fine new speedway along which I shall never drive, nor the grand new theatre, with all its modern appliances, in which I shall never sit. I read the papers and flip the pages of a magazine, but when someone offers to lend me a book I refuse because I may not have time to finish it, and in any case with this journey before me I am not of a mind to interest myself in it. I strike up acquaintances at the bar or the card-table, but I do not try to make friends with people from whom I shall so soon be parted. I am on the wing.

From his will and from the force of his character, Maugham has created a way of life that has served him, and a long shelf of books. It has been an extraordinary exercise in craftsmanship. Now, as he approaches the end, he manages to endow it too, if not with sunshine, at least with suspense.

—S. N. BEHRMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE EYE OF GOD, by Ludwig Bemelmans (Viking). The loose-jointed structure of Mr. Bemelmans' latest novel gives him ample opportunity to note the deportment, in one of his characteristically singular situations, of the kind of people with whom he is on thoroughly good terms—the proprietors and patrons of resort hotels. In this instance, there are two such establishments, situated in a Tyrolian mountain village that is taken over by the Nazis as a recreation center and is later occupied by Moroccan troops under French command. An unusually large portion of the author's affection is reserved for the habitués of the Alpenrose, the

THE JUNGLE IS NEUTRAL

by

F. SPENCER CHAPMAN

"Can only be described as sensational and yet every word of it is true . . . the book is magnificent."
—*Saturday Review*

At all bookstores $3.75

W. W. NORTON & CO.
101 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 3

NORTON 25 YEAR Books that Live

"Superlative Wylie"
—*N.Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

OPUS 21

The New Novel by

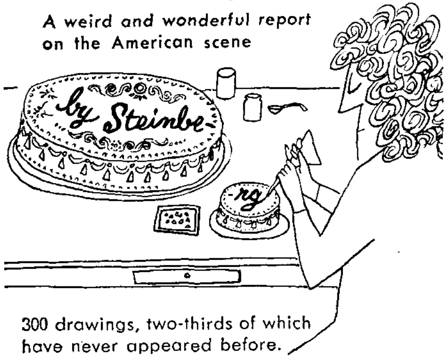
Philip Wylie

$3.00 at all bookstores

RINEHART & COMPANY

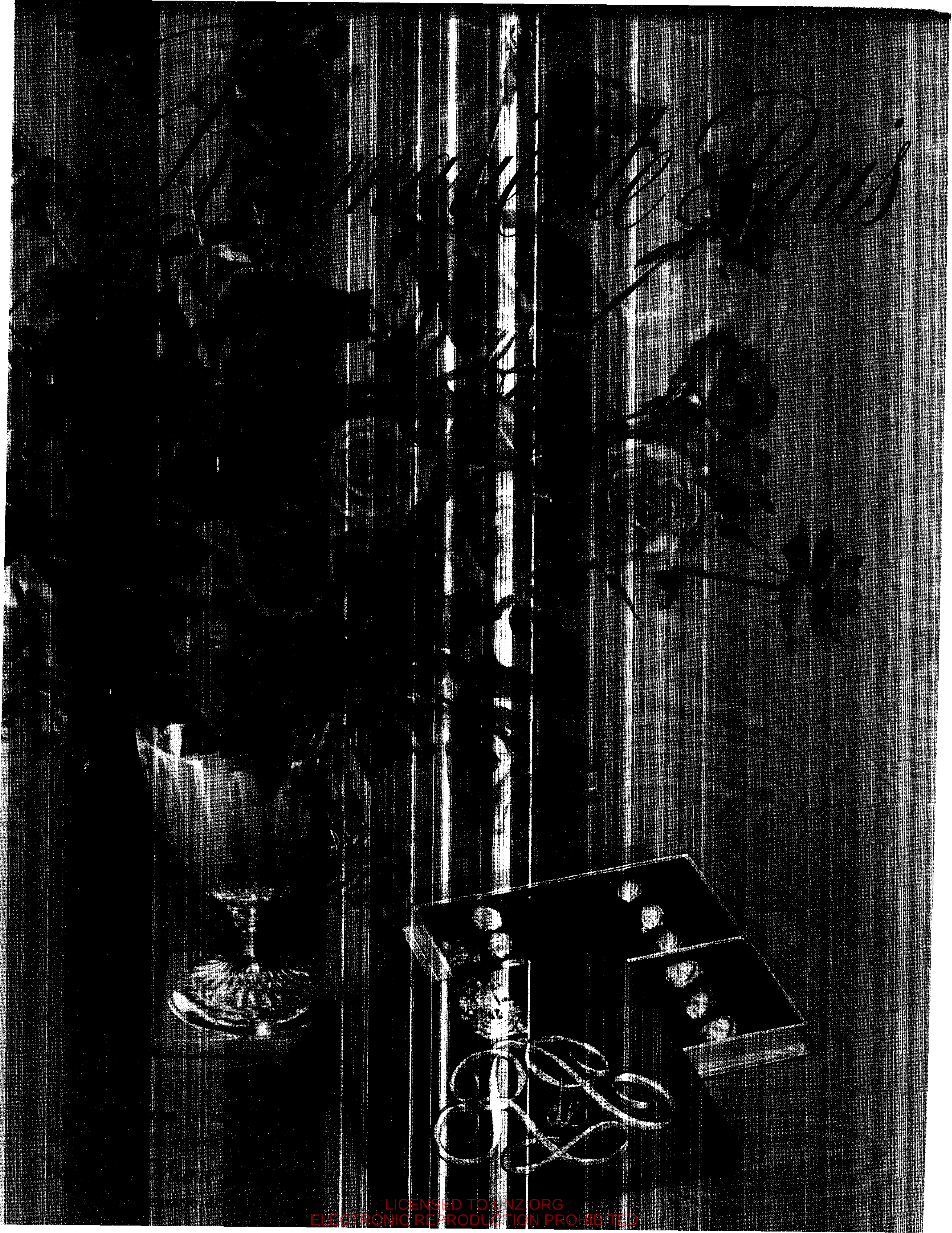
The ART *of* LIVING

A weird and wonderful report on the American scene



300 drawings, two-thirds of which have never appeared before.

At all bookstores $3.50 **HARPER**



de Paris

Make Their Holidays Happy too... with a CARE Holiday Package

CO-OP
coffee
SELL'S
SELECTED · FANCY · YOUNG
TURKEY
Haylers
CHOCOLATES
SUN-MAID
RAISINS
SEEDLESS
Uncle Ben's
CONVERTED
LONG GRAIN
RICE
Domino
Cane Sugar
Confectioners
XXXX
For Icings
American Sugar Refining Company
Welch's
MARMALADE
Swanson
BUTTER
A&B
SLICED BACON
PLUM PUDDING
CROSSE & BLACKWELL

Delivery Abroad Guaranteed $13.50

A PUBLIC SERVICE PROJECT
THE ADVERTISING COUNCIL

Non-Profit · Government Approved · Duty Free · Ration Free

CONTENTS:

1 Whole Canned Turkey, average 7 lbs.
1 lb. Coffee
(½ lb. Tea substituted for Great Britain)
1 lb. Rice
1 lb. Bacon
1 lb. Plum Pudding
1 lb. Sugar
1 lb. Orange Marmalade
½ lb. Butter
15 oz. Raisins
1 lb. Chocolates
1 Can Opener

CARE* 20 BROAD STREET
NEW YORK 5, N. Y.

Enclosed is ☐ check ☐ money order for ______________ dollars, for which deliver ______________ CARE Holiday Packages, at $13.50 each, as indicated:

Your name and address: (Please Print)

(Name)

(Street and Number)

(City and State)

Do not write here

Subject to

In Canada: Canadian CARE, Ottaw

To be delivered by Christmas to: (Please Print)

(Name)

(Street and Number)

(Town, Province and Country)

Printed U. S. A.

CELIA
Amberley
VICTORIA LINCOLN'S
first novel since
"February Hill"

A WONDERFULLY nostalgic novel of your own yesterdays — your first lipstick and high-heeled shoes, your faithful steady, and that trembling kiss in the rumble seat. An autobiography of you. *At all bookstores* $3.00

RINEHART & COMPANY

Hey! YOUR SPORTS ARE SHOWING

A hilarious new book, full of pictures,
by LUCILLE FOLLMER
Remember her *Parents Can't Win?*

• CONTENTS •

Outdoor Sports: Golf, Tennis, Dueling, Baseball, Boating, The Knot, Skiing, Ice Skating, Football

Indoor Sports: Wrestling, Bowling, Meat Carving, Basketball, Making Over Old Furniture

Sports for the Little Muscles: Fan Handling, Amateur Movie Making, Photography, Hizzletwist

7¼ x 10
Over 150 illustrations
$2.50 • *at your bookstore*

PELLEGRINI & CUDAHY

smaller and more *gemütlich* inn, and in particular for its owners, an inarticulate father and son who are given to retreating, in symbolic fashion, to the vicinity of the mountain pinnacle from which the novel takes its title. The discursive types at the Enzian, the other, and more typically Bemelmans, hostelry, have absolutely no rapport at all with nature, but their preposterous doings are observed with an offhand, satirical shrewdness that makes them, in the long run, a good deal more memorable.

THE CONQUERORS, by Thomas B. Costain (Doubleday). Mr. Costain, competing seriously in the historical-novelist sweepstakes, has embarked on a Pageant of England chronicle, of which this retelling of English history from the Conquest to the death of King John, in 1216, is the first volume. The factual material has apparently been conscientiously checked (although it is hard to believe that a character named Gundulph the Weeper was not invented by Damon Runyon), but the author has trouble with his royal protagonists, who refuse to exercise any sort of discretion in their amours and are just as recalcitrant about being fitted into any of the conventional pigeonholes of the historical novelist. In addition, Mr. Costain is probably the only living writer who could make the murder of Thomas à Becket seem dull.

THE DREAM MERCHANTS, by Harold Robbins (Knopf). Here are all the ingredients for a movie about the growth of the movies: the little Jewish hardware-store owner who parlays a nickelodeon into one of the biggest companies in Hollywood but remains a simple family man; the movies-in-the-blood hero who says quietly, "I left a leg in France;" the glamorous, bitchy star who betrays him; the nice girl who waits for him; and assorted voracious bankers, faithful retainers, and other bit players. The story is told in the first person present with third-person flashbacks and flashbacks within flashbacks, and the scenes carefully rotate melodrama, tear-jerking, and sex, with all the problems solved at the end by a banker with a heart of gold. There is, however, some interesting material about the business end of the movies.

TO EVERY MAN A PENNY, by Bruce Marshall (Houghton Mifflin). Tracing the progress of a gentle and individualistic Parisian priest throu

gay! entertaining!

THE MAN IN THE STRAW HAT
My Story
by Maurice Chevalier

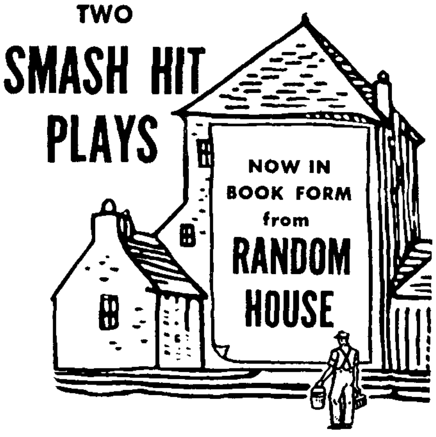
From his stage-struck childhood to his famous liaison with Mistinguett, from the Folies Bergères to Hollywood —Chevalier's story is packed with fascinating tales.

Illus. with many photographs. $3.50

I married a redhead
by M. M. MUSSELMAN
author of "Wheels in His Head"
A merry tale of marriage in the era of Model T's and bathtub gin.
Illustrated by Paul Galdone. $3.00

Over 210,000 Copies Sold!
(exclusive of book clubs)
and
you, too, will enjoy
Cheaper by the Dozen
the best-selling laugh hit
by FRANK B. GILBRETH, JR.,
and ERNESTINE GILBRETH CAREY
Illustrated by Donald McKay
$3.00
at bookstores

THOMAS Y. Crowell COMPANY
FOURTH AVE. • NEW YORK 1


TWO SMASH HIT PLAYS
NOW IN BOOK FORM from RANDOM HOUSE

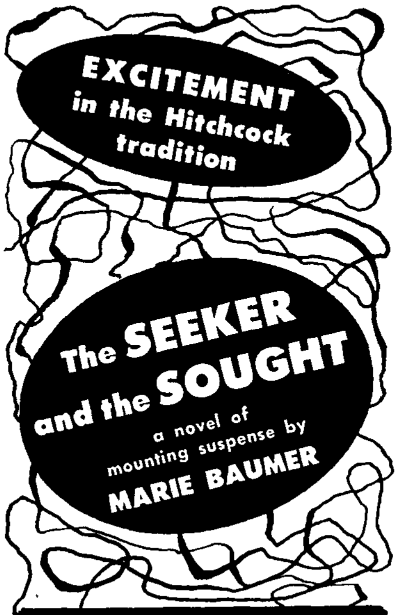
SOUTH PACIFIC

By OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II and JOSHUA LOGAN. $2.50

DETECTIVE STORY

By SIDNEY KINGSLEY. $2.50

At all bookstores, RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.


EXCITEMENT in the Hitchcock tradition

The SEEKER and the SOUGHT
a novel of mounting suspense by MARIE BAUMER

"Fast-moving and hard-minded . . . with a compassion seldom found in a book of this kind."—*N. Y. Times*

$2.75 at your bookstore
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

★ Better Be Organizing ★
yourself NOW for Winter cruises and Europe in 1950. Tours, steamship and plane tickets available thru
Vacation Advisers, Inc.
9 East 46th Street, New York, N. Y. Plaza 5-2730
Naturally, no charge for service

the years since 1914, Mr. Marshall succeeds in producing a neat fusion of quiet wit and uncomplicated morality. The *abbé* is often nettled by some of the period's idiocies, which Mr. Marshall treats very pithily. Although the hero never gets quite adjusted to the century, he admirably perseveres, through various indignities, in trying to reconcile it with his own simple principles. Mr. Marshall's attitude toward the Catholic Church is described by his publisher as "sympathetic but unconciliatory," which seems accurate.

FOUR-SQUARE, by Dorothy Canfield (Harcourt, Brace). The estimable probity of Vermont people, about whom Miss Canfield writes in a sturdily indigenous-sounding way, serves as the theme of the majority of these seventeen stories. For the most part, her eulogies to their homely virtues are chiselled out with the practiced economy of an old New England stonecutter. Several of the longer pieces get away from Green Mountain happenings. One that deals with a young girl's first, bewildered experience with sex, and one about some French prisoners of war are outstanding in the collection.

THE TUNNEL, by Baynard Kendrick (Scribner). The considerably frenzied narrative of a young woman who is trying to expunge from her mind memories of her first husband, who was killed in the war, and also to get rid of her obsession that her present mate is bent on doing away with her. She tries the literary method of mental catharsis, and in a short time has a sizable manuscript, detailing all her fears and compulsions, stacked up in front of her and no wraiths, to speak of, lurking behind her. Mr. Kendrick handles his heroine's near-madness with feeling and originality, but her case isn't quite so original.

GENERAL

CHINA SHAKES THE WORLD, by Jack Belden (Harper). The author, a newspaper correspondent with a solid background in recent Chinese history, attempts to explain why Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek descended, in the space of four years, from being the practically undisputed ruler of four hundred and fifty million people to living a fugitive's life on the island of Formosa, surrounded by only a handful of his followers. At the same time, Mr. Belden also tries to explain the enormous success of the Chinese Communists. His story is well and directly written. He does not hold with certain American observers who have claimed that Chiang's fall and the Communists' rise are a result of Roosevelt's bad bargaining at Yalta; what he does say, in effect, is that the Communists offered food, work, self-respect, education, land reforms, and relief from crippling taxation to an almost unbelievably starved, oppressed, and exploited people. Not only that, Mr. Belden continues, but the Communists have sought no revenge in the territory they control and are treating their former enemies with meticulous kindness. He admits that this behavior may be intended only to win friends while the Party is still trying to consolidate its power; after that, things may be different.

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM, by Virginia Cowles (Harper). A compendium of information, some of it very basic indeed, about Socialist England, intended to reassure readers suffering from all degrees of political apprehension. Dyed-in-the-wool traditionalists, for example, will unquestionably take comfort from the information that the Royal Family, foxhunting, and cricket are still held in the highest esteem, whereas those who are inclined to fret chiefly over the threat presented by the extreme Left will be equally happy to read that the British trade unions are in Communist eyes the "arch-priests of reaction." A thoroughgoing piece of exposition, some of which might have been more effective in reportorial form; Miss Cowles' eyewitness account of the vote-canvassing for a Hammersmith by-election provides, in a relatively short space, a far better notion of the British character than does a longer chapter crammed with random facts designed to make the same points.

DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE AMERICANS, by Mrs. Frances Trollope, edited by Donald Smalley (Knopf). A new, fully annotated edition of the splenetic travel book that caused most Americans of the eighteen-thirties to feel that its author manifested an even greater want of refinement than was attributed to them in its pages. A large part of Mr. Smalley's biographical introduction is given over to Mrs. Trollope's sojourn in what she called "the triste little town" of Cincinnati and to the economic problems that undoubtedly made her far less charitable about her new surroundings than she would otherwise have been. The book is illustrated with reproductions of twenty-five lithographs done at the time by Auguste Hervieu, who shared the financial ups and downs of the Trollope family and apparently subscribed to their sentiments, too.

KNOWING AND THE KNOWN, by John Dewey and Arthur F. Bentley (Beacon). Mr. Dewey's latest book, published on his ninetieth birthday, is a series of studies in epistemology, the theory of knowledge, written in collaboration with Arthur Bentley and reprinted from various philosophical journals. The work is both technical and difficult, but it should reward anyone willing to engage in the struggle. The authors' special butts are such semanticists as Rudolf Carnap and Charles W. Morris, whom they find full of "confusions" and "linguistic disease," and their praise is mainly reserved for Dewey's old hero Charles Sanders Peirce and the Gestalt psychologist Max Wertheimer. For a book teeming with "postulations for behavioral research," "suggested experimental namings," and "characterizations of durational-extensional subjectmatters," the writing is remarkably bright and metaphoric, and introduces a verb that should adhere permanently to the language: "to yankeedoodle."

COSMOPOLITAN WORLD ATLAS (Rand McNally). A comparison of this atlas with the 1947 International Edition of the old Rand McNally atlas confirms the assertion of the publishers that they have produced a completely new work, differently organized and with a new set of maps. These maps differ from those of the old atlas in being more handsomely colored, presenting more elaborate relief detail, and having lettering that can be easily read without a magnifying glass, and they incorporate much new information supplied by the Army Map Service Aeronautical Charts, the special researches of government departments, and other sources. The units here are unified areas, such as Benelux and Indonesia, rather than separate countries. The section of "descriptive information," with its colored picture-postcard photographs, has been scrapped for a set of tables that make it possible to look up climatic, political, and economic facts, and the gazetteers of various areas have all been fused into one gigantic index, in which any name can be quickly found. A dis-

VARVARA—*when found by Foster Parents' Plan for War Children in Greece*

VARVARA—*after months of receiving help from Foster Parents' Plan for War Children*

"I WANT A BLUE EYE . . ."

This is Varvara, a twelve-year-old Greek child. Her father and mother starved to death during World War II. Varvara was eight years old when she witnessed this ghastly death of her parents. She still talks about it. Three years later, during the civil war in Greece, Varvara was hit in the cheek by a mortar shell. She lost her right eye completely, and the vision in her left eye has been greatly impaired. Yet life holds great joy for Varvara: a hair-bow, a dress, a spoon, a meal—things hitherto unknown to this little girl. To say nothing of plastic surgery for her face. This means a series of operations, but eventually all the shell fragments will be removed and horrible infections cleared. Then Varvara will be able to wear an artificial eye. Although her left eye is brown, Varvara says joyfully, "I want a blue eye!" She says she loves Americans, "they are fixing my eye and my face, and they help children everywhere, not only Greece, Italy, France . . . everywhere."

This child is but one of thousands who have been maimed and disfigured by war—war which is still raging in China and Greece. Funds are needed for plastic surgery, artificial eyes, and prosthetic limbs.

You alone, or a group can help the thousands of children now in desperate need overseas, by becoming a foster parent. You will receive a case history and photograph of the child. Correspondence through our office is encouraged.

The Plan is helping children of fourteen different nationalities in Greece, France, Poland, Belgium, Italy, Holland, England, Czechoslovakia and China. By aiding these children you are working for the greatest aim of all—for peace.

The Foster Parents' Plan for War Children does not do mass relief. Each child is treated as an individual with the idea that besides food, clothing, shelter and education, the child will live in the homelike atmosphere and receive the loving care that so rightfully belongs to childhood.

EDNA BLUE, *International Chairman*

Partial List of Sponsors

Nancy Craig, Mary Pickford, Ilka Chase, Fredric March, Joan Bennett, Helen Hayes, Edward R. Murrow, Larry Lesueur, Ned Calmer.

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN FOR WAR CHILDREN, INC. (N.Y.-1)
55 West 42nd Street, New York City 18, New York LOngacre 4-6647

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a War Child for one year. If possible, sex.......... I will pay $15 a month for one year ($180). Payment will be made quarterly ( ), yearly ( ), monthly ( ). I enclose herewith my first payment $..........

B. I cannot "adopt" a child, but I would like to help a child by contributing $..........

Name..........

Address..........

City.......... State.......... Date..........

Contributions are deductible from Income Tax

His greatest role:

67 years as—

W. C. FIELDS

HIS FOLLIES AND FORTUNES

The complete—and completely delightful—biography by

ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

"It leaves you laughing."—*Fred Allen.* "It rates hosannas!" —*New York Times.* "A fine job." —*New York Herald Tribune.*

Illustrated, $3.50

DOUBLEDAY

The only complete travel guide to the UNITED STATES

Where to go • What to see • How to get there

Over a million words • 1376 pages

THE AMERICAN GUIDE

Edited by HENRY G. ALSBERG

Only $7.50 at your bookstore or send for FREE brochure

HASTINGS HOUSE, *Publishers*
41 E. 50th St. • New York 22, N. Y.

For smart entertaining —

Over 200 completely new dishes by Anna Olsson Coombs author of the best-selling MODERN SWEDISH COOKBOOK.

Smörgåsbord Cookbook

$2.50 at your bookstore A. A. WYN, New York

★ ★ ★ ★

COQUILLES ST. JACQUES CARDINAL
(Scallops with Lobster Sauce)
is just one of the exciting French recipes in **THE CORDON BLEU COOK BOOK** which were formerly available in this country only to the students of **DIONE LUCAS.** At all bookstores, $3.00. **Little, Brown & Co., Boston**

tinguished achievement in reference books.

FURNITURE TREASURY, by Wallace Nutting (Macmillan). A reprint of the third and last volume, long out of print, in the late Mr. Nutting's comprehensive series dealing with the origin of styles, furniture construction, the special characteristics of various woods, collectors' problems, and related subjects. A work that will not fail to engross readers who find old furniture engrossing at all.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE SMILING TIGER, by Lenore Glen Offord (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). This neat and rather horrifying specimen deals with murder in the Beyond Truth Colony, a typical gathering of California mystics. The members of the group seem innocuous to the hero, a writer for a true-detective magazine, until a disagreeable young man with a cold in his head is killed with his own Benzedrine inhaler. The solution hinges on which of two beautiful sisters is secretly a fanatic believer in the bloodthirsty rules of the sect. A little too drawn-out, perhaps, but exciting enough for all but those addicted to the very toughest in crime fiction.

BLAND BEGINNING, by Julian Symons (Harper). A leisurely but entertaining account, said to be based on fact, of how the forgery of a book of erotic verse, "Passion and Repentance," led to the murders of several highly dissimilar and mostly shoddy figures in the literary world of London in 1924. The characters are well drawn, and the technical details are interesting and presumably authentic. The ubiquitous amateur who solves the crimes, this time a young lawyer's clerk named Bland, does not get to work until page 162, which is a decided novelty and probably an improvement.

•

SILVER LINING DEPARTMENT

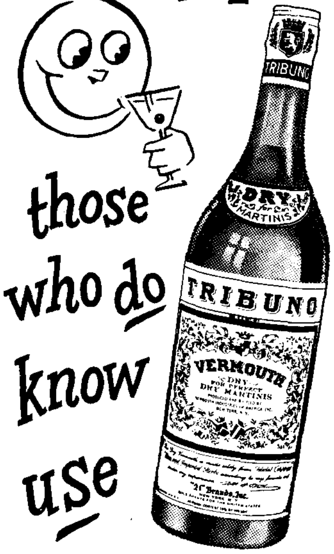
[*From the Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser*]

SHREVEPORT, LA., Sept. 27—Arkansas Governor Sid McMath said today the revelation that Russia now has the atom bomb should prove a boon to the South.

"Industry was already decentralizing," he told the Shreveport Bar Association, "but now the movement away from the big industrial centers will have a swifter pace and the states that go after them will get them.

"Arkansas is going after these industries," he added.

for Martini Magic*



those who do know use

TRIBUNO VERMOUTH

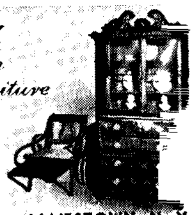
* Use TRIBUNO Dry.
For Perfect MANHATTANS:
Use TRIBUNO Sweet.

"21" Brands, Inc.
NEW YORK, N. Y., SOLE AGENTS IN THE U.S.A.

HAVE YOU READ

The NAKED and the DEAD

BROWNLEY *dining room furniture*



Send one cent stamp to department N for booklet.

UNION-NATIONAL, INC. • JAMESTOWN, N. Y

ROGER STEARNS

COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER

THE *Chatham*

Vanderbilt Ave
Entrances on
48 & 49 Sts

When Mme. Schiaparelli entertains at bridge...

Her parties have a dash and brilliance —the same inspired flair she puts into the famous Schiaparelli fashions.

she chooses a cozy, gay spot...

Entertaining in her daughter's New York home, she selects this cozy library corner for the game . . . colorful, intimate, and unmistakably Schiaparelli!

the tea is light—and French...

Lovely young "Gogo" Berenson pours for her mother's guests. "Gogo," a thorough New Yorker, has recently become an inveterate Canasta fan.

CONGRESS
Playing Cards
CEL-U-TONE FINISH
CEL-U-TONE FINISH

and the cards are new Congress decks!

"When my guests sit down for the game —*then* I break the seal on the Congress Cards. So crisp and fresh they look—and so *very* pleasant to play with!"

Yes, as Mme. Schiaparelli well knows, Congress Cards make the game far more enjoyable. Guests appreciate the smoother "slip" and lasting "snap." *The secret is an exclusive, newly improved CEL-U-TONE finish.* And beyond all other cards there's luxury in their jewel-like designs . . . in the silver and golden gleam of their edges.

Play CANASTA, the exciting new rummy game! For your free instructions send self-addressed stamped envelope to Dept. 34, The United States Playing Card Company, Cincinnati 12, Ohio. (In Canada: The International Playing Card Co., Windsor, Ont.)

NO FINER COMPLIMENT TO YOUR GUESTS THAN

Congress Cards

WITH THEIR INCOMPARABLE CEL-U-TONE FINISH

Tick-Tock...Tick-Tock... QUIETLY AGED TO PERFECTION!
KENTUCKY'S FINEST
1874
OLD CHARTER
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
SIX YEARS OLD

SUPPOSE we don't try to put in words what happens with your first taste of this great whiskey. Instead, do this . . . Imagine you have started with the basically finest whiskey ever made in old Kentucky . . . Then you have waited for 6 full, round years to ripen it slowly, perfectly . . . Then take from your memory the finest-tasting whiskey you have ever known and imagine one still silkier, still mellower, still smoother. Do all these things . . . and *then* taste Old Charter!

OLD CHARTER
KENTUCKY'S FINEST
STRAIGHT BOURBON

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 6 YEARS OLD • 86 PROOF • BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.